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PRIMITIVE MAN—TYLOR AND LUBBOCK.\*

THAT the proper study of mankind is Man seems to be a proposition the truth of which is being now forced upon us with peculiar intensity. In spite of the expulsion of the 'microcosm' by astronomy from the centre of the material universe, he is at present acquiring yet fresh claims to be considered the one key whereby may be unlocked the mysteries of the 'macrocosm.' With the dispelling of that dream in which the little planet Tellus appeared the great solid nucleus of encircling crystal spheres existing only for its sake,

began the vigorous prosecution of the physical sciences—the investigation of nature *external to man*. This investigation having reached a stage rendering possible the exposition of all non-human phenomena as the multifold co-ordinated and harmonised manifestations of one great process—a *theory of evolution*—it remains to test the universal adequacy of that theory by its application to the phenomena presented to us by Man in his highest existing condition and as the wild tenant of the forest—the *Homo sylvaticus*. If all the phenomena which human life presents are capable of being brought under the laws which regulate inferior organisms, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the amount of support which would thereby be given to the universality of that theory. Moreover, it is plain that in such a case all those who deem the theory of evolution sufficient to account for the origin of all other animals, must logically admit it as sufficient to account for his origin also.

At present there are two very distinct

\* 1. *Researches into the Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilisation*. By Edward Burnet Tylor. London, 1865.

2. *Primitive Culture*. By the Same. London, 1871.

3. *Primitive Society*. By the Same, in the 'Contemporary Review' for April and June 1873.

4. *Prehistoric Times*. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart. 2nd edition. London, 1869.

5. *The Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man*. By the Same. London, 1870.

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views as to the origin of the animal population of this planet.

I. The first of these views—the monistic hypothesis—asserts that one uniform law has presided over the whole, since all such creatures are distinguished from one another by differences which are differences of degree only, and not of kind.

II. The other of these views—the dualistic hypothesis—asserts that man (whatever may have been the case with brute animals) must have originated in some special manner, since the difference between him and brutes is a difference of *kind*, and not one merely of degree—he embodying a distinct principle not present in brute animals.

A supporter of the monistic hypothesis must maintain that man at his first appearance was literally in the lowest and most brutal stage of his existence, whence he has gradually ascended to his present condition by a process of progressive development attended with only exceptional and relatively insignificant processes of retrogression and degradation. He will consequently not only maintain that races have existed without articulate speech, or any equivalent symbolic system, without perceptions of 'right' and 'wrong,' and without religious conceptions, but also that the first men were actually so destitute. He may or may not expect to find specimens of this lowest condition of mankind still surviving at the present day, but he will surely anticipate that archaeological, historical, and ethnological research must reveal facts pointing plainly towards such an early condition. He will also anticipate that these sciences will bring to our knowledge tribes in an intellectual stage which is less remote from that presumed early condition than from a choice assemblage of men living now—say, the members of our own 'Royal Society.'

A supporter of the dualistic hypothesis must, on the other hand, maintain that man at the very first moment of his existence was at once essentially man, and separated, at his very origin, from the highest brutes by as impassable a gulf as that which anywhere exists between them today. He will consequently not only maintain that no race will anywhere be found without a mode of rational expression, moral perceptions, and religious conceptions (however rudimentary or atrophied), but also that the first men possessed all these.

He will be confident that no scientific researches will bring to our knowledge any human races devoid of reason, or (what is its necessary concomitant in a 'rational animal') the power of expressing internal *thoughts*, as distinguished from mere *feelings*, by external sensible signs. He will also expect to find in all races of men indications of religious conceptions and of an apprehension of right and wrong, however curiously or perversely these abstract conceptions may be concretely embodied. Finally, he will be confident that no race will be found less remote intellectually from the highest existing men than from a state of brutal irrationality. The actual first origin of man must for ever remain a problem insoluble by unaided reason—a matter incapable of direct investigation, and, revelation apart, only to be investigated by conjecture and analogy. This being so, we must be content to study existing races of men, and thence arrive at the best conclusions we may, with the aid to be derived from history, archaeology, and geology.

The questions, then, to which attention should be directed with a view to determining whether the balance of evidence favors the monistic or the dualistic hypothesis, are the following; and to answer these, the savage, *Homo sylvaticus*, must serve as our test. 1. Can any direct evidence be found of races of men, past or present, existing in a brutal or irrational condition? 2. Does available evidence clearly point to the past existence of such a condition? 3. Are races anywhere to be found in a condition which is less remote from mere animal existence than from the highest human development of which we have as yet experience?

Should unmistakable evidence of the sort be forthcoming, then the existence of an essential difference, a difference of kind, between human and brutal nature, could no longer be maintained. It would also follow that if other animals have arisen by a merely natural process of development, reason could oppose no barrier to the belief that the origin of man, in the totality of his nature, was also due to such a merely natural process. If, on the other hand, no such direct evidence is forthcoming, and none even pointing clearly in the indicated direction; if, also, no races can be found in a condition nearer to irrational brutality than to the highest refinement;

then it must be admitted that we have no scientific ground for asserting that man is of one nature with the brutes, or that it is an *à priori* probability that his origin was the same as theirs.

More than this, in the absence of such evidence it may fairly be inferred that there is an *à priori* probability against this community of nature and origin. It may be so inferred, because it seems likely that if all men were once irrational animals, some tribe of the kind would have survived in some remote part of the world to this day, especially as, on the theory of evolution, they must have been well fitted to maintain themselves under the conditions existing in their own region.

Man is generally admitted to be, as to antiquity, at the most but a tertiary mammal; but Australia presents us with a fauna in some respects triassic. Some eminent authorities, however, assert that miocene man still exists, and that we behold him in the Esquimaux. It may naturally be a matter of some regret that this cannot be proved, since, if the Esquimaux are indeed miocene men surviving to this day, an investigation of their mental condition would almost suffice to solve the problem decisively one way or the other. It would suffice to solve it, since we might fairly argue from the progress made between the miocene period and to-day, to that which might be supposed to have taken place between the beginning of the tertiary period and the miocene.

If, however, ethnology and archæology fail to furnish due evidence, and thus show themselves manifestly incompetent to solve the question, then the cause must be transferred to the tribunal of Philosophy for decisive judgment. In that case, if philosophy (including psychology) shows us, as we are convinced it does, that there is a difference of kind between the lowest races of men and the highest species of brutes, pointing to a difference of essential principle, and, therefore, of origin, then ethnology and archæology (in the case of their supposed failure as to the evidence referred to) become important auxiliaries, and will powerfully aid to reinforce such conclusion. They will, by their eloquent silence, supply us with additional grounds for maintaining that the progress of physical science will but more and more clearly bring out the difference

existing between all merely animal natures and that of the rational animal man.

The works of the authors whose names head this review are most valuable for our purpose. They are most valuable, in the first place, on account of the industry, patience, ability, and candor with which they have amassed, digested, and laid before their readers all the most important facts which either archæology or ethnology has afforded, tending to throw light upon the lower stages of human existence. Secondly, however, they are of especial value because their authors belong to that school which adopts the monistic view as to man's origin—that is to say, the school of Lamarck, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. We may, therefore, confidently rely upon any statements or admissions made by Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock which tell *against* the monistic hypothesis; while we may fairly assume, from the eminent qualities these authors possess, that when they fail to bring forward data *favorable* to that view it is because no such data in reality exist.

We may now proceed to examine their testimony, and we think the following order of subjects may be convenient: 1, Speech; 2, Morals; 3, Religion; 4, Progress; 5, Community of Nature; 6, Results.

I. As to *Speech*, Sir John Lubbock at once admits: \* 'Although it has been at various times stated that certain savages are entirely without language, none of these accounts appear to be well authenticated.' The recklessness with which assertions are made about savage tribes is, as we shall shortly see, so great, that no account ought to be fully received without a knowledge of the bias of the relater and a careful criticism of his statements. As to 'speech,' such is the amount of ambiguity and confusion which commonly accompanies the use of the word that some preliminary explanations and definitions are absolutely requisite. The essence of language is mental—an intellectual activity called the *verbum mentale*; but actual 'speech' itself is the outward expression of thoughts (rational conceptions) by articulate sounds—the *verbum oris*. Now we may have (1) animal sounds that are neither rational nor articulate; (2) sounds that are articulate but

\* 'Origin of Civilisation,' p. 275.

not rational; (3) sounds that are rational but not articulate; (4) sounds that are both rational and articulate; (5) gestures which do not answer to rational conceptions; and (6) gestures which do answer to such conceptions, and are, therefore, external but non-oral manifestations of the *verbum mentale*.

The sounds emitted by brutes, which denote merely emotions and bodily sensations, belong to the first category. Mere articulate sounds, without concomitant intellectual activity, such as those emitted by trained parrots or jackdaws (and which, of course, are not 'speech'), belong to the second category. The third category comprises inarticulate ejaculations which express assent to or dissent from given propositions. The fourth category is that of true speech. Gestures, which are merely the manifestations of emotions and feelings, are not the equivalents of speech, and belong to the fifth category. But gestures without sound may be rational external manifestations of internal thoughts, and, therefore, the real equivalents of words. Such are many of the gestures of deaf-mutes incapable of articulating words which constitute a true gesture-language. All such belong to the sixth category. Thus it is plainly conceivable that a brute might manifest its feelings and emotions not only by gestures, but also by articulate sounds, without for all that possessing even the germ of real language. Similarly a paralysed man might have essentially the power of speech (the *verbum mentale*), though accidentally hindered from externally manifesting that inner power by means of the *verbum oris*. Normally the external and internal powers exist inseparably. Once that the intellectual activity exists, it seeks external expression by symbols, verbal, manual or what not—the voice of gesture-language. Some form of symbolic expression is, therefore, the necessary consequence of the possession by an animal of the faculty of reason.\* On the other hand, it is impossible that rational speech can for a moment exist without the co-existence with it of that internal,

intellectual activity of which it is the outward expression.

Few recent intellectual phenomena are more astounding than the ignorance of these elementary yet fundamental distinctions and principles, exhibited by conspicuous advocates of the monistic hypothesis. Mr. Darwin, for example, does not exhibit the faintest indication of having grasped them, yet a clear perception of them, and a direct and detailed examination of his facts with regard to them, was a *sine quâ non* for attempting, with a chance of success, the solution of the mystery as to the descent of man. We actually heard Professor Vogt at Norwich (at the British Association Meeting of 1868), in discussing certain cases of aphasia, declare before the whole physiological section, 'Je ne comprends pas la parole dans un homme qui ne parle pas'—a declaration which manifestly showed that he was not qualified to form, still less so to express, any opinion whatever on the subject. Again, Professor Oscar Schmidt, in trying to account for the natural origin of man, quotes,\* with approbation, Geiger's words: 'Die Sprache hat die Vernunft geschaffen: vor ihr war der Mensch vernunftlos'—not seeing that he might as well attempt to account for the 'convexities' of a sigmoid line by its 'concavities.' The 'concavities' could as easily exist before the 'convexities' as the existence of the *verbum oris* could antedate that of the *verbum mentale*.† It is almost enough to make one despair of progress when one finds such real 'nonsense' solemnly propounded to a learned audience, and when such amazing ignorance shows itself in men who are looked up to as teachers!

It is then rational language—the external manifestation, whether by sound or gesture, of general conceptions—which has to be considered. It has to be ascertained whether or not its existence is, as

\* 'Die Anwendung der Descendenzlehre auf den Menschen,' Leipzig, 1873, p. 30.

† It is, we suppose, to an obscure, not-thought-out perception of this inseparability, that we must attribute the singular contradiction given to himself by Mr. Darwin in his 'Descent of Man.' In one place (vol. i. p. 54) he attributes the faculty of speech in man to his having acquired a higher intellectual nature, while in another place (vol. ii. p. 391) he ascribes man's intellectual nature to his having acquired the faculty of speech.

\* Mr. Tylor ('Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 68) says that though deaf-mutes prove that man may have thought without speech, yet not without 'any physical expression,' rather 'the reverse.' But no sound philosopher ever dreamed of maintaining the absurdity Mr. Tylor here opposes.



far as the evidence goes, universal amongst mankind; also whether the lowest forms of speech discoverable are so much below the highest forms as to appear transitional steps from irrational cries, and, consequently, whether there is any positive evidence for the origin of speech by any process of evolution. It is not emotional expressions or the manifestations of sensible impressions which we have to consider, but the enunciations of distinct judgments as to 'the what,' 'the how,' and 'the why,' whether by sound or by gesture.

In the first place, perhaps, it may be well to consider those speechless human beings now existing—the deaf-mutes. As to these Mr. Tylor tells us:

'Even in a low state of education, the deaf-mute seems to conceive general ideas, for when he invents a sign for anything he applies it to all other things of the same class, and he can also form abstract ideas in a certain way, or, at least, he knows that there is a quality in which snow and milk agree, and he can go on adding other white things, such as the moon and whitewash, to his list. He can form a proposition, for he can make us understand, and we can make him understand, that "this man is old, that man is young." Nor does he seem incapable of reasoning in something like a syllogism, even when he has no means of communicating but the gesture-language; and certainly as soon as he has learnt to read that "all men are mortal, John is a man, therefore John is a mortal," he will show by every means of illustration in his power, that he fully comprehends the argument.\*

The intellectual activity of their minds is indeed evidenced by the peculiar construction of their sentences. Mr. Tylor tells us (p. 25): 'Their usual construction is not "black horse," but "horse black;" not "bring a black hat," but "hat black bring;" not "I am hungry, give me bread," but "hungry me bread give."† Thus we see how thoroughly mistaken Professor Huxley was when he asserted ('Man's Place in Nature,' p. 102, note): 'A man born dumb, notwithstanding his great cerebral mass and his inheritance of strong intellectual instincts, would be capable of few higher intellectual manifestations than an orang or a chimpanzee, if he were confined to the society of

his dumb associates.' Quite contrary to this, there can be no doubt but that a society of dumb men would soon elaborate a gesture-language of great complexity.

Passing now to savage men, Mr. Tylor makes some excellent remarks on, and brings forward a good example of, that reckless and unjust depreciation of native tribes of which travellers are so apt to be guilty, and of which we shall find other examples when we come to the subject of religion. A Mr. Mercer having said of the Veddah tribes of Ceylon that their communications have little resemblance to distinct sounds or systematised language, Mr. Tylor observes (p. 78):—

'Mr. Mercer seems to have adopted the common view of foreigners about the Veddahs, but it has happened here, as in many other accounts of savage tribes, that closer acquaintance has shown them to have been wrongly accused. Mr. Bailey, who has had good opportunities of studying them, . . . contradicts their supposed deficiency in language with the remark, "I never knew one of them at a loss for words sufficiently intelligible to convey his meaning, not to his fellows only, but to the Singhalese of the neighborhood, who are all more or less acquainted with the Veddah patois."'

Again, as to another well-known traveller he remarks (p. 79):

'It is extremely likely that Madame Pfeiffer's savages suffered the penalty of being set down as wanting in language, for no worse fault than using a combination of words and signs in order to make what they meant as clear as possible to her comprehension.'

As to the universality of the *verbum mentale* in man he observes (p. 80):

'As the gesture-language is substantially the same among savage tribes all over the world, and also among children who cannot speak, so the picture-writings of savages are not only similar to one another, but are like what children make untaught even in civilised countries. Like the universal language of gestures, the art of picture-writing tends to prove that the mind of the uncultured man works in much the same way at all times and everywhere. . . . *Man* is essentially, what the derivation of his name among our Aryan race imports, not "the speaker," but he who thinks, he who means.'

In other words, he is a *rational animal*. Mr. Tylor reinforces these remarks elsewhere\* by saying:

'It always happens, in the study of the lower races, that the more means we have of

\* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 66.

† This spontaneous tendency may be pleaded in mitigation of De Candolle's strictures on Latin construction as unnatural.

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 322.

understanding their thoughts, the more sense and reason do we find in them.'

A great deal has been sometimes made of the alleged inability of some savages to count more than five, or even three, and this fact is occasionally advanced as pointing to a transition from the psychical powers of brutes to the intelligence of man. We shall return to this hereafter, but some fitting remarks by Mr. Tylor may be here appropriately quoted:

'Of course, it no more follows among savages than among ourselves, that because a man counts on his fingers his language must be wanting in words to express the number he wishes to reckon. For example, it was noticed that when natives of Kamtskatka were set to count, they would reckon all their fingers, and then all their toes, getting up to 20, and then would ask, "What are we to do next?" Yet it was found on examination that numbers up to 100 existed in their language.'

Concerning the origin of existing articulate words, Mr. Tylor distinctly repudiates the 'bow-wow hypothesis' as insufficient. For instance, with respect to the family of words represented by the Sanskrit *vad*, to go, the Latin *vado*, he says (*Ibid.* p. 195): 'To this root there seems no sufficient ground for assigning an imitative origin, the traces of which it has at any rate lost if it ever had them.' Again, as to early words he says (*Ibid.* p. 207): 'It is obvious that the leading principle of their formation is not to adopt words distinguished by the expressive character of their sound, but to choose somehow a fixed word to answer a given purpose.' As to the arbitrary way in which articulate words are used to express sounds and the little real resemblance existing between them, he tells us (*Ibid.* p. 182): 'The Australian imitation of a spear or bullet striking is given as *loof*; to the Zulu when a calabash is beaten it says *boo*.' He concludes (*Ibid.* p. 208):

'I do not think that the evidence here adduced justifies the setting up of what is called the Interjectional and Imitative theory as a complete solution of the problem of original language. Valid as this theory proves itself within limits, it would be incautious to accept a hypothesis which can, perhaps, satisfactorily account for a twentieth of the crude forms in any language, as a certain and absolute explanation of the nineteen-twentieths whose origin remains doubtful. . . . Too narrow a theory of the application of sound to sense may fail to include the varied devices which the languages of different regions turn to account. It is thus with the distinction in

meaning of a word by its musical accent, and the distinction of distance by graduated vowels. These are ingenious and intelligible [intellectual?] contrivances, but they hardly seem directly emotional or imitative in origin.'

Thus it seems not only that neither Sir John Lubbock nor Mr. Tylor is able to bring forward any evidence of a speechless condition of man, but that they are constrained to admit that all available evidence points in the opposite direction, and that it shows speech to be universal among the existing races. Even those abnormal and unfortunate beings, the deaf-mutes, are seen to be intellectually endowed with language, so that they infinitely more resemble a man than is gagged than they do an irrational animal. The essential community intellectually existing between them and us is shown by our occasional use of what Mr. Tylor calls\* 'picture words,' where 'a substantive is treated as the root or crude form of a verb,' as, e.g., 'to butter bread, to cudgel a man, to oil machinery, to pepper a dish.'

Turning now to the other question we had to consider, namely, the relation of the lowest forms of speech to the highest, Mr. Tylor may again be cited with advantage. He expresses himself† thus: 'We come back to the fact, so full of suggestion, that the languages of the world represent substantially the same intellectual art, the higher nations indeed gaining more expressive power than the lowest tribes, yet doing this not by introducing new and more effective central principles, but by mere addition and improvement in detail.' Speaking of the native proverbs of Fernando Po, he tells us,‡ 'There are hundreds at about as high an intellectual level as those of Europe,' and he cites examples. We have said that we mean by language, not emotional expressions, but the enunciations of judgments concerning 'the what,' 'the how,' and 'the why.' Mr. Tylor's verdict as to the result of the application of this test to the expressions of savages is sufficiently distinct. He says:§

'Man's craving to know the causes at work in each event he witnesses, the reasons why each state of things he surveys is such as it is

\* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 63.

† 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 216.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 80.

§ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 332. The italics are ours.

and no other, is no product of high civilisation, but a characteristic of his race down to its lowest stage. Among rude savages it is already an intellectual appetite whose satisfaction claims many of the moments not engrossed by war or sport, food or sleep.\*

This decisive judgment may yet be reinforced by some admissions made by Mr. Darwin himself:\*

'The Fuegians rank amongst the lowest barbarians; but I was continually struck with surprise how closely the three natives on board H.M.S. "Beagle," who had lived some years in England and could talk a little English, resembled us in disposition, and in most of our mental qualities.'

Again:†

'The American aborigines, negroes, and Europeans, differ as much from each other in mind as any three races that can be named; yet I was incessantly struck, whilst living with the Fuegians on board the "Beagle," with the many little traits of character, showing how similar their minds were to ours; and so it was with a full-blooded negro with whom I happened once to be intimate.'

It would be easy, but superfluous, to add to these testimonies. They are amply sufficient to show that, in the opinion of those most capable of acquiring and most certain to acquire information tending to confirm the monistic hypothesis, not only are there no evidences of men in a nascent state as to the power of speech, but that all available evidence shows that in the essentials of language all existing races of men are mentally one. This, indeed, is manifest and undeniable. No tribe exists which cannot count two, cannot say 'I,' 'woman,' 'death,' 'food,' &c. In other words, there is no tribe which does not express general conceptions and abstract ideas by articulate sounds. But the differences between vocal sounds capable of such expression are but differences of degree, while the difference between all such utterances and vocal utterances which but express sensations and emotions is a difference of kind. Therefore we are compelled to conclude that the most imperfect languages offer us no indication of a transition from irrational cries, being separated from the latter by an indefinitely wide barrier, while they differ from the highest speech, but by a greater simplicity, which indeed is sometimes more apparent than real, as we shall see more plainly

hereafter. This being the case, it necessarily follows that we have no positive evidence whatever for the origin of speech by any process of evolution. As to the possibility of its origin by such a process from the cries of brutes, the sciences we are here occupied with, ethnology and archæology, can of course tell us nothing. The reply to that question is given by philosophy and psychology.

II. We now come to the second branch of our inquiry, that concerning *Morals*—concerning the universality or non-universality amongst mankind of a power of apprehending 'right' or 'wrong.' And here again it is necessary to distinguish and define what is meant by this human mental power, because ambiguity and misunderstanding as to this matter are at least as common as in the matter of language. By this power is *not* meant merely a feeling of sympathy, a deference to the desires of others, or some emotional excitement tending to produce materially kind and benevolent actions. Still less is meant the volitional impulse which in all cases directly produces such actions, since this may or may not be 'moral,' according to the circumstances of each case. What *is* meant is an intellectual activity evinced by the expression of definite judgments passed upon certain modes of action abstractedly considered. The existence of kindly social customs cannot be taken as necessarily proving the existence of such intellectual activity in the absence of some intimation by word or gesture of a moral apprehension. Similarly no amount of gross or atrocious habits in any given tribe can be taken to prove its entire absence. The liking or disliking (and therefore the frequent practice or neglect) of certain actions is one thing; the act of judging that such actions, whether pleasant or unpleasant, are 'right' or 'wrong,' is an altogether different thing.

A man may, for instance, judge that he ought to renounce a tender friendship without its becoming less delightful to him to continue it. Another may perceive that he has acted *rightly* in foregoing a pecuniary advantage though mentally suffering acute distress from the consequences of his just act. Again, differences of judgment as to the goodness or badness of particular concrete actions have nothing to do with the point we have to consider. Thus the most revolting act that

\* 'Voyage of the "Beagle,"' vol. i. p. 34.

† Ibid. p. 232.

can well be cited, that of the deliberate murder of aged parents, monstrous as the act in itself is, may really be one of filial piety if, as is asserted, the savage perpetrators do it at the wish of such parents themselves, and from a conviction that thereby they not only save them from suffering in this world, but also confer upon them prolonged happiness in the next. Hence we must judge of the moral or non-moral condition of savage tribes by their own declarations when these can be obtained, or by expressive actions as far as possible the equivalent of such declarations. We have already seen the essential community of intellectual nature existing amongst all living races as regards the faculty of speech. From the existence of this community of nature, we may fairly conclude that deliberate articulate judgments of lower races have substantially the same meaning as in our own, whatever may be the concrete actions which occasion the expression of such abstract judgments.

We are all familiar with the constantly employed expressions denoting moral judgments amongst ourselves, and those of us who reflect upon the subject are generally aware that in asserting that anything is 'right,' they mean to make a judgment altogether distinct from one asserting the same thing to be pleasurable or advantageous. Even some men who, like the late John Stuart Mill, assert that the principle regulating our actions should be the production of the greatest amount of pleasure to all sentient beings, must assert that there is either no obligation at all to accept this principle itself, or that such obligation is a 'moral' one. The distinction being then generally and practically recognised as existing amongst ourselves, we have to examine the following points: Whether, even according to the admission of the authors whose works we are considering, there is any evidence that moral perceptions are wanting in any savage tribes? Whether any races exist in a condition which may be considered as a transitional state between our own and the amoral condition of beasts? Whether any peoples have their moral perceptions so perverted—so remote from those of the highest races—as to result in the formation of abstract judgments directly contradicting the abstract moral judgments of such highest races? And here again we must

be greatly on our guard against the involuntary misrepresentations and the hasty and careless misinterpretations of unskilled observers and inaccurate narrators. Sir John Lubbock himself observes: \* 'We all know how difficult it is to judge an individual, and it must be much more so to judge a nation. In fact, whether any given writer praises or blames a particular race, depends at least as much on the character of the writer as on that of the people.' Again, we must be careful not to apply to savage tribes standards applicable only to higher races. The essence of morality being the conformity of acts to an ethical ideal, neither the worst any more than the best moral development, whatever be the concrete acts, can coexist with an undeveloped intellectual condition. If any tribes are intellectually in a puerile condition, puerile also must be their moral state. Here we may again quote Sir John Lubbock with approval. He says (p. 340):

'The lowest moral and the lowest intellectual condition are not only, in my opinion, not inseparable, they are not even compatible. . . . The lower races of men may be, and are, vicious; but allowances must be made for them. On the contrary (*corruptio optimi pessima est*), the higher the mental power, the more splendid the intellectual endowment, the deeper is the moral degradation of him who wastes the one and abuses the other.'

Now one of the clearest ethical judgments is that as to 'justice' and 'injustice,' and by common consent the native Australians are admitted to be at about the lowest level of existing social development, while as we have seen the Esquimaux are deemed by some to be surviving specimens of the (up to the present time hypothetical) 'miocene men.'

Concerning the first of these races, the Australians, Sir John Lubbock tells us:

'The amount of legal revenge, if I may so call it, is often strictly regulated, even where we should least expect to find such limitations. Thus, in Australia, crimes may be compounded for by the criminal appearing and submitting himself to the ordeal of having spears thrown at him by all such persons as conceive themselves to have been aggrieved, or by permitting spears to be thrust through certain parts of his body; such as through the thigh, or the calf of the leg, or under the arm. The part which is to be pierced by a spear is fixed for all common crimes, and a native who

\* 'Origin of Civilisation,' p. 259.



has incurred this penalty sometimes quietly holds out his leg for the injured party to thrust his spear through! So strictly is the amount of punishment limited, that if, in inflicting such spear-wounds, a man, either through carelessness or from any other cause, exceeded the recognised limits—if, for instance, he wounded the femoral artery—he would in his turn become liable to punishment.—*Origin of Civilisation*, p. 318.

The next is a yet stronger example of savage refinement, furnished us by Sir John Lubbock:

'Among the Greenlanders, should a seal escape with a hunter's javelin in it, and be killed by another man afterwards, it belongs to the former. But if the seal is struck with the harpoon and bladder, and the string breaks, the hunter loses his right. If a man finds a seal dead with a harpoon in it, he keeps the seal but returns the harpoon. . . . Any man who finds a piece of drift-wood can appropriate it by placing a stone on it, as a sign that some one has taken possession of it. No other Greenlander will then touch it.'—*Ibid.* p. 305.

But perhaps the recently extinct Tasmanians were at a lower level than the Australians. If so, Mr. Tylor shows us by a legend which he relates,\* that they had a strong appreciation of even *male* conjugal fidelity. The inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are, if possible, more wretched savages than the Australians, yet it is very interesting to note that even with respect to these no less hostile a witness than Mr. Darwin himself informs us,† that when a certain Mr. Bynoe shot some very young ducklings as specimens, a Fuegian declared in the most solemn manner, 'Oh, Mr. Bynoe, much rain, snow, blow much.' And as to this declaration, Mr. Darwin tells us that the anticipated bad weather 'was evidently a retributive punishment for wasting human food,' *i.e.* for a transgression of the aborted moral code recognised by the Fuegian in question.

That the language of savage tribes is capable of expressing moral conceptions will probably be contested by no one. Similarly no one will probably deny that when a savage emphatically calls 'bad' an act of treachery done to himself by one to whom he has been kind, his mind recognises, at least in a rudimentary way, an element of *ingratitude* in such an action.

\* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 328.

† 'Voyage of the "Beagle,"' vol. i. p. 215.

But, in fact, that identity of intellectual nature, fundamentally considered, which we have found to exist in all men as the necessary accompaniment of language, at once establishes a very strong *à priori* probability in favor of a similar universality as to the power of apprehending good and evil. The *onus probandi* lies clearly with those who deny it, and yet not only are Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock unable to bring forward facts capable of establishing the existence of a non-moral race of men, but they bring forward instances and announce conclusions of an opposite character. Mr. Tylor observes:

'Glancing down the moral scale amongst mankind at large, we find *no* tribe standing at or near zero. The asserted existence of savages so low as to have no moral standard is *too groundless to be discussed*. Every human tribe has its general views as to what conduct is right and what wrong, and each generation hands the standard on to the next. Even in the details of those moral standards, wide as their differences are, there is a yet wider agreement throughout the human race. . . . No known tribe, however low and ferocious, has ever admitted that men may kill one another indiscriminately. . . . The Sioux Indians, among themselves, hold manslaughter, unless by way of blood revenge, to be a crime, and the Dayaks' also punish murder.'—*Contemporary Review*, April 1873, pp. 702, 714.

In another place,\* Mr. Tylor, after showing different early conditions of the tenure of property and the occasional estimation of the tribe as the social unit, &c., adds: 'Their various grades of culture had each according to its lights its standard of right and wrong, and they are to be judged on the criterion whether they did well or ill according to this standard.' There being thus no question as to the non-existence of any non-moral race of men, can we find evidence of any transitional stage? But the difference between moral and non-moral existence is a difference of *kind*, and therefore 'transitions' are here no more possible than between articulate sound-giving animals which have not reason and articulate sound-giving animals who have it.

It may be replied, however, that Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Tylor at least believe in the natural and gradual development of man from the non-moral to the moral mode of existence, and that there-

\* 'Contemporary Review,' June 1873, p. 72.

fore the facts cited cannot have the force here attributed to them. To this it must be answered that the faculty of accumulating many facts, or that of arranging and presenting them in a perspicuous and persuasive manner, by no means necessarily carries with it a faculty of understanding what those facts really teach. That such an assertion of intellectual deficiency may not repose upon the mere *ipse dixit* of the present writer, it may be well to quote the judgment of one who is himself a master in those archaeological subjects in which Sir John Lubbock is such a proficient, while he is also a most distinguished biologist and a man of universal culture. Professor Rolleston upon this subject remarks\* as follows:

'It is strange, indeed, that Sir John Lubbock does not see how his method of accounting for the genesis of the notions of right and wrong, like that of all other utilitarians, actually presupposes their existence! How could the old men "praise" or "condemn" except by reference to some pre-existing standard of right and wrong? How could the parties injured by the violation of a compact "naturally condemn" it except by a tacit or articulate reference to some "naturally implanted," or, at all events, to some already existing, standard of virtue and vice? Language, which in matters of this kind faithfully reproduces the existence of feelings, and even to some extent the history of our race, will not lend itself to the support of their theories, and gives the Dialectician for once a real victory over the Natural Historian. . . . We must also express our surprise that Sir John Lubbock should not have drawn attention to the difficulty which in early stages of our history must have beset the collection of those "experiences of utility," of which Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks as the foundation of our so-called moral intuitions; and, secondly, to the exceeding unfitness of the "nervous organisation," which Mr. Huxley calls "the thoughtless brains," of a savage, to act as a storehouse for such experiences when obtained. For, firstly, the wicked often remain in a state of great prosperity for periods commensurate with the lifetime of an entire population of civilised, not to speak of the notoriously shorter-lived savage, men; and a lifelong experience would neutralise the results, not merely of tradition, but of hereditary transmission. And, secondly, as Sir John Lubbock himself tells us (p. 70), with reference to the practice of infanticide, the "distinction between the sexes implies an amount of forethought and prudence which the lower races of men do not possess." We commend this estimate of the faculties and capacities of our ancestors to the careful consideration of those philosophers who suppose them to have been capable of processes of stock-taking, which

must, *ex hypothesi*, have enabled them to anticipate the epigram, "Honesty is the best policy."—*The Academy*, Nov. 15, 1870.

We have thus Professor Rolleston with us when we assert that it is impossible to account for the natural development of a moral power of judgment, without, in fact, presupposing its actual existence—since such judgment cannot exist without an ethical standard, and such standard cannot exist without an ethical judgment.

The third question, then, now alone remains: namely, whether the moral perceptions of any people are so perverted as to directly contradict our own abstract moral judgments. In the words of Mr. Lecky:† 'It is not' to be expected, it is not to be maintained, that men in all ages should have agreed about the application of their moral principles. All that is contended for is that these principles are themselves the same . . . in fact, that, however these principles might be applied, still humanity was recognised as a virtue, and cruelty as a vice.‡ But if opponents have been unable to bring instances to show the existence of a non-moral race, still less can they prove the existence of one the moral principles of which are *inverted*. Let thieving be here and there encouraged and taught, yet dishonesty is nowhere erected into a principle, but is reprobated in the very maxim 'honor amongst thieves.' Frightful cruelty towards prisoners was practised by the North American Indians, but it was towards *prisoners*, and cruelty was never inculcated as an ideal to be always aimed at so that remorse of conscience should be felt by any man who happened to have let slip a possible opportunity of cruelty towards any one. As another writer has well expressed it:§ 'Many men doubtless in various times and places have thought it right to do many an act which we know to be unjust; still they have never thought it right *because* unjust; they have never thought it right for the sake of any virtuousness which they have supposed to reside in injustice; but be-

\* 'Morals,' vol. i. p. 104.

† Mr. Lecky (*op. cit.* p. 105) gives some interesting quotations from Helvetius, 'De l'Esprit,' vol. ii. p. 13, to show how practices which are at first glaringly immoral, come, when fully understood, to appear relatively moral, and a positive improvement upon other customs they have displaced.

‡ 'Dublin Review,' January 1872, p. 65.

\* The italics are not Professor Rolleston's

cause of the virtuousness<sup>of</sup> *beneficence* or, *gratitude*, or the like. Similarly many men think an act wrong, because they think it unjust; but they never think it wrong because they think it *just*!

We may then safely conclude that there exists no evidence whatever yet discovered for the existence of races either non-moral or with a really inverted morality, or for the evolution of a 'moral state' from a pre-existing brutal and 'amoral' condition of mankind. The question as to the *possibility* of such a process of evolution is a philosophical question, and cannot of course be solved by the sciences of the writers reviewed—namely, ethnology and archaeology. Nevertheless, we have indirectly and by the way found strong reasons to believe it impossible; but for an exhaustive treatment of the question there is here no space, and this is not the place. To have ascertained that no positive evidence whatever is yet forthcoming has been sufficient for our present purpose.

III. In proceeding to the third branch of our inquiry, that concerning *Religion*—concerning the universality, or non-universality, of religious conceptions—it is once more necessary to commence with definitions and distinctions. It is obvious that it cannot here be meant to assert that men have, almost universally, a positive religious belief, since so vast a number of those we know familiarly have none. It is evident that we cannot be surprised at finding generally diffused in some other nations, irreligious or non-religious phenomena analogous to those we may meet with in our own. Neither can it be meant that a distinct religious system is to be found in every nation or tribe, since it would manifestly be very probable that the descendants of some isolated irreligious parents should have grown up devoid of religion altogether. What is meant by the universality of religious conceptions is the general diffusion amongst all considerable races of men: first, of a power to apprehend the existence of a good supernatural Being possessed of knowledge and will, and rewarding men in another world in accordance with their conduct in this; secondly, of a tendency to believe in the actual existence of superhuman powers and beings, and also in an existence beyond the grave—however shadowy, distorted, or aborted such conceptions may seem to us to be.

We have then to consider our authors' teachings as to the following questions: First, whether any people are now in a state as unconscious of the preternatural and as unconcerned with regard to a future life, as are the brutes? Secondly, whether any races exist which may be deemed to be in a transitional condition from brutish non-religiosity, or with religious conceptions so essentially divergent from our own as to be different in *kind*, and, therefore, incapable of transition either from or to the highest religious condition? But if in the former inquiries it was necessary for us to be upon our guard against the misapprehensions and misinterpretations of travellers, it is still more necessary for us to be so here. The necessity is so great because both theological and anti-theological prejudices are more likely than are any others to warp the judgment and influence the appreciations of even well-meaning observers. As to the theological prejudice, however, we can effectually guard against that by building upon the facts and inferences offered to us by the authors we are reviewing. Whatever may be their most conspicuous merits, or their shortcomings, theological prejudice will not be a vice we shall have to guard against in them. Admissions made by them, favorable to theology, may be accepted without apprehension upon that score.

As regards the influence of bias in this matter we cite some remarks of Mr. Tylor himself which are well worthy of consideration (the italics are ours):

'While observers who have had fair opportunities of studying the religions of savages have thus sometimes done scant justice to the facts before their eyes, the hasty denials of others who have judged without even facts can carry no great weight. A sixteenth-century traveller gave an account of the natives of Florida which is typical of such: "Touching the religion of this people which we have found, for want of their language we could not understand neither by signs nor gesture that they had any religion or lawe at all. . . . We suppose that they have no religion at all, and that they live at their own libertie." Better knowledge of these Floridians nevertheless showed that they had a religion, and better knowledge has reversed many another hasty assertion to the same effect; as when writers used to declare that the natives of Madagascar had no idea of a future state, and no word for soul or spirit, or when Dampier inquired after the religion of the natives of Timor, and was told that they had none;

or when Sir Thomas Roe landed in Saldanha Bay, on his way to the court of the Great Mogul, and remarked of the Hottentots that "they have left off their custom of stealing, but know no God or religion." Among the numerous accounts collected by Sir John Lubbock as evidence bearing on the absence or low development of religion among low races, some may be selected as lying open to criticism from this point of view. Thus, the statement that the Samoan Islanders had no religion cannot stand in the face of the elaborate description by the Rev. G. Turner of the Samoan religion itself; and the assertion that the Tapinombas of Brazil had no religion, is one not to be received without some more positive proof, for the religious doctrines and practices of the Tapi race have been recorded by Lery, De Laet, and other writers. Even with much time and care and knowledge of language, it is not always easy to elicit from savages the details of their theology. They rather try to hide from the prying and contemptuous foreigner their worship of gods who seem to shrink, like their worshippers, before the white man and his mightier Deity. And thus, even where no positive proof of religious development among any particular tribe has reached us, we should distrust its denial by observers whose acquaintance with the tribe in question has not been intimate as well as kindly. Assertions of this sort are made *very carelessly*. Thus, it is said of the Andaman Islanders that they have not the rudest elements of a religious faith; Dr. Monat states this explicitly; yet it appears that the natives did not even display to the foreigners the rude music which they actually possessed, so that they could scarcely have been expected to be communicative as to their theology, if they had any. In our time, the most striking negation of the religion of savage tribes is that published by Sir Samuel Baker, in a paper read in 1866 before the Ethnological Society of London, as follows: "The most northern tribes of the White Nile are the Dinkas, Shillooks, Nuehr, Kytch, Bohr, Aliab, and Shir. A general description will suffice for the whole, excepting the Kytch. Without any exception, they are without a belief in a supreme being, neither have they any form of worship or idolatry; nor is the darkness of their minds enlightened by even a ray of superstition." Had this distinguished explorer spoken only of the Latukas, or of other tribes hardly known to ethnographers except through his own intercourse with them, his denial of any religious consciousness to them would have been at least entitled to stand as the best procurable account, until more intimate communication should prove or disprove it. But in speaking thus of comparatively well-known tribes, such as the Dinkas, Shillooks, and Nuehr, Sir S. Baker ignores the existence of published evidence, such as describes the sacrifices of the Dinkas, their belief in good and evil spirits (adjok and djyok), their good deity and heaven-dwelling creator, Dendid, as likewise Néar, the deity of the Nuehr, and the Shillooks' creator, who is described as visiting, like other spirits, a sacred wood or tree. Kaufmann, Boun, Bollet, Lejean, and other

observers, had thus placed on record details of the religion of these White Nile tribes, years before Sir Samuel Baker's rash denial that they had any religion at all.—*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 381.

Again Mr. Tylor quotes, as surprisingly inconsistent,—

'Mr. Moffat's declaration as to the Bechuanas, that "man's immortality was never heard of among that people," he having remarked in the sentence next before, that the word for the shades or manes of the dead is "liriti." In South America, again, Don Felix de Azara comments on the positive falsity of the ecclesiastics' assertion that the native tribes have a religion. He simply declares that they have none; nevertheless, in the course of his work he mentions such facts as that the Payaguas bury arms and clothing with their dead, and have some notions of a future life, and that the Guanas believe in a being who rewards good and punishes evil. In fact, this author's reckless denial of religion and law to the lower races of this region justifies D'Orbigny's sharp criticism\* that "this is indeed what he says of all the nations he describes, while actually proving the contrary of his thesis by the very facts he alleges in its support."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 379.

Once more, as to the easy way in which the real meaning of words may escape the reporters of such expressions, Mr. Tylor judiciously observes:

'Prudent ethnographers must often doubt accounts of such, for this reason, that the savage who declares that the dead live no more, may merely mean to say that they are dead. When the East African is asked what becomes of his buried ancestors, the "old people," he can reply that "they are ended," yet at the same time he fully admits that their ghosts survive.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 18.

Mr. Tylor's own belief (expressed, of course, in terms conformable to his own view of evolution) as to the religion of the lower races is thus declared: 'Genuine savage faiths do, in fact, bring to our view what seem to be rudimentary forms of ideas which underlie dualistic theological schemes among higher nations. It is certain that even amongst rude savage hordes native thought has already turned toward the deep problem of good and evil.' He thus admits an essentially and distinctly ethical element into the theology of even 'genuine' savages. But our author has yet more decided views as to the universality of religious conceptions. Concerning the existence of savages without

\* 'L'Homme Américain,' vol. ii. p. 318.

† 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 288.



religion, he says\* (speaking from his point of view as a supporter of the monistic hypothesis): 'Though the theoretical niche is ready and convenient, the actual statue to fill it is not forthcoming. The case is, in some degree, similar to that of the tribes asserted to exist without language or without the use of fire; nothing in the nature of things [?] seems to forbid the possibility of such existence, but, as a matter of fact, the tribes are not found.'

As we have said, the native Australians have much pretension to the post of lowest of existing races, and we often hear a great deal as to their non-religious condition; nevertheless Mr. Tylor quotes† the Rev. W. Ridley to the effect that 'whenever he has conversed with the Aborigines, he found them to have quite definite traditions concerning supernatural beings, as Baime, whose voice they hear in thunder and who made all things.' Moreover this testimony is reinforced by that of Stanbridge ('T. Eth. Soc.,' vol. i. p. 301), who is quoted as asserting that so far from the Australians having no religion, 'they declare that Jupiter, whom they call "foot of day" (Ginabong-Beary), was a chief among the old Spirits, that ancient race who were translated to heaven before man came on earth.' But not only do we thus meet with distinct conceptions of the supernatural where their existence had been denied, but some of the external manifestations of these conceptions are by no means to be despised. Thus in a prayer used by the Khonds of Orissa we find‡ the following words: 'We are ignorant of what it is good to ask for. You know what is good for us. Give it us!' Mr. Tylor adds: 'Such are types of prayer in the lower levels of culture!'

But the universal tendency of even the most degraded tribes to practices which clearly show their belief in preternatural agencies is too notorious to admit of serious discussion, while the wide-spread, and probably all but universal, practice of some kind of funeral rites speaks plainly of as wide a notion that the dead in some sense yet live. As to the power possessed by even the lowest races of apprehending strictly religious conceptions, the annals of the Christian Propaganda prove it abundantly. The Australians, however,

are generally believed to be the most hopeless subjects of missionary effort, and yet Western Australia\* demonstrates the utter groundlessness of this persuasion. We may conclude, then, that no existing race is generally devoid of conceptions regarding the preternatural, or entirely unconcerned about future existence, whether their own or that of their friends or enemies.

It remains, then, to inquire whether any existing races may be fairly considered as in a transitional state from a non-religious condition, like that of beasts? or whether the religious conceptions of any race are so different *in kind* from our own as to render it impossible for them to be the degraded remnants of former religious belief of a higher character? As to the first of these questions, it may be observed that the difference between a nature capable of religious conceptions and one not so capable is a difference of *kind*, and therefore 'transitions' are just as possible or as impossible here, as in the previous matters of morality and speech. This is a question the decision of which, again, rests with philosophy. Nevertheless it may be here observed that obviously no combinations of merely sensible perceptions could give rise to the conception of beings of a preternatural nature and with preternatural powers. It is a question not of a vague fear, but of conceptions of beings with superhuman attributes. As to the second question—that concerning the nature of religious conceptions in the most distinct races—it may be safely affirmed, on our author's own authority, that the differences are often much more superficial and the agreements much more profound than is very often, if not generally, supposed. The extreme want of flexibility of so many minds is the cause of this difficulty of perceiving how often the same essential idea underlies different external modes of representation. The personifications of stars, rivers, clouds, &c., are, when viewed under a certain aspect, to some tribes not only the natural expression of their religious conceptions, but probably even the nearest approach to truth now possible to them apart from revelation. As to their conceptions Mr. Tylor remarks:† 'They rest upon a broad philosophy of nature, early and crude

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 378.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 378. ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 335.

\* See 'Mémoires Historiques sur l'Australie,' par Mgr. Rudesino Salvado, 1854.

† 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 258.

indeed, but thoughtful, consistent, and quite really and seriously meant.' As to the crudity of these modes of expressing a belief in the general action of superhuman causation, it may be remarked that after all the error was trifling compared with that of modern Materialists—i.e., the modern crude conception that because the phenomena of nature are not produced by a human personality, they are produced by none! Mr. Tylor himself says,\* as to the real resemblance between apparently very different religious developments, 'Baime, the creator, whose voice the rude Australians hear in the rolling thunder, will sit enthroned by the side of *Olympian Zeus himself*.'

We have heard much as to the notion entertained by some barbarians† that a distinction of ranks extends into the next world, and that the future state depends upon the social condition of the departed. But similar notions may exist amongst civilised people, as was evidenced by the often-quoted French lady of the *ancien régime*, who exclaimed, on learning the death of a profligate noble, 'God will think twice before he damns a man of the Marquis's quality.' Indeed it may be said that a belief in the continuance after death of the conditions of this life is at the present time spreading widely amongst thousands who accept the teachings of Spiritualism as a new gospel. But how often may not the highest signification lie hidden and latent under a term which is apparently but sensuous in its meaning? The loftiest terms in use amongst us even now, whether in Science, Religion, or Philosophy, are, when ultimately analysed, but sensuous symbols, such being the necessary materials of our whole language; but this by no means prevents our attaching to such subjects very different ideas. Who, when speaking of the spirit of Shakespeare, thinks of the pulmonary exhalation which that term primitively denoted. Mr. Tylor objects‡ to the expression 'an offering made by fire of a sweet savour before the Lord,' as being barbarous; but what words could have been used to express spiritual acceptability which would not have had a primarily sensuous meaning? Yet granted that many races have no higher conceptions as to the preternatural than belief in

demons, dread of witchcraft, and belief in ghosts, is that any reason why such races should not be descended from remote ancestors with a much higher creed? Such, indeed, does appear to be the belief of Sir John Lubbock, who says: \* 'Religion appeals so strongly to the hopes and fears of men, it takes so deep a hold on most minds, in its higher forms it is so great a consolation in times of sorrow and sickness, that I can hardly think any nation would ever abandon it altogether.' Again, in reply to the Duke of Argyll, who had objected to existing phenomena, Sir John observes:† 'If the Duke means to say that men who are highly civilised, habitually or frequently lose and scornfully disavow religion, I can only say that I should adopt such an opinion with difficulty and regret.' The latter of these passages takes away any weight which might attach to the former, for it is difficult to believe that the passage last quoted can have been seriously meant by its author when we reflect that he must be acquainted with the views of Buchner, Vogt, and Strauss. It is one of the calamities of our time and country that unbelievers, instead of, as in France, honestly avowing their sentiments, disguise them by studious reticence—as Mr. Darwin disguised at first his views as to the bestiality of man, and as the late Mr. Mill silently allowed himself to be represented to the public as a believer in God. When we consider how energetically Atheism manifested itself recently in Paris, its passionate development in Spain with the vigorous atheistic declarations of its late Colonial Minister, when any one at all acquainted with the Continent must know that it counts its enthusiastic disciples by tens of thousands, it is surely nothing less than solemn trifling‡ to speak of 'difficulty' in recognising patent facts.

\* 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 331.

† 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 348.

‡ At p. 256 Sir John also says:—'If we consider the various aspects of Christianity as understood by different nations, we can hardly fail to perceive that the dignity, and therefore the truth, of their religious beliefs, is in direct relation to the knowledge of science and of the great physical laws by which our universe is governed.' Were this true, Vogt, Buchner, Darwin, and Strauss would exemplify the highest religious belief. But, in truth, what can be more preposterous than to assert or imply that physical science has to do with the government of the universe?

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 248.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 78.      ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 350.

We have, then, but to look about us to see how very easily such a corruption as that supposed might have taken place, even in nations as highly developed as our own. We have but to imagine the emigration of a few such families, and the extinction of religion in their progeny would be inevitable; and in order that a belief in ghosts and in evil spirits might coexist with such religious ignorance, we need but suppose some spiritualists to be amongst the emigrants in question.

But a difficulty is put forward as to the rite of sacrifice. This practice is represented as having originated in the gross notion of actually feeding the gods with flesh, or at least in the spirit of such flesh serving as food to the spiritual beings to whom it was offered, and not in the modern notion of sacrifice. Mr. Tylor says: \* 'The mere fact of sacrifice to deities, from the lowest to the highest levels of culture, consisting of the extent of nine-tenths or more of gifts of food for sacred banquets, tells forcibly against the originality of the abnegation theory.' But we ask, Why so? If food in the earliest period was the thing to sacrifice which constituted the greatest self-denial easily practised, then, on natural grounds only, we might conclude that such a practice would arise, and that the habit, being once formed, continued and became widely diffused. But elsewhere, indeed, he concedes a great deal, and admits† that 'we do not find it easy to analyse the impression which a gift makes on our own feelings, and to separate the actual value of the object from the sense of gratification in the giver's goodwill or respect, and thus we may well scruple to define closely how uncultured men work out this very same distinction in their dealings with their deities.' This is excellent, and how distinctly a real and unmistakably expressed ethical conception really accompanies such practices in some tribes he himself shows us in another passage. In a Zulu prayer given by him,‡ we find: 'If you ask food of me which you have given me, is it not proper that I should give it to you?' As he truly says:§ 'The Phœnicians sacrificed the dearest children to propitiate the angry gods,' &c. But, in fact, early sacrifice contained, at the least,

implicitly, potentially, vaguely, and in germ, all that which later became actually developed and distinctly expressed. It is not possible for Mr. Tylor, or for any one else, to prove that it did *not* do so, and that it inevitably *must have done* so we may securely judge from the *outcome* which has since resulted.

We may fairly, then, conclude that there is no evidence of the existence of any race devoid of religious conceptions altogether, or possessing such conceptions so fundamentally different from those existing to-day, that it is impossible to regard them as instances of degradation. The *possibility* of such states is a question for philosophy, but their *actual* non-existence may be taken as established from the failure of all efforts to prove them, and from the admissions herein quoted. Before leaving the subject, we may cite an amusing parody of certain recent attempts to explain almost all early history and legend by myths of dawn and sunrise. Mr. Tylor says,\* 'with respect to the 'Song of Sixpence': 'Obviously, the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky: how true a touch of nature it is, that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing. The king is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danae. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky. The particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise.' Mr. Tylor similarly explains the life and death of Julius Caesar.

IV. We may now proceed to our fourth inquiry, that concerning 'Progress,' or the question whether, on the whole, progress has prevailed among savage races, or whether they have not in the main degenerated? As to this matter, both our authors are strongly of opinion that no extensive or predominant retrogression has taken place. Nevertheless, certain facts stated by them, and certain opinions expressed, seem to indicate at least the possibility of a more extensive process of de-

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 360.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 357. ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 337.

§ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 361.

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 287.

generation than they are inclined to allow. Social progress is an exceedingly complex phenomenon, the result of many factors; and even existing instances of partial retrogression, as in Spain, are palpable enough, while no one will probably contest the inferiority, in many respects, of the Greece of our day to that which listened to the voice of Aristotle or Plato.

Mr. Tylor contrasts very favorably with the late Mr. Buckle in his appreciation of this complexity, and in his perception of the importance of moral as well as of intellectual improvement, and of the absurdity of those who make sure that every revolutionary change must be an improvement. He says:

'Even granting that intellectual, moral, and political life may, on a broad view, be seen to progress together, it is obvious that they are far from advancing with equal steps. It may be taken as a man's rule of duty in the world, that he shall strive to know as well as he can find out, and do as well as he knows how. But the parting asunder of these two great principles, that separation of intelligence from virtue which accounts for so much of the wrongdoing of mankind, is continually seen to happen in the great movements of civilisation. As one conspicuous instance of what all history stands to prove, if we study the early ages of Christianity, we may see men with minds pervaded by the new religion of duty, holiness, and love, yet at the same time actually falling away in intellectual life, thus at once vigorously grasping one-half of civilisation, and contemptuously casting off the other.'—*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 25.

This aspect of the question has an important bearing upon our mode of regarding the earliest families of man. It is plain that a high moral standard might have existed with a most rudimentary state of art and the scantiest appliances of material civilisation. After speaking of Mr. Alfred Wallace and Lieut. Bruijn Kops, Mr. Tylor says: 'Ethnographers who seek in modern savages types of the remotely ancient human race at large, are bound by such examples to consider the rude life of primæval man under favorable conditions to have been, in its measure, a good and happy life.'

It is difficult for us, surrounded by the abundant aids afforded by international communication, to realise the different effects which would probably result from an absence of such assistance and stimulus. This is perceived by Mr. Tylor, who remarks: 'In striking a balance between

the effects of forward and backward movements in civilisation, it must be borne in mind how powerfully the diffusion of culture acts in preserving the results of progress from the attacks of degeneration.' Therefore, at an early period, when there was little diffusion and no intercommunication between groups which had become isolated, degeneration might very easily have taken place, and these isolated groups may have become the parents of tribes now widely spread. Indeed, our author adds:

'Degeneration probably operates even more actively in the lower than in the higher culture. Barbarous nations and savage hordes, with their less knowledge and scantier appliances, would seem peculiarly exposed to degrading influences.'

After giving an instance from West Africa, he continues:

'In South-East Africa, also, a comparatively high barbaric culture, which we especially associate with the old descriptions of the kingdom of Monomotapa, seems to have fallen away, and the remarkable ruins of buildings of hewn stone fitted without mortar indicate a former civilisation above that of the native population.'

But actual degradation is a fact which is directly attested, and which the ruins of Central America demonstrate. Our author quotes Father Charlevoix to the effect that the Iroquois, having had their villages burnt,

'have not taken the trouble to restore them to their old condition. . . . The degradation of the Cheyenne Indians is matter of history, and, "Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle came upon an outlying fragment of the Shushway race without horses or dogs, sheltering themselves under rude temporary slants of bark or matting, falling year by year into lower misery."'

—*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

Thus we may be certain that some savages have been degraded from a higher level, and this establishes an *à priori* probability that all have been so. Such degradation would not, however, be inconsistent with the existence of a considerable amount of progress in some places side by side with a wider degradation. The New Zealanders show evidence of a possible degradation through changed conditions, as they doubtless at one time inhabited a more favored clime. They show\* this by their use of the well-known Polynesian word 'niu' (cocoa-nut) for

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 39.

\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 73.



different kinds of divination, thus keeping 'up a trace of the time when their ancestors in the tropical islands had them and divined by them.'

How soon the use even of stone implements may be forgotten is proved by Erman in Kamskatka,\* who got there a fluted prism of obsidian; 'but though one would have thought that the comparatively recent use of stone instruments in the country would have been still fresh in the memory of the people, the natives who dug it up had no idea what it was.' Again: 'The Fuegians† have for centuries used a higher method' of making fire than have the Patagonians. This looks very much like the *survival* of a higher culture as to this practice in the midst of a wide-spread degeneracy. Such an explanation is strengthened by the following remark ‡ about the Fuegians: 'This art of striking fire instead of laboriously producing it with the drill, is not, indeed, the only thing in which the culture of this race stands above that of their northern neighbors,' their canoes also being of superior quality. Mr. Tylor thinks that the South Australians may have learnt their art of making polished instruments of green jade from 'some Malay or Polynesian source,' instead of its having survived the wreck of a higher culture, as the fire-making art of the Fuegians has probably so done. But this is a mere possibility, and experience shows us how often such arts are *not* learnt even when we know for certain that the opportunity of learning them has been offered. Thus our author himself remarks, § that the North Americans never learnt the art of metal work, &c. from the Europeans of the tenth century. That the belief in a persistence of social conditions after death, before referred to, may be a degradation, is shown by the spread of modern 'spiritualism,' which has widely propagated that belief amongst people whose ancestral creed taught a very different doctrine.

A curious proof of degradation of one or another kind is exemplified by the ceremonial purifications practised by the Kafirs. Respecting these Mr. Tylor re-

marks: \* 'It is to be noticed that these ceremonial practices have come to mean something distinct from mere cleanliness. Kafirs who will purify themselves from ceremonial uncleanness by washing, are not in the habit of washing themselves or their vessels for ordinary purposes, and the dogs and the cockroaches divide between them the duty of cleaning out the milk-baskets.' Therefore here one of two things must be conceded. We have either a case of degradation and degeneration from earlier cleanliness, or else there must have been an original spiritual meaning in certain primitive washings pointing to a higher religious condition than that at present existing amongst those who practice the ceremonies in question. Again, the legend of the World Tortoise † may be but a degradation, and have meant, as Mr. Tylor suggests, to express the hemispherical Heavens overarching the flat expanded plain of Earth.

Sir John Lubbock presents to us data which, in fact, also speak of degradation in a more northern part of Africa, namely, amongst the Christians of Abyssinia. He quotes ‡ Bruce as saying that there is 'no such thing as marriage in Abyssinia, unless that which is contracted by mutual consent, without other form, subsisting only till dissolved by dissent of one or other, and to be renewed or repeated as often as it is agreeable to both parties, who, when they please, live together again as man and wife, after having been divorced, had children by others, or whether they have been married, or had children with others or not. I remember to have once been at Koscam in presence of the Iteghe (the Queen), when, in the circle, there was a woman of great quality, and seven men who had all been her husbands, none of whom was the happy spouse at that time.' § Sir John significantly couples with this quotation another to the effect that for all this, 'there is no country in the world where there are so many churches.' || Now when Christianity was first accepted by these Christians their practice must have been very different, and, therefore, we

\* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 207.

† Ibid. pp. 245-6.

‡ Ibid. p. 259.

§ Ibid. p. 205.

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\* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 393.

† 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 333.

‡ 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 57.

§ Bruce's 'Travels,' vol. iv. p. 487.

|| Ibid. vol. v. p. 1.

have here an unquestionable case of Christian degeneracy parallel to, and carried further than, the analogous degeneracy of Portugal and its transatlantic offspring Brazil. It is curious, also, that in these cases, more or less religious *isolation* has been the prelude to degeneracy.

There is, then, much reason to think that degeneracy may have been both great in degree and wide-spread in its effects so as to account by degradation for the existing state of all the various tribes of savages which discovery has made known to us. But the maintenance of this position is by no means necessary to justify the religious belief of even the most orthodox Christians. Orthodoxy does not by any means necessarily conflict with such views as those put forward by Messrs. Tylor and Lubbock. All traces now, or to be hereafter, discovered of ancient man, may indicate *ascent* and progress, and all existing savages may be *ascending* from still lower levels, and yet the first man may, notwithstanding, have been all that theology asserts that he was. Nay more, his progeny may none the less have preserved for a considerable period a high degree of direct, simple, moral elevation in an age of stone, and yet have been the ancestors of races who fell below the level of any savages now existing on the earth. In theology Adam stands in a category of his own. According to it he was actually all that it became him as man to be, having the full and perfect use of reason in the first moment of his existence. But it is impossible to argue from Adam even to his immediate descendants, as the difference between their states is a difference not of degree but of kind. According to the strictest theology, part even of Adam's knowledge was acquired, not infused, and, therefore, took time and depended upon the occurrence of opportunities. His descendants were naturally in a state of mere ignorance, to be removed only by education either by way of what is technically called *disciplina* or else by *inventio*. Now as regards their degenerate descendants, the *Homines sylvatici*, these were, by the hypothesis, in a position which deprived them of the first of these influences, and circumstances might well have rendered their power of *inventio* inoperative and practically futile. Thus some might have remained stationary, or have continued to retrograde till discovered by civ-

ilised man, while others more favorably circumstanced might have again spontaneously advanced by their own *inventio* and been found by discoverers in a positively ascending and improving condition. Nothing, therefore, which ethnology or archaeology can demonstrate can conflict with Christian doctrine, since the question as to the mental condition of Adam is one utterly beyond the reach of any physical science, while any facts which science can prove concerning *Homo sylvaticus* will be welcomed by theologians as tending to throw light upon the condition of his descendants, as to which question there is complete freedom of opinion.

It is physical science, not theology, which inclines us to assign a greater scope to degeneration than that assigned to it by the authors we are reviewing. As has been said, instances of degeneration are before our eyes to-day in Europe. Even the periodical literature of our own country is continually giving vent to opinions which have but to spread predominantly to render our degradation certain. One of the greatest achievements of the last two thousand years has been the successful promulgation of the doctrine that *purity of intention*, and not success, is that which is really deserving of esteem. Yet the essentially cruel heartlessness of Paganism is having its intellectual justification prepared for it in the midst of our beneficent, humanitarian activities. To show this the more clearly we may quote the words of one who, in so many ways, contrasts favorably with other members of that school of thought which he has not as yet explicitly repudiated. The exigencies of his present philosophical position have betrayed even Mr. Herbert Spencer into speaking\* of the 'Worthy' and the 'Unworthy' as synonymous with the 'well-' and the 'ill-to-do,' and he does not guard himself from being understood to call the poor and the unsuccessful, as such, by the opprobrious epithet 'good-for-nothings.'† Another triumph of the same Christian period has been the establishment of at least a pure theory of the sexual relations and the protection of the weaker sex against the selfishness of male concupiscence. Now, however, marriage is the constant subject of attack, and unrestrained licentiousness

\* 'Contemporary Review,' August, 1873, p. 343.

† Ibid. p. 339

*theoretically* justified. Mr. George Darwin proposes\* that divorce should be made consequent on insanity, and coolly remarks that, should the patient recover, he would suffer in no other respect than does *any one* that is forced by ill health to *retire from any career he has begun* [!]; 'although, of course, the necessary isolation of the parent from the children *would be a peculiarly bitter blow.*' Elsewhere† he speaks in an approving strain of the most oppressive laws, and of the encouragement of vice in order to check population. There is no hideous sexual criminality of Pagan days that might not be defended on the principles advocated by the school to which this writer belongs. This repulsive phenomenon affords a fresh demonstration of what France of the Regency and Pagan Rome long ago demonstrated; namely, how easily the most profound moral corruption can co-exist with the most varied appliances of a complex civilisation. The peasants of the Tyrol, on the other hand, serve equally well to demonstrate how pure and lofty a morality and how really refined a mental civilisation may co-exist with very great simplicity in the adjuncts and instruments of social life. We have but to develop this idea somewhat further to see a family of the Stone age, clothed in a few skins, ignorant of the sciences, and innocent of all but the rudest art, yet possessed of a moral integrity but very exceptionally present amidst the population of the greatest cities of modern days. Mr. Tylor tells‡ us that the wild Veddahs of Ceylon, though extremely barbarous as to their dwellings, clothing, and use of the fire-drill, 'are most truthful and honest,' and 'their monogamy and conjugal fidelity contrast strongly with the opposite habits of the more civilised Singhalese.' Sir John Lubbock has collected the following particulars as to the social state of the Esquimaux, a people so peculiarly interesting to us in this inquiry because by some deemed to be the last survivors of an ancient miocene race:

'Captain Parry gives us the following pictures of an Esquimaux hut. "In the few opportunities we had of putting their hospitality

to the test we had every reason to be pleased with them. Both as to food and accommodation, the best they had were always at our service; and their attention, both in kind and degree, was everything that hospitality and even good breeding could dictate. The kindly offices of drying and mending our clothes, cooking our provisions, and thawing snow for our drink, were performed by the women with an obliging cheerfulness which we shall not easily forget, and which demanded its due share of our admiration and esteem. While thus their guest I have passed an evening not only with comfort, but with extreme gratification; for with the women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp, one might well forget for the time that an Esquimaux hut was the scene of this domestic comfort and tranquillity; and I can safely affirm, with Cartwright, that, while thus lodged beneath their roof, I know no people whom I would more confidently trust, as respects either my person or my property, than the Esquimaux." Dr. Rae,\* who had ample means of judging, tells us that the Eastern Esquimaux are sober, steady, and faithful, . . . provident of their own property and careful of that of others when under their charge. . . . Socially they are lively, cheerful, and chatty people, fond of associating with each other and with strangers, with whom they soon become on friendly terms, if kindly treated. . . . In their domestic relations they are exemplary. The man is an obedient son, a good husband, and a kind father. . . . The children when young are docile. . . . The girls have their dolls, in making dresses and shoes for which they amuse and employ themselves. The boys have miniature bows, arrows, and spears. . . . When grown up they are dutiful to their parents. . . . Orphan children are readily adopted and well cared for until they are able to provide for themselves. He concludes by saying: "The more I saw of the Esquimaux the higher was the opinion I formed of them."

—*The Origin of Civilisation*, p. 343.

V. The quotations just given bring us directly to the explicit consideration of our fifth inquiry, the answer to which has been already so much anticipated—that, namely, respecting the existence of a community of nature amongst all the most diverse races of mankind. Here again we must carefully bear in mind the inaccuracy and the tendency to exaggeration so common with travellers, as well as their liability to be intentionally deceived. Thus Mr. Oldfield showed to some New Hollanders a drawing of one of their own people, which they asserted to be intended to represent not a man but a ship or a kangaroo, or other very different object. As to this

\* 'Contemporary Review,' August, 1873, p. 418. 'On Beneficial Restrictions to Liberty of Marriage.'

† 'Contemporary Review,' August, 1873, pp. 424-5.

‡ 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 45.

\* 'Trans. Eth. Soc. 1866,' p. 138.

story Sir John Lubbock shrewdly remarks: \* 'It is not, however, quite clear to me that they were not poking fun at Mr. Oldfield.' A similar explanation is probably available in some other cases also. The absence of certain arts or customs in a given area at a given early period, by no means necessarily implies that they had not previously existed. The necessity of this caution is shown by the following remark† of Sir John Lubbock concerning the pictorial art: 'It is somewhat remarkable that while even in the Stone period we find very fair drawings of animals, yet in the latest part of the Stone age, and throughout that of Bronze, they are almost entirely wanting, and the ornamentation is confined to various combinations of straight and curved lines and geometrical patterns.' In the two preceding pages the same author relates to us different curious modes of salutation; but all such curious customs prove the essential similarity and rationality of man, and form no approximation to a brutal condition, in which 'salutation' is unknown. Sir John Lubbock gives‡ the following as an instance of remarkable superstition: 'The natives near Sydney made it an invariable rule never to whistle when beneath a particular cliff, because on one occasion a rock fell from it and crushed some natives who were whistling underneath it.' It is not clear, however, that this was not rather a case of prudence, which many Europeans would be inclined to imitate. Sir John Lubbock also quotes with approval from Mr. Sproat the opinion that the difference between the savage and the cultivated mind is merely between the more or less aroused condition of the one and the same mind. The quotation is made§ in reference to the Ahts of North-Western America: 'The native mind, to an educated man, seems generally to be asleep; and, if you suddenly ask a novel question, you have to repeat it while the mind of the savage is awakening, and to speak with emphasis until he has quite got your meaning.'

The low arithmetical power possessed by many tribes has been much spoken of; but, in fact, what is really remarkable is, that this power, however low, really exists

in all. If any tribe could be found without the conception 'number' at all, and therefore unable to count two, that would indeed show the existence of an essential diversity; but no one has attempted to assert that such a tribe has been discovered. Those who have examined the remains of our own ancestors of the Bronze period—their elaborate ornaments, their ceremonial weapons—can hardly have avoided arriving at the conclusion that the difference between them and the Englishmen of to-day can have been but trifling in the extreme. An absurdly exaggerated idea of the special importance of our own social condition and of the value of the merely material appliances of civilisation can alone induce an opposite conclusion. It is an analogous superficiality which also tends to break down the barrier between man and brute by what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls 'inverted anthropomorphism;' and with respect to which some good remarks\* are made by Mr. Tylor, who tells us:

'Uncivilised man deliberately assigns to apes an amount of human quality which to modern naturalists is simply ridiculous. Every one has heard the story of the negroes declaring that apes can speak, but judiciously hold their tongues lest they should be made to work; but it is not generally known that this is found as serious matter of belief in several distant regions—West Africa, Madagascar, South America, &c.—where monkeys or apes are found. . . . On the other hand, popular opinion has under-estimated the man as much as it has over-estimated the monkey. We know how sailors and emigrants can look on savages as senseless, ape-like brutes, and how some writers on anthropology have contrived to make out of the moderate intellectual difference between an Englishman and a negro something equivalent to the immense interval between a negro and a gorilla. Thus we can have no difficulty in understanding how savages may seem mere apes to the eyes of men who hunt them like wild beasts in the forests, who can only hear in their language a sort of irrational gurgling and barking, and who fail totally to appreciate the real culture which better acquaintance always shows among the rudest tribes of man.'

Again, he adds: †

'The sense of an absolute psychical distinction between man and beast, so prevalent in the civilised world, is hardly to be found among the lower races.'

Thus the view, so popular to-day, as to the community of nature between man and

\* 'Prehistoric Times,' p. 428.

† 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 25.

‡ Ibid. p. 188.

§ Ibid. p. 5.

\* 'Primitive Culture,' pp. 342-3.

† Op. cit. vol. i. p. 423.



brutes, is really a reversion towards savage thought. As to man, considered without reference to lower animals, Mr. Tylor declares himself very decidedly in favor of the substantial community of nature existing in the most divergent human races. He pronounces\* as follows: 'The state of things amongst the lower tribes which presents itself to the student, is a *substantial similarity* in knowledge, arts and customs, running through the whole world. Not that the whole culture of all tribes is alike—far from it; but if any art or custom belonging to a low tribe is selected at random, it is twenty to one that something substantially like it may be found in at least one place thousands of miles off, though it very frequently happens that there are large portions of the earth's surface lying between, where it has not been observed. Indeed there are few things in cookery, clothing, arms, vessels, boots, ornaments, found in one place, that cannot be matched more or less nearly somewhere else.' Respecting the alleged ignorance of fire in some races, he observes:† 'It is likely that the American explorers may have misinterpreted the surprise of the natives at seeing cigars smoked, and fire produced from flint and steel, as well as the eating of raw fish and the absence of signs of cooking in the dwellings.' Wilkes, in the 'Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition' (1838-42), has given 'ignorance of fire' as an interpretation of such observed phenomena, and yet, as Mr. Tylor remarks, 'curiously enough, within the very work particulars are given which show that fire was in reality a *familiar thing in the island!*' It is probable that the same error has occurred in other instances.

Our author even thinks‡ that the Fijians have themselves *invented* an eating fork, and he reminds us§ how our practices of stopping teeth with gold and dressing fish *en papillotte* have been anticipated by the ancient Egyptians on the one hand, and by the Australians (by means of bark) on the other.

But it would be difficult to cite stronger testimony than that given by Mr. Tylor to the community of nature in different races under the most diverse physical conditions, judging from unity of products, gesture,

language, customs, &c., although 'we might reasonably expect that men of like minds, when placed under widely different circumstances of country, climate, vegetable and animal life, and so forth, should develop very various phenomena of civilisation.'\*

Although Mr. Tylor ventures† 'to judge in a rough way of an early condition of man, which from our [his] point of view is to be regarded as a primitive condition, whatever yet earlier state may in reality have lain behind it,' he fully admits that, as far as research carries us, the same human characteristics come again and again before us on every hand. He concludes with the following emphatic tribute to the essential unity of man in all ages, all climes, and all conditions:‡

'The historian and the ethnographer must be called upon to show the hereditary standing of each opinion and practice, and their inquiry must go back as far as antiquity or savagery can show a vestige, for there seems no human thought so primitive as to have lost its bearing on our own thought, nor so ancient as to have broken its connection with our own life.'

With these declarations we may well rest contented, and conclude—from the absence of opposing evidence, as well as from such admissions on the part of a witness whose bias is in an opposite direction—that one common fundamental human nature is present in all the tribes and races of men (however contrasted in external appearance) which are scattered over the whole surface of the habitable globe.

VI. We are now in a position to draw our conclusions from the foregoing data, and state the results which the teachings of Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock seem to force upon us. The works referred to and quoted have been, as we said, selected for review because their authors are not only most justly esteemed for their information and capability, not only because they are representative men in ethnology and archæology, but also because their bias is *favorable* to the monistic view of evolution, and their evidences, and admissions made by them which tell against that view, can be more safely relied on. We have considered facts brought forward by one or other of them, and

\* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 169.

† Op. cit. p. 175.

‡ Op. cit. p. 231.

§ Op. cit. p. 173.

\* Op. cit. p. 362.

† 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 19.

‡ Op. cit. vol. i. p. 409.

judgments expressed on those facts with regard to speech, morality, religion, progress, and community of nature in the most diverse tribes of mankind, with a view to discovering (1) whether any evidence can be adduced of man's existence in a brutal or irrational condition; (2) whether the evidence points in the direction of such a condition in the past; and (3) whether any men now exist less remote from beasts than from the highest individuals of mankind? We have found, as regards *Language*, not only an essential agreement amongst all men, but that even the merely dumb prove by their gestures that they are possessed of the really important part of the faculty (the *verbum mentale*), though accidentally deprived of the power of giving it verbal expression (the *verbum oris*). As to *Morals*, we have found that not only are all races possessed of moral perception, but even that their fundamental moral principles are not in contradiction with our own.

Concerning *Religion*, we have seen that religious conceptions appear to exist universally amongst all races of mankind, though often curiously aborted or distorted, and often tending to extreme degradation after periods during which a higher level had been maintained. Respecting *Community of Nature*, we have been able to quote from Mr. Tylor assertions of the most unequivocal character. Finally, as to *Progress*, we have found cause to believe that '*Retrogression*' may have been much greater and more extensive than our authors are disposed to admit; but that however that may be, and even if their views on this subject are correct, as to existing races, such views, if established, would not constitute one iota of proof that the Christian doctrines as to man, his origin and nature, are erroneous.

From the absence of any positive proof as to a brutal condition of mankind, and from the absence of even any transitional stage, a presumption, at the least, arises that no such transition ever took place. This absence, also (there being at the same time so much positive evidence of essential community of nature amongst all men), clearly throws the *onus probandi* on those who assert the fact of such transition in the past. At the least they must betake themselves to philosophy, which is alone able to decide as to the abstract possibility or impossibility of such a process, and

show by it that the asserted transition is not only possible but also probable; and both demonstrations, we are confident, are beyond their power.

It seems, then, that in the sciences we are considering, namely, ethnology and archaeology, the most recent researches of the most trustworthy investigators show that the expectations of the supporters of the dualistic hypothesis are fulfilled, while those of the favorers of the monistic view are disappointed.

The final result therefore is that ethnology and archaeology, though incapable of deciding as to the possibility of applying the monistic view of evolution to man, yet, as far as they go, *oppose* that application. Thus the study of man past and present, by the last-mentioned sciences, when used as a test of the adequacy of the THEORY OF EVOLUTION, tends to show (though the ultimate decision, of course, rests with philosophy) that it is inadequate, and that another factor must be introduced of which it declines to take any account—the action, namely, of a DIVINE MIND as the direct and immediate originator and cause of the existence of its created image, the mind of man.

Such being the result of the inquiry we have undertaken, the assertors of man's dignity are clearly under no slight obligations to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Tylor for their patient, candid, and laborious toil. But if such is the case with regard to these writers, how much greater must be the obligation due to that author who has so profoundly influenced them, and whose suggestive writings have produced so great an effect on nineteenth-century Biology.

A deep debt of gratitude will indeed be one day due to Mr. Darwin—one difficult to over-estimate. This sentiment, however, will be mainly due to him for the indirect result of his labors. It will be due to him for his having, in fact, become the occasion of the *reductio ad absurdum* of that system which he set out to maintain—namely, the origin of man by natural selection, and the sufficiency of mechanical causes to account for the harmony, variety, beauty, and sweetness of that teeming world of life, of which man is the actual and, we believe, ordained observer, historian, and master.

But the study of savage life has taught us much.

Our poor obscurely thinking, roughly speaking, childishly acting, impulsive cousin of the wilds, the *Homo sylvaticus*, is not a useless tenant of his woods and plains, his rocks and rivers. His humble testimony is of the highest value in supporting the claims of his most civilized brothers to a higher than a merely brutal origin.

The religion of Abraham and Chrysostom, the intellect of Aristotle and Newton, the art of Raphael, of Shakespeare, of Mozart, have their claims to be no mere bestial developments, supported by that testimony. Through it these faculties are

plainly seen to be different *in kind* from complex entanglements of merely animal instincts, and sensible impressions. The claims of man as we know him at his noblest, to be of a fundamentally different nature from the beasts which perish, become reinforced and reinvigorated in our eyes, when we find the very same moral, intellectual, and artistic nature (though disguised, obscured, and often profoundly misunderstood) present even in the rude, uncultured soul of the lowest of our race, the poor savage — *Homo sylvaticus*.—*Quarterly Review*.

## SAXON STUDIES.—II. OF GAMBRINUS.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

### I.

LIFE is a tissue of mysteries. One is, that if the feelings be touched the palate never complains. An egg, hard-boiled over the fire of the affections, outdoes an omelette by Savarin. A half-pint of schnapps poured into an earthen mug by the hand of the affections, has a finer aroma than old wine in crystal goblets, less finely presented. Or what rude bench, cushioned by the emotions, is not softer than satin and eider-down? The spiritual not only commands the sensual—it may be said to create it. The banquets of the gods are divine only in so far as they harmonize the two. This is the whole secret of nectar and ambrosia.

The theme so expands beneath the pen, that we were best bring it to a head at once. Suffice it introduces us to the modest establishment of Frau Schmidt, just beyond the outer droschky limits: a favorite resort of mine, though better beer, easier chairs, and more accessible sites be discoverable elsewhere. I cannot baffle the reader's insight—the outweighing attraction is Frau Schmidt herself. Yet she is not a widow,—nay, she is fonder of her husband than is the case with most Saxon women: and he is really quite a fine fellow. Moreover, her personal charms are not bewildering. She appears before us a grey-clad little woman, with plain, pleasant, patient visage, and low, respectful voice: she puts down our schoppen of beer on our accustomed table near the window, smiles

a neutral-tinted little smile of welcome; and we pass the compliments of the day. Twice or thrice during our stay she returns to chat with us; and her big, grave, reticent husband stands beside her, and puts in a rumbling word or two. Anon they are off to serve their other customers—mostly common workmen out of the street, thirsty, rough fellows, with marvellous garments and manners. Evidently, the spell that draws us hither is one which works beneath the surface. Well, we are not going to draw aside the veil just yet. Let us first discuss our meditative beer: in the dregs of the last glass, perhaps, we shall find the secret revealed.

From our window is a view of the river and the town. A tree rustles in the little front-yard: beyond curves a dusty stretch of road. It is about four in the afternoon, and we have the room almost to ourselves. Till sunset we will sip, and muse, and moralize, and hold converse with the spirit of the great Gambrinus. Mighty, indeed, is he! Kings and emperors may talk, but to Gambrinus belongs the true fealty of Germans. We have only eulogy for him—his is a spell to disarm ill-nature's self. He is author of the most genial liquor in the world; his wholesome soul bubbles in every foaming glass of it. We could have forgiven Esau, had he yielded his birth-right for a glass of German beer; nor would himself have regretted the exchange.

Try we a mouthful or two; how fresh, how wholesomely bitter—the texture how fine and frothy: mark the delicate film it

leaves upon the glass. Lighter than English ale, of a less pronounced but more lastingly agreeable flavor: we tire of it no more than of bread. We may drink it by the gallon; and yet a little will go a long way. It seems not a foreign substance, but makes itself immediately at home. In color it ranges from brightest amber to deepest Vandyke brown, and in strength from potent Nuremberg to airy Bohemian. It is both food and drink to many a poor devil, whose stomach it can flatter into hypothecating a meal. To be sure, an unwelcome flabbiness and flatulence will, in the long run, reveal the deception. Rightly used, however, it makes thirst a luxury.

This liquor can be neither brewed nor exported beyond the Fatherland; nay, a journey of but a few miles from its birth-place impairs its integrity. Why—is a romantic and poetical enigma. In America the brewing is more elaborate and careful, but the result is nervous and heady. The broad Gambrinian smile becomes a wiry grin, or even a sour dyspeptic grimace. If exported, no matter with what care of cork and tinfoil, ere it can reach its destination some subtle magic has conjured away the better part of it. *Et calum et animam mutat.* Gambrinus has laid a charm upon it; it is the life-blood of the country, and shall not flow or rise in alien veins.

A profound political truth is symbolized here, if we would but see it; it elucidates the subject of emigration and the effect of locality on temperament. The varieties of German beer are innumerable; each tastes best on the spot where it was brewed; and each has its supporters as against all others. Now, the Berlin Government seems desirous of proving (what we Americans have already proved to the world's satisfaction, if not to our own), that people living, no matter how far apart and under what different circumstances, may be united in mind, sentiment, and disposition as one man. To this end, what method more effective than to ordain a universal beer, and forbid the brewing or drinking of any other? Condense into one the many inconsiderable principalities of Gambrinus. True, though men can apparently be induced by the proper arguments to accommodate themselves to whatever political or moral exigencies, beer is of a more intractable temper, and persists in being different in different places. But surely

Prince Bismarck, who can do so much, will not be beaten by a beverage: the difficulty will be ultimately overcome, if military discipline and legislation be worth anything. Two alternatives suggest themselves at once. The first, to create a uniform climate, soil, and water throughout the Fatherland—not an impossibility to German science, I should suppose:—the second, to brew the beer nowhere save in Berlin, to be drunk on the premises. Berlin would thus be secure of becoming the centre of attraction of the empire; and if, as is believed, Germans are Germans by virtue of the beer they drink, if all drank the same beer, of course they all would become the same Germans.

Moreover, if this may be done with the nation, why not apply the principle to the individual? A nation is but a larger, completer man; and if a nation may be concentrated at a single point, as Berlin; why not concentrate the persons composing it into a single individual, as Bismarck? Having swallowed his countrymen, the Prince could thereafter legislate to please himself: and might ultimately proceed to swallow himself into a universal atom.

Pending these improvements, we are consoled with the reflection that there are advantages connected with the undigested form impressed upon men and states by their original creator; for example, there is much entertainment in the discussions between various beer-cliques as to the merit of their respective beverages. Saxons, like other people, most enjoy disputes the least important and adjustable. A perverse instinct, no doubt, but universal, is that of asserting the worth of our own opinion and individuality against all comers. It remains to hope, that Saxony, and Germany with her—leading the world in other departments of civilization—may, before long, resolve themselves into a homogeneous mass—according to modern lights, the only true form of union.

## II.

Another pull at our schoppen: we must avoid over-heating ourselves with transcendental controversy. The genius of beer is peaceful; and there is a mild unobtrusive efficacy about it which is a marvel in its way. The flavor, although highly agreeable, does not take the palate captive, but introduces itself like a friend of old stand-



ing; the liquor glides softly through the portals of the gullet, and grows ever more good-humored on the way down. We swallow a mouthful or two, and then put down the glass to pause and meditate. The effect upon thoughts is peculiar and grateful. It gently anoints them, so that they move more noiselessly and sleekly, getting over much ground with little jar. It draws a transparent screen between us and our mental processes—as a window shuts out the noise of the street without obstructing our view of what is going on. Upon this screen are projected luxurious fancies, coming and going we know not whence or whither, and we become lost in following them. Slight matters acquire large interest; with what profound speculation do we mark the course of yonder leaf earthwards floating from its twig, overweighted by the consideration we have bestowed on it. The striking of a church clock, a mile away, echoes through vast halls of arched phantasy. The babble of those good people at a neighboring table foregoes distinctive utterance, and is resolved into a dreamy refrain. Our own voices seem to come from far away; our prosaic thoughts take on the hues of poetry and romance. We seem to chant rather than speak our sentences, and perceive a subtle melody in them. We feel comfortable, peaceful, yet heroic and strong; surely there is somewhat superb and grand about us, which, till now, has been but half appreciated. We sit full-orbed and complete, and regard our fellow-men with a sweet-tempered contempt of superiority.

That peculiar kind of friendliness and sociability which distinguishes Saxons would soon languish if deprived of its inspiring beer. As sun to earth is their beer to them—the source of their vitality. Colorless and bloodless enough were they without it. If Gambrinus may not be said (such an assertion would indeed be treasonable) to be Germany's immediate sovereign, he at least renders her worth being sovereign over. It is well to make slaves and puppets of men, but he also deserves credit who gives the puppet a soul to be enslaved with.

• Happy Saxons! have they themselves an adequate conception of the part beer plays in their economy—of the degree to which their ideas and acts are steeped in it? Only Germans can properly be said to possess a national drink; beer takes

with them the place of all other beverages; an American bar, with its myriad eye-openers and stone-walls, would be absurdly out of place here. The Saxon's palate is not tickled with variety; one thing suffices him, which he loves as he loves himself—because it has become a part of him. It fascinates him, not as aught new and strange, which might be potent for a time, but eventually palls. But it is as dear to him as are the ruddy drops which visit his sad heart—a steady, perennial, exclusive affection, constant as his very selfishness. Who calls the Saxon cold? is there any devotion, he asks, warmer than mine to me?

I like to hear him call for his beer—as though he had been wrongly separated from it, and claimed it as his Saxon birth-right. There is a certain half-concealed complacency in his tone, too; arising partly from pleasurable anticipation, partly from pride that there is so good a thing to call for. Having got it, he never shows to such advantage as with it in his hand—never so like an apple of gold in a picture of silver. It seems a pity, then, that he should ever strive to be aught sublimer than a beer-drinker. For nothing else is he so fit; nothing else, perhaps, renders him so genial and happy; and surely there are many things which do him more harm. Gambrinus, the mightiest of Germans, not only did nothing else—he owes his greatness to that fact. Methinks there is deep significance in the story how, when Satan called to claim his bargain, the German Bacchus trusted to no other weapon than this single beer-drinking faculty of his, and therewith got the better of his enemy. He played a manly part: a smaller man would have fallen to evasion, forsaking his true stronghold for another with which he was unacquainted. Gambrinus succeeded, as do all men who know their power and rely upon it. Doubtless, he might have wasted his time in making himself a fair philosopher, politician, soldier, or what not; but all would not have saved him from the devil. Saxons—here is food for reflection.

I am bound to admit, however, that this luxury, like all others, may be indulged in to imprudent lengths, and thereby lead to consequences any thing but peaceful or meditative. A legend is current of a certain evil demon, Katzenjammer by name, who is as hateful as Gambrinus is genial; and it is whispered that between the two

there is a mysterious and awful connection. When the jovial monarch's symposium is at its maddest height, when the guests are merriest and the liquor most delicious—then is it that this hideous presence lurks most nigh. The lights may blaze upon the festive board; but out of the shadow below, and in gloomy alcoves, here and there, the boon companions shudder at the glimpse of his ghastly features. Those who have met him face to face (and such men live) describe him as sallow, cadaverous, blear-eyed, and unwholesome: his countenance overspread with a grey despair, as of a creature born from joy to misery, and retaining, in his wretchedness, the memory of all that makes life sweet, and the yearning for it. Moreover—and this is perhaps the grisliest feature of the legend—he is said to bear a villainous and most unaccountable resemblance to Gambrinus himself; insomuch, that when encountered the morning after a carousal, the beholder can scarce free himself from the delusion that it is Gambrinus's self he sees—fearfully changed, indeed, yet essentially the same. I fear there is some disagreeable secret at the bottom of all this, and that poor old Gambrinus did not quite escape the devil's claws, after all. However, if we can be resolute not to commit ourselves too far with the god, we may be tolerably secured against falling into the clutches of the hobgoblin. Meanwhile, excellent Frau Schmidt, another pint of beer!

### III.

What may be the subtle principle according to which liquors depend for their flavor upon the form and fashion of the vessel from which they are quaffed, I know not; but certainly German beer should be drunk only from the schoppen. For a long time I put my faith in an Oxford mug of pewter with a plate-glass bottom; but, in the end, I reverted to the national tankard, with its massive base, its scalloped glass sides, and its lid enamelled with pictures and mottoes. The rest of the world might produce port glasses, hock glasses, sherry glasses, absinthe glasses; it was reserved for Germany to evolve the schoppen. Whether Gambrinus was the first to invent it, I am not precisely informed, but am inclined to consider it a supreme product of our modern civilization.

I once visited the Antiken Sammlung in the Museum of the Zwinger; and judging by the wild experiments in the way of drinking-vessels on exhibition there, I should have thought the ancients must half the time have been in doubt what they were swallowing. There were elephants, fishes, Chinese pagodas, legless human figures which, unlike their living prototypes, would never stand upright unless they were empty; huge silver-mounted horns; ingenious arrangements to rap the drinker's pate if he spared to drink all at a draught, or to prick his tongue if he drank not fast enough. Some goblets there were of the capacity of seven quarts—so the guide assured me; and he added, in a quiet tone, that the mighty ones of yore thought nothing of emptying one without drawing breath. He was a tall, thin, courteous, amenable fellow—that guide—yellow-eyed, curly-bearded, with hands gloveless, unclean, and very cold. Near at hand stood a marble bust of Washington, placid, respectable, and rather ditty. How often had he heard that lie reiterated, without once being able to knit his marble brow at the liar, or wink a pupil-less eye at the visitor, not to be taken in. But I doubt not that the fact of the bust's being there deepened the guide's crime.

Of a less barbarous age are the ivory tankards, elaborately carved, to be found in the windows of curiosity-shops throughout Dresden. There, moreover, stand tall green glasses of Bohemian manufacture, jewelled and painted with arabesques and figures. But all are but approximations to the excellence of the clear glass schoppen of to-day, which, if it hold but a pint, may be replenished a hundred times a-day, and is vastly more manageable than the seven-quart affair. They are usually some seven or eight inches high, and twice as much in girth—just the proportion of a respectable toper; but this model is varied within certain limits: and some of Gothic design, with peaked lids, are as beautiful as heart could wish; and a pewter mannikin an inch and a half high, staggering under the weight of a barrel of liquor, is perched above the handle. The lids are a distinguishing feature, necessary to retard the too rapid evaporation of the foam. They must be kept down, like a maiden's; should we neglect this precaution, not only is our beer liable to stale, but any impertinent fellow sitting near may, by beer-law,

snatch a draught of it without saying, By your leave!

We may, of course, hurl the mug at him; there are few better missiles than a good schoppen, and every Saxon knows how to use it in this way also. The schoppen-throwing spirit is latent in the most seeming-inoffensive of the race, and will crop out on occasion. We do not know our friend until we have seen him at such a moment. He has no tendency to individual action; he loves a majority, though not ignorant of how to turn the contrary position into a virtue. With a crowd to back him, he will sling his mug at any body; and it is instructive to observe, when once his victory is secure, how voluble, excited, and indignant he becomes—how implacable and over-bearing towards his foe; the same Saxon in his beer-saloon as at Sedan!

In reflecting upon the amount of beer consumed by the average Saxon during the day, I am inclined to believe with Rabelais that drinking preceded thirst in the order of creation, since the want postulates the habit: and that he drinks, not because his throat is parched, but in order that it may not be. It is no paradox that the thirstiest men are the smallest drinkers: therefore Saxons can never be thirsty, but drink either out of mere bravado, or else from a belief that to drink steadily the first half of their lives, will secure them from thirst during the second. If this creed be not a popular fallacy, it is a most important truth. Nevertheless, it would perhaps be safer to continue the remedy throughout the decline of existence, and so float comfortably into the other life.

#### IV.

From our present point of view, Dresden might be described as a beer-lake, of which the breweries are the head-waters. The liquid, however, is divided up into reservoirs of all sizes, from thousand-gallon tuns to pint bottles. The fishes are the Dresdeners themselves, who, instead of swimming in the lake, allow it to swim in them—a more pleasant and economic arrangement. This lake resembles the ocean in having hours of flood and ebb; but the time never runs out so far as to leave the fishes high and dry. The periods of high beer, or full fishes, are, roughly speaking, from twelve to two at noon and from six to ten in the evening.

It is really not easy to exaggerate the importance of beer-saloons to the city economy. Beer, like other valuable things, has a tendency to lodge humbly: is fond of antique, not to say plebeian, surroundings; and is so thorough a demagogue that it not only flatters the multitude, but harbors in their midst! Now, so uninviting are some Dresden neighborhoods, we must believe that, except for the beer-saloons in them, they would speedily be left without inhabitants. Thus beer equalizes the distribution of population. What is of more moment, it provides employment either directly or indirectly for a vast proportion of the people. Not to speak of the architects, coopers, glass-workers, and numberless others to whose support it largely contributes, it actually creates the landlords, waiters, and waitresses. We may go further, and point out that it is the vital principle, if not the cause, of the popular concerts, as well as of summer excursions into rural suburbs, whose healthful beauties would else remain unexplored. The student "Kneipes" owe what life they have more to their beer than to either their traditions or the Schläger. In short, society, among the mass of the people, is clustered round a beer-glass: and the liquor of Gambrinus is not more the national beverage than it is the builder-up of the nation.

The beer-saloon is the Saxon's club, parlor, and drawing-room, and is free alike to rich and poor, noble and simple. The family-man as well as the bachelor, the old with the young man, is regular and uniform in his attendance. For Saxons have no homes, nor the refinement which leads most creatures, human or other, to reserve for themselves a retreat apart from the world's common path and gaze. It must not be inferred that the husband objects to taking his wife and children along with him: the broad Saxon tolerance never dreams of ostracising woman from the scene of her lord's conviviality. Though seldom present in large numbers, there is generally a sprinkling of them in every room-full of drinkers. I have not observed that they exercise any restraint upon the tone of conversation: considering the light in which woman is regarded, it is not to be expected that they should; and as for children, they are not regarded at all. The wives watch the conversation of their masters much as a dog might do, seldom

thinking of contributing to it; or if they do, it is not in womanly fashion, but so far as possible in imitation of the men's manner. They drink their fair share of beer, often from the men's glass; but I can not say that the geniality thus induced improves them. Until pretty far up in the social scale, there is little essential difference between the lower orders of women and those above them, especially after Gambrinus has laid his wand upon them. In the German language are no equivalents for the best sense of our Lady and Gentleman; and perhaps the reason is not entirely a linguistic one.

Female Saxony is very industrious; carries its sewing or embroidery about with it everywhere, and knits to admiration. When in its own company, it chatters like magpies, and we watch it with an appropriately amused interest. But our interest is of another sort when, as sometimes happens, a man enters with his newly-married wife, or sweetheart. The untutored stranger observes with curiosity the indifference of the couple to the public eye. Towards the close of the second glass, her head droops upon his shoulder, their hands and eyes meet, they murmur in each other's ear, and fatuously smile. It is nothing to them that the table and the room are crowded with strange faces. The untutored stranger, if he imagine these persons to be other than of perfect social respectability, commits a profound mistake. They are Saxons of the better class, and are utterly unconscious of any thing coarse or ungainly in thus giving publicity to their mutual endearments. The untutored stranger had perhaps believed that publicity of love, to be sublime, must be manifested under very exceptional circumstances. He had read with pleasure how the beautiful woman threw herself upon her lover's bosom, so to intercept the fatal bullet: or his heart had throbbed at the passionate last embrace of wife and husband upon the scaffold steps. But he is extravagant and prejudiced: not instant death, but a quart or so of beer, is pretext all-sufficient. Nay, may it not be that our Saxon sweethearts would find death put their affection out of joint, and therefore do wisely to be satisfied with the easy god-fathership of Gambrinus? At all events, our criticisms are as gratuitous as untutored. The mixed assembly in which the exhibition takes place considers it so

little extraordinary, as scarcely to be at the trouble of looking at it or away from it. Nevertheless there seems to be a spiritual nudity about it, which, if not divine, indicates a phase of civilization elsewhere unknown.

I have introduced this scene because it typifies a universal trait. Saxons can not be happy except in public and under one another's noses. The edge of pain is dulled for them if only they may undergo their torture in the market-place; and no piece of good luck is worth having which has not been dragged through the common gutter. Each man's family is too small for him—he must take his neighbor's likewise into his bosom. Is this the result of a lofty spirit of human brotherhood? or is it diseased vanity, which finds its only comfort in stripping the wretched fig-leaves alike from its virtue and its vice? Nevertheless, most Saxons, if charged to their faces with being the first of nations, admit the impeachment: which proves how little true greatness has in common with the minor proprieties.

It would be pleasant to study this trait in its effect upon gossip and scandal. If a man denudes himself in presence of my crony and me, does he not deprive our epigrams of their sting, and make our innuendoes ridiculous? Backbiters, thus rudely treated, must miss that delicate flavor which renders a dish of French scandal the delight of the world. But the guild dies hard, and even in the face of a persecution which should go the length not only of confessing discredibilities, but of taking a pride in them, will still find some husks to fatten upon.

V.

It is high time for us to make some pleasant acquaintances; and if we will let our imagination wander citywards, I know a spot where we may meet some. Turning aside from the venerable Schloss Strasse, we traverse a narrower side-thoroughfare, and soon arrive at a low and dark-mouthed archway. We vanish beneath it, and, feeling our way along the wall, come presently to a door which, opening almost of itself, admits us into an apartment remarkable alike for its smokiness, its narrowness, and its length. The opposite wall seems to press against us, and we instinctively adopt a sideways motion in walking down the room. Full five



out of the seven or eight feet of narrowness are taken up with the square brown chairs and tables, of which there must be enough in Saxony to cover a third of the country's area. The walls are panelled breast high; the ends of the room are indistinct in the smoky haze. All the world is sitting down except ourselves and buxom Ida, who comes tripping along behind us, with both her plump hands full of beer. Let us too hasten to be seated.

The Saxon habit of sitting down to everything is, by the way, one which Americans would do well to imitate, especially when they eat or drink. Man is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair—it is as much his prerogative as laughing or cooking. The moral effect of sitting down is to induce deliberation, and we Republicans should have too much self-respect as well as prudence to stand up to a luncheon or liquor-bar like so many sparrows: while our Saxon brother finds his knees giving way at no more than the sight of a toothpick. That foolish relic of barbarism, the practice of rising to toasts, does, it is true, obtain in Saxony no less than elsewhere; but internal evidence justifies the prediction that Saxons will lead the world in refining it away.

Having got us comfortably seated, buxom little Ida caresses the back of our chair while she lends her ear and ear-ring to our order. Ida is always on the best of terms with her company, while maintaining a feminine ascendancy over them. She responds cordially if we summon her by name, but is deaf to the unceremonious rattling of the schoppen-lid, which is the usual way of calling for attendance. She sustains the many personal compliments wherewith she is plied with a rare, complacent equanimity, repaying them with a softened cadence of tone and an approving smile. She has her favorites of course, but so manages matters as not to obtrude the fact unpleasantly upon the less fortunate. When, at parting, we take occasion to slip into her palm an eleemosynary coin, she allows her short fingers to close for a moment over ours in mute friendly acknowledgment. She is a brisk, round, smooth, little body, with no feature or expression worth mentioning, and a figure consisting mainly of rounded protuberances. She knows her duties well, and deftly remembers the idiosyncrasies of her guest, after the first few visits have made him fa-

miliar. I have never seen in her face any record or passage of thought: she even adds up her accounts without thinking, and this is possibly one reason why so many small perquisites make their way to her plump pockets. When she finds herself at leisure—usually for an hour or so during the morning and afternoon—she has a well-conditioned little nap in a corner, never bothering her small brain-pan with life-problems past or to come. It is a mystery how a body and soul combined in such very unequal proportions, should produce so pleasant and cheerful an effect. Is Ida ever naughty? I should as soon think of applying moral standards to a jelly-fish as to her; meanwhile, the worst wickedness I have detected in her is a funny fat slyness in that matter of perquisites. Her conscience—which probably is less fat and more gristle than any other part of her body—is, I am sure, untroubled.

Ida can scarcely be taken as a representative of her class—a fact which is probably less to their credit than to hers. German beer-girls are harder worked than English bar-maids, since, in addition to late hours, they are obliged to walk from ten to fifteen miles a day, carrying to and fro heavy loads of beer-glasses. Though they may equal their English sisters in education, they are far behind them in intelligence and the appearance of refinement. They are often pretty, however, and withal healthy and substantial-looking: and I dare say their labors, arduous as they appear, are luxury compared to those of the peasantry, from which class most of them spring. More deleterious than the physical work is doubtless the moral wear and tear consequent upon receiving day by day the jokes, caresses, compliments, or insults of a rabble of men of all ranks and tempers. They generally acquit themselves with some tact and more good humor; and they are subjected to a freedom of speech and behavior from the sterner sex which, in any other country, would be met by a thoroughly deserved box on the ear. It appears to be understood that the right of embracing the beer-girl is included in the price of the beer. In one respect these young women compare pleasantly with the men-waiters;—that whereas we may bind the latter body and soul to our service by a judicious administration of fees, in the minds of the former we can at

best only create a conflict between their interest and their affections. We may see a Kellnerin to the limit of her desires, yet, if that be our best charm, all will not prevent her enjoying her whisper in the corner with her poor soldier, who never gave her anything more valuable than a kiss; while our beer-glass stands empty. This is more agreeable than anything in the male character. Women were never so necessary to the world's welfare as now, if only they will be women. Let them steep their brains in their hearts, or else dispense with the former altogether. What becomes of these waitresses later in life, I know not. Let us hope they are happy with their soldiers.

The little clique which makes Ida's beer-saloon its nightly resort is of a character complementary to Ida's own. They are elderly men; and represent the most thoughtful and enlightened class in Dresden. They are patriots of '48, who, having been banished by their government, owe their recall to the progress of those opinions for which they suffered exile. Most of them are now members of the Council, and amuse themselves by occasionally voting against an increase of the king's income. They are among the few Saxons whose patriotism does not consist in being selfish, conceited, and intolerant of criticism. They desire not to defend their country for what she is, but to help her to what she might be: if they do not sympathize with their unenlightened countrymen, they would like to render them worthy of sympathy. In the face of so stiff a job, I cannot but admire their uniformly jovial and well-conditioned aspect. There is nothing of the melancholy, wild-eyed, long-haired, collarless enthusiast about them. Probably they have the wisdom to use those qualities in their opponents which can be made to serve their own ends, and thus have become prosperous.

We may hold agreeable converse with these men, for their draught of the outer world has permanently improved their mental digestions, and allows us to talk discursively without fear of giving offence. When the beer has loosened in them the reins of those faculties which their experience has developed, they become very good company. Yet, when all has been said, there remains a secret sense of dissatisfaction. We have coincided upon

many points, but on what one have we melted together? The objection may seem fantastic, but it is true and of significance. Many a hard head and intractable judgment do we meet, who yet in the dispute lets fall a word or tone which makes the eyes fill, we know not why; revealing a deeper agreement between us than any of opinions. We fight such men more lovingly than we ally ourselves with others, whose creeds perhaps fit ours like the lines of a dissecting map.

## VI.

Besides the politicians, there is a sprinkling of the learned class, who are often shabbier in external aspect than men of far less consideration. In addition to their undeniable beer-drinking powers, they quaffed deep of the Pierian spring, and are no less interesting than the books which they compile. There is little human glow in them, however, and their erudite talk reminds of conversations printed on a page: it lacks the unexpectedness and piquancy of original or spontaneous thought. They are wood of a straight, close grain,—displaying none of the knots and eccentric veins which make a polished surface attractive: nor do they possess the rich, pervading color which might compensate for plainness of structure. Their faculties are useful to the world in the same way that printing-types are—they may be arranged to form valuable combinations, but are not therefore intrinsically captivating: have none of that fascination which attaches to a black-letter MS. Geniuses not only never repeat themselves, but never use the same material twice. Each fresh work is done in a new way, with new tools; and retains an unhackneyed aroma, be it ever so irregular or imperfect.

But the talents of these Saxon sages are limited in number and overworked: and the very fact of their limitation and want of idiosyncrasy seems to be the cause of their application to all sorts and amounts of labor. But a man who can get anything out of himself, all on the same rule and scale, should perhaps be especially careful to confine himself to only one thing. Original men change color, tone, and key with every new idea; and as no two ideas can ever be quite alike, so is their manner of entertaining them never twice identical. Otherwise they are machines; and

we think the Saxon sages often have a tendency to be mechanical.

Nevertheless there are some originals among them. One gentleman I remember, who was by profession a lawyer, but had dabbled in literature, was the author of some poetry, I believe, and ranked himself among the Klopstocks and Heines. He had fine features and a high, bald forehead, which he seemed always trying to heighten by passing his hand up it, and tossing back the thin locks of grey hair which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed with small care, and less cleanliness; his shirt, in particular, was enough to make the heart ache. Reverses, perhaps, or disappointed ambition, had enrolled this personage among the sworn disciples of Gambrinus, and it was his daily custom to pledge that monarch so deeply that by evening his heart was full and ready to overflow on small encouragement. One night he entered late, and proceeded without warning to be ardently enamored of an unobtrusive young man who happened to be of our party, and whom he had never seen before. "Sir, you are dear to me! I love you, sir! my heart is yours!" In proof of his regard, he presently began to declaim a great deal of poetry; and never have I heard those pieces more finely and eloquently interpreted. The scene perhaps took its rise in the whim of a half-tipsy brain, but, as the actor wrought upon himself, it assumed a hue of grotesque pathos. The man himself became stirred to his depths; now tears ran down his cheeks, now his eyes flashed, and he manned himself heroically; and now again he paused to empty his beer-glass and sign to Ida for more. But the liquor he drank, instead of disguising him, dissolved the mask of his inner nature. Heaven knows what confused memories of joy and grief were at work within him; but it was evident that, through the miserable absurdity of circumstance, he gave us distorted glimpses of what had been best and highest in his character—that he was laying bare to us the deepest heart he had. And it is on this account—not for purposes of ridicule—that I have brought forward the episode. His sincerity no one could have doubted, least of all himself: yet it revealed nothing genuine; the man's very soul was artificial, and in the heat of his self-abandonment, he could not be natural. His senti-

ment and passion could only have moved unconscious hypocrites like himself. He had been very eminent in his profession, and all he did was marked by exceptional talent; he must once have been an exceeding handsome man; and, above all, he was a thorough German, in accord with the genius of his countrymen. But for those who are not Germans, the heart is the gunpowder whose explosion gives the bullet of thought its effect, and they cannot be pierced with the subtlest intellectual missile which lacks this projecting power.

After Ida's, my favorite resort was a mediæval-looking apartment in the Neustadt, near the head of the venerable, historic bridge which connects the main thoroughfares of the old and new towns. Werthmann, the proprietor, is a man of taste and feeling, and has adorned his saloon with intent to realize, so far as he may, the ideal of a Gambrinian temple. We enter a square room of moderate size, wainscoted to a height of five feet from the floor with dark carved wood. Above the wainscot the wall is divided lengthwise into two compartments, the upper one exhibiting designs of highly-colored groups of figures in fourteenth-century costumes, relieved against a dark-blue background; while the other is devoted to scraps of convivial poetry, appropriate to the paintings, and executed in the black-letter character; which poetry, if not always unexceptionable, either from a moral or poetical point of view, matches well enough the tone of the surroundings. Over the doorway is inscribed the legend "Kommt Herein, Hier ist gut sein!" which is certainly an improvement upon some of those religious perpetrations which I have noticed further back. In other places we spell out such agreeable truisms as "Gerste mit Hopfen giebt gute Tropfen;" and here, again, is Doctor Martin Luther's famous couplet. The windows are sunk nearly three feet into the walls, with black oak sills and panels, and command a view of the ugly old market-place, with its rough cobble pavement and its tanned market-women, presided over by the ungainly equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong, his gelding sadly tarnished by the weather. There is an inner room, much in the fashion of the first, save that the background of the frescoes is golden instead of blue; and still beyond is the billiard-room, whence issues

a buzz of voices and click of balls. At certain hours of the day Werthmann comes in—a portly, imposing, but thoroughly amiable figure, bowing with serious courtesy to each of his assembled guests. This done, he seats himself at a table with his favorite gossips and a glass of his particular beer. Among the frescoes on the walls there is more than one portrait figure of Herr Werthmann in the character of Gambrianus himself—and he supports the rôle well. But he is not for show only. One morning I caught him on a chair, amidst half-a-dozen workmen, clad in an enormous pinafore, and bespattered with the whitewash which he was vigorously applying to the ceiling. He is a good type of Saxon landlords, who, as a rule, are among the pleasantest and most conversable men in town. Much of the success of their business depends on their geniality, and practice makes it their second nature.

The attendants here are both male and female, though the former perhaps predominate, in their regulation black swallow-tails. I have often noticed a singular effect which uniforms have upon the analysis of character; it is nearly impossible to form an unbiassed judgment of a man whose coat and hat mark his profession. Inevitably we regard him, not as a simple human being, but through the colored medium of his official insignia. Thus, if the Kellners wore ordinary clothes, it would be much easier to pronounce upon their peculiarities of disposition and behavior. As it is, their sable dress-coats,—which seem to have been born with them and to have grown like their skins—their staccato manner, their fallacious briskness, their elaborate way of not accomplishing any thing, and their fundamental rascality, appear to be the chief impressions of them left upon my mind. They do not contrast well with the English waiters; there is seldom any approach to neatness in their condition, and they never attain the cultured, high-bred repose which we see on the other side of the Channel. In their swindling operations they manifest neither art nor delicacy; moral suasion is unknown to them, nor do they ever attempt to undermine us on the side of abstract justice and respectability. They simply and brutally retain the change, and meet any remonstrance on our part, first with denial, secondly with abuse, and finally with an appeal to the police.

Some few of these men have grown old in the service, but the majority are between eighteen and thirty. Often they are the sons of hotel-keepers, serving an apprenticeship at their trade. Their wages are very moderate, but I fancy few of them retire from the profession without having accumulated a tolerable fortune. Unless treated with a politic mixture of sternness and liberality, they are apt to be either brusque or pre-occupied, if not altogether oblivious. Possibly their darker traits may be the effect of continually wearing black-tailed coats; and when they put them off, they may also lay aside their tendency to theft and falsehood. But my researches have not gone so deep as to warrant me in more than offering the suggestion.

#### VII.

In summer, however, we have no business to sit between four walls; Dresden is full of beer-gardens, where, if the beer is sometimes inferior, its flavor is compensated by the soft pure air and the music. Our difficulty will be, not to find a pleasant spot, but to fix upon the pleasantest. Sauntering beneath a mile-long avenue of chestnut-trees, we might climb to the Waldschloesschen Brewery, resting on the hillside like a great yellow giant, whose hundred eyes look out over a lovely picture of curving river and hazy-towered town. Here, sitting on the broad stone terrace, beneath trees so dense of foliage that rain cannot penetrate them, we are on a level with the tops of trees below, which have the appearance of a green bank suspended in mid-air. Far off on the river the white steamboats crawl and palpitate, and the huge canal-boats spread their brown wings to help along as best they may their unwieldy bulk. Here, too, the beer is of the best, and we may drink it to the tune of Mozart and Strauss.

Somewhat similar are the attractions of the Bruelsche Terrasse, which is also more accessible and more exclusive. It is fine in the evening, when it sparkles thick with colored lamps and throbs with music; and the river, above whose brink it stands, is a black, mysterious abyss, revealed only by the reflected lights which wander here and there across its surface, or range themselves along the length of the distant bridge, and cast long wheeling shadows of unseen people passing to and fro across



it. But even here we find imperfections; the beer-glasses are scandalously small, and the waiters, who wear not only dress-coats but silver buttons, are more rapacious and remorseless than harpies.

After all, however, the best place is the *Grosser Wirthschaft*, in the Royal Park. There we are in the midst of a small forest; but a vista, opening through the trees, and broadening over a wide green meadow, yields us a glimpse, at a mile's distance, of a grey dome and two or three tapering spires. The square open court, some sixty yards in width and closely planted with trees and street-lamps, is partly closed in on two sides by low buildings; the orchestra occupies a third, while on the fourth stands sentinel a gigantic tree. During the pauses of the music, a few steps will bring us to sweet secluded walks, where we might almost forget that such things as houses and Saxons existed in the world. During the heat of the season concerts are given here at five in the morning, and are attended by crowds of tradespeople, who thus secure their half-holiday before the day has fairly begun. If we can manage to get up early enough to go to one, the effect of the spectacle upon the imagination is very peculiar. Reason tells us that it is long before breakfast-time; but the broad sunshine, the crowd of people drinking their beer, the music and the wide-awakeness of everything, proclaim four o'clock in the afternoon. The fact that the sun is in the wrong quarter of the heavens only increases our bewilderment, and we are almost persuaded either that the whole scene is a wonderful mirage, or that we are phantoms, accidentally strayed into the material world.

Surely, only hypercriticism could find anything to complain of in all this. We do not, I suppose, expect Saxon beer-gardens to be like the land of the lotus-eaters, where dreamy souls recline on flowery couches, and know not whether the music in their enchanted ears comes from without or within. Moreover, cane-bottomed chairs are in many ways better than flowery couches, and to sit at a table with three or four other people, even if we do not happen to know them, is preferable to having no table at all. Lovers of music should not object to receiving in exchange for five groschen, a piece of paper with the musical pro-

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gramme on one side, and a bill of fare on the other; nor should they allow themselves to be disturbed by the continual repassing during the performance of unsympathetic waiters, who never allow a beer-glass to become empty through any lack of solicitation on their part to have it refilled. If the ground beneath their feet is reddish-brown gravel instead of turf, it is all the safer for delicate constitutions; and if trees, tables, and lamp-posts are rigidly aligned, it is all the better for order and convenience. As for the music, it surely could not be finer; and the fact that every individual of the orchestra may be seen sawing or puffing himself red in the face over his horn or violin, ought only to make the pleasure more real and tangible.

Who can deny all this? Nevertheless all the world knows that to possess good things is only to foster the notion that they might be improved. Any strictures against Saxon beer-gardens would certainly apply with equal force anywhere else, and perhaps it is chiefly because they are good enough to suggest dreams of something better, that such dreams venture to assert themselves. Were I inclined to pick flaws, the first would be that the gardens disappoint from being half gardens and half something with which the spirit of gardens is quite irreconcilable. Music, whispering leaves, summer skies,—what combination could be more charming? but if we descend—as we must—beneath the leaves, the disenchantment is all the harsher. Nature is put in a strait-jacket, her tresses are shorn, and she is preposterously decked out with artificial ornament. These gardens are aptly symbolised by the Sirens, who made fascinating music and had lovely hair, and who, seen from a proper distance, seemed all delightful. But they turned out to be less attractive below. Thus if we walk in the secluded paths near the *Grosser Wirthschaft*, catching snatches of the melody, and glimpses of the gay crowd shadowed by the cool foliage, the effect is captivating; but the stern utilitarian features which a nearer view discovers, are the Siren's claws.

But my quarrel strikes a deeper root than this, and will not, I fear, gain me much sympathy. I question whether music can be heard as well in company as in solitude, save when the company is in very exceptional accord. Certainly any

strange or unwelcome presence jars like a false note continually repeated. Lovers, I should imagine, might listen to sweet music with a multiplied pleasure and appreciation : or a great assembly, ablaze with some all-inspiring sentiment, doubtless take additional fire from the sound of an appropriate strain. But to lavish the mighty symphonies of great musicians upon an ill-assorted crowd, brought together, ticketed and arranged of malice aforethought, is to pawn pearls at less than their value : isolation—harmonious seclusion—are the only terms upon which a perception of subtle musical jewels can be obtained, and even these are often insufficient.

The Bible tells us that the Divine Presence can be better invoked by two or three than by one ; but music, like nature, not being an infinite divinity, seldom reveals her more exquisite charms save to the solitary worshipper. Human beings are terribly potent things : we admire the shrewd scent of wild animals, but what is it compared with the keenness of man's spiritual scent for his fellow ?

Furthermore, musicians, unlike little boys, should be heard but not seen. Perhaps a beautiful singer may be an exception, because, in her, facial expression may aid the interpretation and give it richer coloring ; and possibly the cultured grace of a master violinist may give form and vividness to his rendering. But the grace and beauty, not to be offensive, must, at least, equal that of the theme. A visible orchestra is like a dissected Venus : to lay bare the springs and methods of the sweet mystery of harmonious life, is to sin alike against art and nature.

#### VIII.

I should not have been tempted to go so far had it not been my purpose to go one step further, and announce the remarkable discovery that the Saxons have a less correct ear for music than any people with which I am acquainted. I am sure they think quite differently, and no doubt, after the first surprise is over, they will be grateful for having had their error pointed out. Undeniably, the greatest musical composers have been of German blood : just as in ancient times, by a sort of revenge of nature, giants and pygmies were made to live together. Moreover, there is nowhere more good music than

in Saxony : nor anywhere better soldiers : the reason being, not that Saxons have any especial aptitude for war or music, but that they are exhaustively and indefatigably trained. Bismarck and Wagner are at the bottom of it.

The average Saxon orchestra learns its music by rote, and its perception of harmony is not intuitive but mechanical. They regard a false note as a mistake—never as a sin ; and it is only rigid drilling which enables them to do so much as that. Listen to a party of young students singing together, as is the custom of young students all over the world : they sing loudly and in perfect good faith, conscious that they are Saxons, and therefore fancying that they are infallible. But there will be more discords to a stave, than an equal number of young men of any other country could produce. There may be something pathetic about this, but there is certainly much that is disagreeable. Again, the audiences of the garden concerts are affected by tunes and slight airs, and are invariably enthusiastic in their applause of a solo, however imperfectly rendered ; because, having actually beheld a man stand up before them and produce, with more or less physical exertion, a variety of musical sounds, they are convinced that they have heard what is, or ought to be, music. But they pass by the great, sublime compositions with significant silence. Now, animals are moved by tunes, and parrots and magpies can be taught to whistle them. When the tunes are what is called national—enhanced, that is, by some glorious or inspiring tradition, the consideration of whatever musical worth they may have is as nothing : such tunes influence mobs, and Saxon mobs no less than others. A tune is to music what an automaton, with its little round of recurring movements, is to a living man with his infinite variety of manifestation, which yet observes a distinctive form and purpose.

Music in Saxony, like the army, is a forced product, having no root in the nature of the people, and destined to wither away when the artificial inspiration is removed. There is surely something sacred about music : those who are born to it will seek it out through all obstacles ; but to obtrude it upon persons who have no vital understanding of it, is to do injury both to the music and to them. The

commonness of concerts in Saxony, and elsewhere in Germany, is everywhere admired: they are too common, perhaps, and may be lowered by low appreciation. Nothing beautiful can be driven into a man from without: the only result will be to disfigure him and to desecrate the thing of beauty.—But we are getting heated again. Another glass of beer?—No, we must bid Gambrinus farewell, for it is late. We have found more than we bargained for in our schoppen.

## IX.

Good little Frau Schmidt comes up, with her pleasant but not quite cheerful smile, to see us to the door, and bid us not forget to return. We had made a little mystery about her, at the beginning of our session, with the understanding that it should be cleared up before we went away. The mystery does not amount to much, after all, but its elucidation may serve also to explain why Frau Schmidt is more a favorite of ours than any Saxon woman we have known.

The fact is (for we have not skill further to prolong the suspense, even were there any longer reason for doing so), Frau Schmidt is an Englishwoman, born, she tells us, within hearing of Bow bells. She met in London the big, silent Saxon, with the fine massive head and serious bearing, who was destined to win her love and marry her. He, perhaps, was at that time a political refugee. Certainly he was more a man than the average: there was a force and largeness in him rare among Saxons; and individual excellence is an uncomfortable possession in a land governed as is this.

But when a good many years had passed, and an altered administration could pardon Herr Schmidt's political virtues, the memory of his birthplace continually haunted him: his health began to fail, and he fancied that only a breath of his native air could restore him. His wife doubtless shrank at first from the thought of leaving England, and settling among strange faces and barbarous tongues, in an unknown land. Yet her heart would not let her hold him back, and without her he could not go. They came, therefore, and

Herr Schmidt, having purchased a small beer-saloon on the banks of the river he had known in boyhood, looked forward to health and quiet happiness.

But all was somehow not right—not as he had expected. Was Dresden changed, or had his memory played him false? There stood Dresden, with her domes and steeples; there flowed the well-known Elbe beneath the old historic bridge. Around him were Saxon tongues and faces; yet the city—the people of his remembrance were not there. Perchance, save in memory, they had never been at all. Ah, Herr Schmidt, in leaving England, I fear you were not wise. Had you remained, two good countries would have been yours: England, good enough in all conscience for those who have never known a better,—and the Saxony of your remembrance, without doubt superior to England, to Saxony itself, or to any other place whatever. But you were not wise, Herr Schmidt, and therefore both countries are lost to you.

And how of Frau Schmidt, the little grey-clad Englishwoman? She loves her Saxon husband, and would rather be with him than anywhere; yet perhaps, amidst her many cares and few amusements, she finds now and then a moment wherein to be decently wretched. When, on my first chance visit to her little saloon, I happened to let fall an English word, I shall not soon forget with what a thirsty eagerness she caught up the old familiar tongue; with what an almost tremulous pleasure she stood and talked—talked for the mere pleasure of once more talking English; delighting in it as does a child over a long-lost toy; yet saddened by that very delight, because it made her recognize how rare the luxury was and must ever be. Well, she does her best to be a good wife, to make her guests welcome, and worthily to serve King Gambrinus, hoping secretly that in time he will reward her from his treasury, and enable her at least to die in England. That time will never come, patient little Frau Schmidt; but meanwhile may evil befall me if ever I neglect to send you that occasional English newspaper for which you once with hesitating earnestness besought me.—*Contemporary Review*.

## ISMAILIA.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

GONDOKORO, as most people who read English know by this time, is an important point or station on the Upper Nile, which has become famous during the last few years through the visits of several well-known travellers and explorers. It may be questioned, however, whether readers in general have realized the facts as to its position. Khartoum, the town at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, the seat of the government of Southern or Upper Egypt, lies above the sixth cataract, at a distance of some 1,500 miles from Cairo. Up to this point the Nile is a clear open river, with a permanent channel navigable for large vessels. Beyond it the main channel disappears in many places, and the huge stream filters down south through vast masses of vegetation hardening into morass, and lakes which are silting up and changing their forms from month to month—almost from week to week. And away beyond this dismal swamp, 1,409 measured miles south of Khartoum, and 1,621 feet above the Mediterranean, lies this same Gondokoro.

Any one who has travelled straight away from Boston or New York to Sioux city, or other outpost station on the Upper Missouri, knows what 1,400 miles mean, and also in some degree what it is to feel like being somehow on the edge of the known world. But 1,400 miles of drift-wood and morass between you and the nearest station inhabited by a white man in the centre of Africa! One cannot altogether wonder that the hearts of the men in Baker Pasha's expedition were broken by the time they reached this (so-called) resting-place. The strain even on the strong heart and will of their commander shows here and there in his journal. "We appeared," he writes, "to have forsaken the known world, and, having passed the river Styx, to have become secluded for ever in a wild land of our own, where all were enemies like evil spirits, and where it was necessary either to procure food at the point of the bayonet or to lie down and die." And again: "We were lost to the world almost as absolutely as though quartered in the moon." Add to this,

that Gondokoro and the immediate neighborhood was the general depot for all stolen cattle and slaves, and the starting-point for every piratical and man-hunting expedition, which he had come expressly to put down; that his troops, except those under his own immediate personal influence, who formed his body-guard, were utterly averse to the work in hand, and that the neighboring tribes were all in league with the slave-traders, and openly hostile to Baker Pasha and his mission—and we have a picture of as unpromising a situation, and of as heavy a piece of work as have fallen to the lot of any amongst that small band of Englishmen who, from the days of Drake and Fro-bisher and Hawkins to those of Rajah Brooke and Bishop Patteson and David Livingstone, have been told off, as it were, in one way or another as pioneers in the dark places of the earth.

At Gondokoro, then, the old mission-station, being such a place as this, Baker Pasha and his expedition arrived on the 15th of April, 1871. They found the old settlement abandoned, only some half-dozen broken-down huts standing. The mission-house, which had been built of bricks, and which was standing in 1865, the date of Baker's last visit, had utterly disappeared. The natives had, it seems, pulled it down, and ground the bright red bricks, into fine red powder, which, mixed with grease, served them as a holiday costume on special occasions—"the house of God turned into *pomade divine*," as the Pasha puts it. The only trace left by the mission was an avenue of fine lemon-trees, still standing, though sadly broken here and there, under which the neglected fruit lay rotting bushel upon bushel—more melancholy surely than if there had remained no trace at all of the men or their work.

Such was Gondokoro on the 15th of April, when Baker selected the sites for his own station and that of the main body of the expedition. For the former he chose a rising knoll by the river side, some six acres in extent, upon which grew a few large trees. The "diahbeeah"—a roomy, comfortable Nile boat in which Lady



Baker lived—was moored close by the bank, and the fine grass in front was kept closely cut, like a lawn some thirty yards in depth, on which stood a fine butter-nut tree, their out-door drawing-room. On the knoll the body-guard (the "Forty Thieves," as they were endearingly called) and other retainers were housed in a few days in neat huts, each surrounded by a garden of its own, which within a week were sown with "onions, radishes, beans, spinach, four varieties of water-melons, sweet melons, cucumbers, oranges, custard apples, Indian corn, garlic, barmian, tobacco, cabbages, tomatoes, chilis, long capsicums, carrots, parsley, and celery." Large gardens were also formed at the headquarters' station, the site of the old mission, where the troops were employed daily from 6 A. M. till 11 in agriculture, and by the 27th April almost all the crops had appeared above ground. Within another month the larger station was completed and fenced, powder and other magazines erected with galvanized iron roofs, and all necessary arrangements made for permanent occupation.

In expeditions to distant lands, Baker maintains it is necessary "to induce feelings of home amongst your people." A hut is only shelter, but a garden planted by themselves at once catches hold of the wildest natures. Even the liberated slaves learned in a few weeks to take a deep interest in their gardens at Gondokoro, and not a day passed without request for leave to work with hoe or spade.

The incidental glimpses we get of the home life of the little station are singularly bright and fascinating, probably all the more so from its terrible and anxious surroundings. The deck of the "diah-beeah" is furnished with easy-chairs and carpets; eighteen can dine there comfortably. The negro boys and girls, most of them released from the slave-traders the year before, lower down the Nile, have grown into most respectable lads and lasses under Lady Baker's discipline, and have learnt to wait at table and do all kinds of domestic work neatly and well. The boys are—Amarn, the delicate little Abyssinian; Saat and Bellaal, fine powerful lads of fourteen and fifteen; Kinyon (the Crocodile), a Bari orphan boy, who had come into the station and volunteered to serve; Jarvah, the fat boy, cook's mate, with a keen eye to the pots, controlled by the

cook Abdullah, formerly a Shillook slave, now an excellent culinary artist, though dull, and calling cocks and hens "bulls" and "women;" and lastly, little Kookoo, a Bari boy of six, who had stolen in from his tribe, and gradually settled himself in the kitchen.

These six boys are dressed in uniform of loose trousers, reaching half-way down the calf, blouse, and leather belt with buckle, and fez for the head. Uniforms of dark blue, with red facings; or for high days white with red facings, and strong brown suits for travelling and rough wear. There are regular hours for every kind of work; and the boys are so civilized that they always change their clothes to wait, and "are of the greatest possible comfort, thieving being quite unknown amongst them." In fact, they have been so well trained and cared for by Lady Baker that "in many ways they might have been excellent examples for boys of their class in England." One can only wish in these days that some such could be imported from Central Africa. Three out of the number never required even a scolding through the long expedition south of Gondokoro, which is the subject of the second volume. The girls are not so promising or attractive, though they too are dressed in pretty uniforms, and manage to learn washing under the old black duenna Karka. Then round the central household, we find those of the "Forty Thieves" and other retainers grouped, and get a familiar acquaintance with many of these fine fellows—with poor Ali Nedjar, the fine-tempered champion runner and athlete, brave as a lion, whose name, after his death, his commander carved on the stock of his snider, and reserved the weapon for the best man of the body-guard—with Monsoor, the faithful Christian—with the graceless fisherman Howarti, who in answer to Baker's remonstrance, "Ah, Howarti, you are a bad Mussulman; you don't say 'Bismillah' when you cast your net," replied, "It's no use saying 'Bismillah' in deep water—nothing will catch them in the deep; and I can catch them without 'Bismillah' in the shallows."

Nine months of such domestic life must leave some mark for good, one would say, even at Gondokoro. But perhaps we delay too long on this side of the vivid picture which is painted at once with rare

plainness and skill in this charming book.\* Let us look outside the little six-acre knoll by the side of the Nile. The large camp, containing at first some 1,200 soldiers and their followers, under Colonel Abd-el-Kader, with the flag of Egypt flying from a mast eighty feet high in the centre, is the first object which meets us. Within we find constant alternations of confidence and hopelessness and despair, breaking out into remonstrance and all but into open mutiny. The Khedive of Egypt, their ruler, has sent this Christian Pasha down into these strange lands "with supreme power, even that of death, over all those who compose the expedition," with "the same absolute and supreme authority over all those countries belonging to the Nile basin south of Gondokoro." His mission is, so runs the firman, "to suppress the slave trade; to introduce a system of regular commerce; to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator; and to establish a chain of military stations and commercial depots, distant at intervals of three days' march, throughout Central Africa, accepting Gondokoro as the base of operations." What right the Khedive had to grant such a firman we will not stop just now to inquire. Under it, at any rate, here is this Christian Pasha bent on carrying out the whole of the objects therein indicated, and above all, that most hopeless and unpopular of all, the suppression of the slave trade. He is a man of iron, with whom no one can trifle, whom no one can escape. Not an officer of the expedition can pick up a slave girl or boy; not a man can offer the slightest insult to a woman, or appropriate the smallest piece of property, without running imminent risk of severe flogging, if not worse.

They are sent down through these frightful wastes of mud, weed, and water, through which they have spent months in cutting passages which have closed up behind them, to carry out such a mission, under such a commander. Around them the whole of the country, occupied by the Bari tribe—a tribe so numerous and warlike that Abou Saoud, the chief of the slave-dealers, finds it politic to be in al-

liance with them—is fiercely hostile. "The chiefs are insolent, defiant; do "not want any government;" will supply no provisions; in a few weeks are openly at war with the expedition, and harassing the camp by constant alarms and attacks.

It is scarcely to be wondered that his troops should have been one long and constant cause of anxiety to him, and that their conduct both in camp and in the field should have been such as to make him almost despair again and again. Nevertheless in the nine months, from April 15, 1871, to January 22, 1872, Baker had so far succeeded in his work as to have brought all the surrounding tribes to acknowledge his authority and to sue for his friendship, and to have so thoroughly established the settlement of Gondokoro as to feel justified in leaving it under the command of one of his native officers, with a force, including sailors, of 145 muskets, while he himself, taking Lady Baker and his household with him, and 212 officers and men, started south to endeavor to complete the work of establishing military and commercial stations, and suppressing the traffic of the slave-dealers in the equatorial regions south of Gondokoro.

This second act opens with an effort on the part of the soldiers, by tumultuous remonstrance—or, in plain words, unarmed mutiny—to resist the expedition south of Gondokoro. By this time Baker was well aware that the suppression of the slave trade, though to him the paramount object of the expedition, was not one in any favor either with the authorities whom he was serving or his own soldiers. But he had more than grudging support and passive resistance to reckon with. The whole country which he was going to annex, and civilize if he could, was already leased to a great Egyptian trading firm—Agad and Co.—of which one Abou Saoud was the representative. This firm paid a yearly rent of some 3000*l.* to the government of the Soudan for the trading monopoly, and Abou Saoud was the most notorious slave-trader on the Nile. He kept in his employment paid bands of kidnappers, had established stations as centres of the traffic up and down the whole district, and had hitherto sent his ships with cargoes of slaves down the Nile in perfect impunity, bribing the officials at the government stations, who,

\* *Ismailia: A Narrative of an Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir Samuel W. Baker. New York. Harper & Bros.*

we find, from Dr. Schweinfurth, took "from two to five dollars a head of hush-money" for every slave they allowed to pass. It is not possible from the evidence given in the book to satisfy oneself whether the Khedive himself really knew of this lease to the great slave-dealing company, and the use which was made of it, when he issued his firman to Baker. The lord of Egypt knows apparently not much more of what goes on in those distant southern regions than officials, interested in keeping things as they are, choose to tell him, and we may perhaps fairly give him credit for a genuine wish to establish order and put down kidnapping so long as he keeps an Englishman at the head of affairs.

It is certain, however, that Baker knew nothing of the lease when he accepted his mission, and that it added enormously to the difficulties he had to encounter. Thus far he had overcome them; but the establishment of a station at Gondokoro, and the submission and pacification of the Bari tribes in its immediate neighborhood, were only a small part of the work he had undertaken. South of Gondokoro, and between it and the great lakes, lay a fertile district, between 300 and 400 miles across, which was the favorite ground of the slave-traders. In it they had four large stations, the principal being at Fatiko, which kept the country practically in their power. Beyond lay the kingdom of Unyoro, which Baker knew well, and with the late king of which he had been on terms of friendship nine years before. Beyond Unyoro, again, lay the kingdom of Uganda, ruled by M'tésé, also an old friend. These two kingdoms were, comparatively speaking, well organized, and capable of resisting the slave-traders; while the latter, Uganda, was already in communication with Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean. If the intermediate district could be cleared of Abou Saoud and his bands there was every hope for the future. If not, his mission would have been a failure, and the clouds under which all atrocities might go on with impunity would close over Central Africa again. In this conviction the Pasha started on his expedition from Gondokoro, by the conduct and results of which he will in the end be judged. And here one must face one set of criticisms which the publication of

this book, and the conduct of its author, have called forth in abundance, and of which we have not heard the last. Giving Sir S. Baker all credit, it is said, for his own intentions, he knew that in carrying them out he must annex large districts inhabited by free tribes to a kingdom despotically governed. To do this these tribes must be subdued by force, when necessary, which is not the work for which Englishmen are honored in their own country.

Sir S. Baker had counted the cost before he put his hand to the work. Long residence in these countries had convinced him that the one practicable step for the improvement of Equatorial Africa was the establishment of a permanent government over these tribes, and that the only country which could form such a government was Egypt. Had England remained in Abyssinia the case would have been different; as it was, there was no alternative, and he frankly accepted the responsibility. "The first steps in establishing the authority of a new government," he writes, "over tribes hitherto savage and intractable, must of necessity be accompanied by military operations. War is inseparable from annexation, and the law of force, resorted to in self-defence, is absolutely indispensable to prove the superiority of the power which is eventually to govern."

There is the case, put shortly. And we do not think any average Englishman, wishing to see right done in the world, and wrong put down—nay, we will go further, we do not think any fair-minded member of the Anti-Slavery or Aborigines Protection Society, whose special aim in life is to raise and protect the inferior races, and see that they get fair play—can doubt that Baker came to a right decision, or would wish that he had never accepted service under the Khedive of Egypt. It is unfortunately a condition of the world in which we live that, as Mr. Biglow bitterly remarks in one of his early poems,

"Civ'lization must go forrard,  
Sometimes upcn a powder-cart."

It is a blessing for the world when the powder-cart is pulled by men, who, to the strength of will and genius necessary to leaders in such undertakings, add the kindliness, the patience, and the humanity of Sir S. Baker.

He himself anticipates the strictures of another class of critics. Military men will condemn his advance south. Scarcely, one would think, for here at any rate the test is success. Besides, as he urges, "if risks were to be measured in Africa by ordinary rules there would be little hope of progress." Neither in Africa, nor indeed elsewhere. If Baker is to be blamed in Africa, the same blame must attach to Sir C. Napier in Scinde, and to Sherman in Georgia. A base, and communications with it, are of course the first necessity in war. But a commander who is always thinking of his base, loses as much power for his work as a preacher who is always thinking about saving his own soul. Whether looked upon from a political or military standpoint, this expedition of Sir S. Baker's must always remain one of the most noteworthy of our stirring times. Let any one who doubts go to this book and judge for himself. He will be well rewarded in any case by the intense interest of the story.

After the preliminary difficulties of transportation had been overcome, the little band of 212 men, with Sir S. Baker's household, started away southwards for Fatiko, the principal town and station of the intermediate land between Gondokoro and the kingdom of Unyoro; 165 miles from the former place, and nearly 4,000 feet above the sea-level. Every day's advance brings them into finer country, and makes Baker's spirits rise, and his views widen, as we learn from the extracts from his journal. He finds himself in a district with which he is familiar, and in which he knows that he must have many friends left. On February 2nd, they reach the highest point of their route, eight miles from the Asua river, and begin to descend towards Fatiko. Here "the promised land" breaks upon them. "The grand white Nile lay like a broad streak of silver on our right, as it flowed in a calm, deep stream direct from the Albert N'yanza. Its waters had not as yet been broken by a fall; the troubles of river-life lay in the future."—"Here had I always hoped to bring my steamers, as the starting-point for the opening of the heart of Africa to navigation." (By this time, the steamer put together at Gondokoro during his absence by his English workmen may be actually on these waters.) Before them, as they descended, lies the vast plain of Ibrahim-

yah, destined in Baker's judgment to become the capital of central Africa. Splendid visions fill his brain of the trade, developed by the steamers on the Albert N'yanza, and concentrated on this spot, whence there will be a regular camel-post to Gondokoro until the short railway of 120 miles is built, which will open the very heart of Africa to steam transport direct from the Mediterranean—when the traveller will embark at London Bridge, disembark at Gondokoro, and with one shift of luggage find himself steaming on the bosom of the mysterious equatorial lakes! Golden dreams! but already on the high road to fulfilment. "I revelled in this lovely country. The air was delightful. There was an elasticity of spirit, the result of the atmosphere, that made one feel happy in spite of many anxieties. My legs felt like steel as we strode on before the horses, rifle on shoulder, into the broad valley." Cortez, "silent upon a peak in Darien," must have had something of the same feeling.

But Baker is soon saddened in spite of the wonderful beauty and abundance of the land. "Neither a village nor the print of a human foot appeared. This beautiful district, that had formerly abounded in villages, had been depopulated by the slave-hunters."

On the 6th of February, they burst suddenly on Fatiko, the band playing, the 212 rank and file dressed in their scarlet shirts and white linen trousers, and Lady Baker and the household all in their best. They halt before the place in full view of Abou Saood's station, occupying thirty acres, and from which, as Baker could see through his glass, crowds of slaves were already being hurried out towards the south. One of the first deputation which approaches the Pasha turns out to be his old dragoman, Mohammed, now in the service of Abou Saood, but a repentant dragoman longing to be quit of slave-running. Soon, several natives come out, and recognize the Pasha and Lady Baker, and are delighted at their return. The drums beat in the slaver's station, and a number of men form themselves under crimson flags in front of the town. But Abou Saood is not yet prepared for resistance, and himself appears, professing good-will, and anxiety to assist the Pasha.

Baker excuses himself for not having arrested this arch enemy at the beginning



of the expedition, and had he done so, it seems more than probable that all the subsequent bloodshed might have been saved. For in his district, north of Unyoro, he effects his object without firing a shot. The sheiks come to him, delighted that he is in power, ready to acknowledge him and his government, and praying only to be rid of the slave-dealers and Agad and Co. Scruples as to the position of these people, as holders of a kind of title from the same government he was serving, seem to have had great weight with Baker, and to have caused him to deal with them with great caution and forbearance.

One hundred men under Major Abdullah were left to hold Fatiko, and the march to Masindi, the capital of Unyoro, commenced on March the 18th. Through the intrigues of Abou Saood, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining carriers and provisions, the capital was not reached till April 25th. On the way Baker took possession of Foweera, the southernmost station of the slave-traders, a beautiful site on the banks of the Victoria Nile, and enlisted Suleiman, the Vakeel of Agad and Co. and his men whom he found there as irregulars in the government service. He had scarcely turned his back when they were at their old practices again. Round this station the country was now a wilderness, which seven years before Baker had left "a perfect garden, thickly peopled, and producing all that man could desire." But civil war had raged in Unyoro, fomented by the slave-dealers, and at the moment of his arrival, Abou Saood's men were about to march with the young king's forces to attack a powerful neighboring chief, Rionga by name, who had always maintained his independence of the king of Unyoro. This raid was prevented by Baker's arrival, and Kabba Réga, the young king, who had ascended his father's throne by means of treacherous murders, and seems to have been a drunken coward, bitterly resented the miscarriage of his plans. Studied neglect and deliberate insult on his part were rebuked with firmness, time after time, but with no good effect. The liberation of a number of Unyoro women and children from the slave-dealers did not mend matters. The declaration of the Egyptian protectorate on the 14th of May, and finally the reception by Baker of a deputation from his

old friend, the king of Uganda (M'tésé), seem to have brought matters to a crisis. During their residence in Masindi, Baker's force had built a strong fort, capable of resisting any sudden attack, which was scarcely finished ere it was wanted. After several hostile demonstrations and an attempt to poison the whole force, which was within an ace of success, the smouldering flame broke out, and a general attack was made on the fort, which ended in the defeat of the natives, the destruction of the town, and its subsequent evacuation by Baker on the 14th of June.

The story of the march through grass eight or nine feet high, and forest, back to Foweera, through constant ambuscades, is one of the most intense interest, and after reading it breathlessly, one is still at a loss to understand how it could have been so signally successful. The admirable coolness and courage of the men, and their absolute trust in their leader, will account for much. These blacks, under their gallant colonel, Abd-el-Kader, might now be trusted to do all that fighting men could do. But their number had been reduced to 100, or, including four sailors and four of the Bari tribe who had learnt to fall in as soldiers, to 108. These, marching in single file through the dense grass, had to protect the women and servants, and carry the baggage, the strongest men being loaded with sixty-four pounds of ammunition each.

A Bari guide led the advance-guard of fifteen men, under Abd-el-Kader, armed with sniders. These were supported by Baker himself with ten sniders in charge of the ammunition, and followed by Lieutenant Baker, Lady Baker, and servants. The rear-guard consisted of fifteen sniders under Lieutenant Mustapha. Each man was ordered to keep just near enough to be able to touch the knapsack of the man before him, knowing that should this line be broken by a sudden rush all was over. If attacked on both sides, as was often the case, the alternate files were to face right and left, place their loads on the ground, and fire low into the grass. Orders were passed along the line by buglers, who were with the advance and rear-guards, and with Baker.

In this formation they marched the eighty miles, with a loss of ten killed and eleven wounded, including in the latter category the commanders of the advance

and rear-guards, Abd-el-Kader and Mohammed Mustapha. None but black troops, Sir S. Baker writes, could have endured such a march with heavy weights on their heads in addition to their usual accoutrements.

They had been obliged to halt for three days on the way to attend to the wounded, and allow Lady Baker and the women some rest. They reached Foweera on the 25th of June, and were now safe in the country of Rionga. But that march from Masindi could never have been successful but for the providence of Lady Baker. Looking at all that was going on around them in the capital, and the daily growing hostility of the king and chiefs, shown in the scarcity of supplies furnished, she had put by more than twelve bushels of flour in a secret store, the existence of which enabled her husband to feed the troops for seven days of the march to Foweera. Had it not been for this store—had the troops been compelled to forage for food as well as fight their way through ambuscades, and carry baggage—not a man or woman could have escaped. No wonder that when the disclosure of the hidden treasure was made, officers and men exclaimed, "God shall give her a long life!"

The wish will be echoed by every reader of the book. The presence of Lady Baker everywhere, on the Nile boats, in the stations, on the marches, in bivouac, in action, runs like a pure white thread through the whole narrative. As the gentle and skilful nurse of sick and wounded, the protector and educator of the weak and young, the wise adviser and courageous friend of her husband through all the trying scenes of those four years, her figure and surroundings stand out in exquisite relief from the dark, and often repulsive, background of the picture. It is difficult to realize how the gentle and refined lady, whom so many of us have seen by Sir S. Baker's side at the Geographical Society and elsewhere, can have gone through such scenes. Through the whole expedition she seems to have lost nerve only once, when her favorite little Jarvah, "the fat boy," was killed by a spear close to her side on the march from Masindi. "This loss," we hear, "completely upset my wife." Poor Jarvah had on several occasions exposed himself to protect her from danger.

From the arrival in Rionga's territory the narrative brightens into one rapid and continuous success. After "an exchange of blood" between this chief and two of his great men, and Sir S. Baker, Lieutenant Baker, and Abd-el-Kader—a ceremony which the Pasha and his officers underwent with considerable disgust—the Pasha returns to the station at Fatiko, leaving Abd-el-Kader with a detachment to assist in installing Rionga as the head of the Unyoro country. In his absence the slave-traders had regained courage and power, and he found his lieutenant almost besieged in the government fort. A short and sharp action follows, Abou Saood's men being the aggressors, ending in the complete rout of the slave-traders, with the loss of their most notorious leaders. The survivors send in their submission, and take service under the Pasha's government. Then follow the emancipation and return to their own homes of slaves confined in the stations, the building of a fine fort at Fatiko, correspondence and alliance with M'tésé and Rionga, great hunting parties, and the laying out and cultivation of gardens and orchards. Then we have the return to Gondokoro, the last works there, including the building of a tomb over the grave of Mr. Higginbotham, the chief engineer, who had died during Baker's absence, and the parting with his old soldiers on the 25th of May, who broke out into shouts, "May God give you a long life! and may you meet your family in good health!" as he walked down their line for the last time.

Sir S. Baker's command was now at an end, and the work he had set himself seemed to have been accomplished. "Every cloud had passed away, and the term of my office expired in peace and sunshine." We trust, indeed we believe, that he is right, and that what he has achieved will make the horrors of the past impossible in the Nile basin, if not in all Equatorial Africa. Still his voyage down the Nile proved to him that the slave traffic was not at an end; and the appointment of Abou Saood as assistant to his successor after his own departure from Egypt (where he had left that personage a prisoner awaiting his trial) must have convinced him that much yet remains to be done before the waters of the great stream and those fertile provinces will be delivered from the curse of slavery. But

a strong light has been brought to bear on the subject, which is not likely to grow weaker; a path has been opened to commerce in countries where a few English needles may be exchanged for a tusk of ivory, worth from 20*l.* to 30*l.*; and for another period of four years another Englishman of the first mark has succeeded to the power which was so well wielded by Sir S. Baker. We have faith in such pioneers; and believe that Chinese Gordon will, like his predecessor, prove too strong for the opposing influences behind and around him, and will perfect the work, the commencement of which is chronicled in these volumes.

There is one other point which must strike every reader of this book, and that is Sir S. Baker's frank generosity to his subordinates. There is scarcely a bitter sentence in it from beginning to end against the most unwilling and incapable of his Egyptians, and he can even hasten to say all the good which can be said of such characters as the Arab slave-drivers, Wat-el-Mek and Suleiman, when they show the faintest signs of penitence and desire to turn honest men. As to his own countrymen, he can never praise them enough. "How often my heart has beaten with pride," he writes, "when I have seen the unconquerable spirit of my country burst forth like an unextinguish-

ble flame in any great emergency." This was at the mutinous crisis before the start of the expedition from Gondokoro southwards; and the same thing occurs again and again. There is not a word but of warm appreciation in the mention of any Englishman, while in the few plain sentences which record the deaths not only of Mr. Higginbotham and Dr. Gedge, but of Ali Nedjar and Monsoor, there is a note of genuine tenderness which has the true ring about it, and is all the more attractive from its setting. His companions seem as a rule—one may say, with one exception—to have been worthy of such treatment, and to have appreciated it.

Africa has absorbed in this generation much of the superfluous energy of England, and seems likely not to abate her demands. By arms, by missions, by commerce, we are more and more bound to that mysterious continent. In their several callings, Mackenzie and Colenso, Livingstone, Speke, Grant, Bartle Frere, Lord Napier, and Sir Garnet Wolseley, have done notable work. But as yet only the fringe of the great land has been affected. At last, Baker and Gordon seem likely between them to open up the heart of Africa to their countrymen. There will be no want of good men to follow up their work, in the interests of Christian freedom.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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AGATHON.

Away with me to Athens, Agathon!  
 Again we pause in idle mood to see  
 Great Pheidias' pupils shape the marble fair,  
 Where perfect forms by Art from chaos won,  
     And garments broad and free  
 Stand cool and clearly limned in violet air,—  
 Statues and workmen in such beauty clad,  
 We cannot pause to judge but are divinely glad.

Bright Agathon, once more I challenge thee;  
 The shade has reached the wrestlers, 'tis the time  
 For merry play and contest. Hark! with sound  
 Of laughter rippling, pausing daintily,  
     What shouts of welcome chime!  
 Young Charmides methinks doth take the ground,  
 Or naked Lysis fresh from eager game  
 Draws down the strigil light o'er breast and limbs aflame.

There will we lie and listen, too, for know  
 I spied but now amid the olive-trees  
 That strange old face you loved a while ago;

Ay, it was Socrates!  
 Or else a satyr by some god's gift wise  
 Leered through the dusky leaves to mock our dazzled eyes.

O that gay supper when he lay by me,  
 And talked and talked, till I was wild with joy  
 Of thinking bright new thoughts, nor cared to see  
 The dancing girl from Corinth nor the boy  
 Who bore the wine-jar to us,—and 'twas good  
 To see thee lie and laugh at my unwonted mood.

O Agathon, and how we burned that day,  
 With Æschylus' great chorus in our ears,  
 To see our queenly vessels far below  
 Ride down and dash to foam the quiet bay,  
 And thine eyes turned to mine were filled with tears,  
 And thy fair face aglow,  
 For the old bard who fought at Marathon,  
 And that our sires were brave when Salamis was won!

My friend, canst thou call back our friendship's dawn,  
 What time I checked my horse on yon steep road,  
 Where the slow pageant moved in order mete,  
 And boys from lowland lawn  
 Passed upward to the shrine with fragrant load,  
 When 'mid all voices thy voice sang so sweet  
 That as I heard my joy was almost pain,  
 And many deemed I was Harmodius come again?

Vain, vain—the hope is vain!  
 Our skies are dull, and through the ragged firs  
 A slow cold wind is blowing. Far away  
 From driving clouds and rain  
 A joyous breeze the rich Ægean stirs,  
 And o'er the dimpling waves light sea-birds play;  
 But no queen Athens in her beauty bare  
 Bathes warm with golden hue in the deep violet air.

The city of the pleasant gods is cold;  
 No more the mellow sunlight streams  
 On naked rocks that spring to marble rare;  
 Temples and legends old  
 Are empty as a poet's vanished dreams;  
 And though we hear the dawn was wondrous fair,  
 Yet by no flash of art nor labor slow  
 Can we bring back the light that faded long ago.

Bright Agathon, we cannot strive with time;  
 The shadows steal around us, and from far  
 Grows in our ears the moan of ocean gray:  
 Weak hand nor feeble rhyme  
 Can charm again that spirit like a star  
 That rose awhile o'er Hellas. Stay; O stay,  
 Sweet friend! I cannot bear the days to be.  
 Ah! Hermes, give him back! Must he too fade from me?

—Blackwood's Magazine.



## THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.\*

ALL diaries have a family likeness, and possess a particular attraction for readers; more especially when they treat of public men and public events whilst they were going on, and before they had become petrified into historical transactions.

Many of us are old enough to recollect the events and occurrences spoken of in these volumes, as they appeared to those on the outside of them, and now we are taken behind the scenes, and are shown the machinery and told the manner of men who took part in the course and conduct of the affairs of the world and of England from 1818 to 1838; and what adds to interest is, that we are living in that future which was prepared by the events of those days.

The human element of life and breath still lingers in these records; the tones and voices of the speakers have scarcely ceased to be articulate; and yet all is as utterly past and gone as if they had belonged to the times summed up in the old familiar formula, 'And all the rest of his acts that he did, and all his wars, and the times that went over him, are they not written'—in books that have passed away likewise? We are feeling the consequences of what happened; yet we are also in a changed world, where Mr. Greville would find himself already a stranger.

The late Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville was the eldest son of Charles Greville (grandson to the fifth Lord Warwick); his mother was Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of the third Duke of Portland. He was born on April 2, 1794. His early youth was chiefly spent in that magnificent ducal place Bulstrode, the glories of which are told in the letters of Mrs. Montague, and in the pages of the *Life of Mrs. Delaney*. He was born to the purple and fine linen of this world, and lived in them all his days. A more prosperous fine gentleman it would be hard to meet in a long summer

day. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and before he was twenty Lord Bathurst appointed him his private secretary. The Duke of Portland obtained for him, whilst yet in early life, the Secretaryship of Jamaica, with a deputy to do all the work, and also the reversion of the Clerkship of the Council, which fell to him in 1821, and he held it forty years. For the last twenty years of his life he lived in a suite of rooms under the roof of Earl Granville, and there he painlessly expired in his sleep on the 18th of January, 1865, leaving these diaries and journals to be printed as soon as his friend and executor Mr. Henry Reeve should think it expedient, and with a recommendation that the delay should not be long.

The tradition he has left of himself amongst those who remember him is that of a very vain but rather amiable dandy, with a great devotion to great people. Indeed, he never seems willingly to have visited any but the *sommits* of society. In the one or two instances recorded in these volumes where he found himself amongst people who did not belong to the great world, he speaks of them with mild toleration, but making it evident that it was not an experience to be repeated for pleasure. He was a gentleman in his instincts, and whatever these journals may be they are not vulgar, though his interviews with Batchelor, valet to George IV., with the avowed intention of getting at all the gossip he could about his master, must be taken to qualify this praise. Neither his heart, which was amiable, nor his intellect, which was intelligent, seemed to excite in him, so far as these volumes show, a single spark of emotion or enthusiasm for any of the great political or social movements in the midst of which he lived, nor is there one original or suggestive reflection from beginning to end. His opinions and judgment of the remarkable men of all parties with whom he associated seems to have been less the result of his own insight and judgment than the acceptance of the opinions and sentiments current in the society in which he lived; he gathered them up, reflected and repeated them, but not one clear incisive speech or token of insight into either things or people is here recorded. One would almost

\* *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. Edited by Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council. 3 vols. Longmans.

say he was dull of sight for all that did not lie on the surface. He was very quick to mark and disapprove of every breach of conventional or social decorum. His opinions vary from time to time about the same people, according as circumstances and the disposition he was in made them more or less congenial. Lord Brougham he always detested, and the Duke of Wellington he generally disliked. There is nothing in these volumes generous, or noble, or high-minded; there are velleities towards better things, regrets for idleness and misuse of his life, a dim sense that he might and ought to have been something better; there is good feeling evinced in the reticence he has exercised and the merciful use he has on the whole made of the knowledge of the gossip and scandal which must have come to his knowledge, and which he has abstained from reporting except when it concerned kings or kings' mistresses. With all his care, however, and in spite of the discretion of his editor, Mr. Reeve, there is a great deal that will pain many people now living, from the light and casual mention of those they have loved and respected. This could scarcely have been avoided unless all color had been taken out of the book; still the delay of a few more years would have done away with this source of pain to living people.

Mr. Greville was a great authority on horses, and on all matters connected with the turf. His contempt for George IV. was increased by the royal ignorance and pretence to know all about racing and race-horses; but we shall come to George IV. later on. We may as well begin at the beginning, and give a glance at things as they were in 1818, after the war and the Holy Alliance had, as they thought, put back all things as they were before, and set 'Humpty Dumpty up again.' Here is a glance at old Queen Charlotte:

The Queen was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die; she had a severe spasm. The Queen's illness was occasioned by information she had received of the Duchesses of Cumberland and Cambridge having met and embraced. She was in such a rage that the spasm was brought on and she was very near dying.

Queen Charlotte, who was ugly and not amiable, treated the Duchess of Cambridge with great consideration, and exerted herself to make the contrast between

her position and that of the Duchess of Cumberland as vivid as possible. She hated the Duchess of Cumberland vehemently (she had a talent that way); also she considered her a highly improper person to be seen about her court, so the peace made between the two ladies was one of those injuries that are never forgiven, and indeed nobody knows how hard it is to forgive people who vex us—till they try!

As we have said, Mr. Greville takes us into the very best society; it is quite as grand as any thing to be met with in Mr. Disraeli's novels. The pictures of Oatlands, the seat of the Duke of York, might furnish a story of *les splendeurs et les misères* of royalty.

There was a large party of fine, very fine people, one Saturday early in August, 1818. They played at whist till four in the morning. On the Sunday they amused themselves with eating fruit in the garden, shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. Mr. Greville added to these pastimes bathing in the cold bath in the grotto, which he says 'was as clear as crystal and as cold as ice.' After which he remarks that 'Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England; there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, but none to ride or drive.' The reason of there being no available horses is explained by the fact that the Duchess of York 'was very tenacious of her authority at Oatlands'—'one of her few foibles,' says Mr. Greville—and this tenacity was chiefly exercised in the stable, where there were always eight or ten carriage horses which hardly ever did any work; but none might use them without the permission of the Duchess, which it was difficult to obtain. One day, when one of the Duke's aides-de-camp expressed at breakfast a desire to drive one of the other guests over to Hampton Court, the Duke immediately desired him to take a curricule and a pair of Spanish horses which had been given to him as a present. This came to the ears of the Duchess, and when the curricule, with the Duke's two Spanish horses, came round, and the gentlemen were about to mount, a servant came from the Duchess and told the coachman that her Royal Highness knew nothing of the matter, and desired he would drive back to the stables. The

Duchess of York was born Princess Royal of Prussia, and so considered herself above the rules and restraints of every thing except her inclinations.

But people liked to go there, and the Duchess herself was liked *quand même*. Every week there was a party, and a large party for the Egham races; and the visit extended over a fortnight, the Duchess herself inviting the guests, the Duke only remaining the week-end from Saturday till Monday. The dinner usually lasted from eight o'clock till eleven; after that tables were laid for cards, and the Duke sat down to whist—five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber. He played so long as any one would play with him, politely ceasing when they showed themselves weary.

The Duke was an early riser, and always went to church on Sunday. On Monday he returned to town. He was quite indifferent about going to bed, as he could sleep equally well in a carriage. As for the Duchess, she was a whimsical fine lady. She seldom went to bed, but when inclined to sleep lay down dressed as she was, first in one room, then in another, as it might happen, the windows always open. She walked out late at night. At three in the day she dressed and had her breakfast, and afterwards walked out with her dogs, of which she had a great number. She was passionately fond of animals. She never appeared to her guests until dinner-time. At night, when unable to sleep, she had a woman to read to her. Mr. Greville declares her to have been clever and well-informed; she disliked form and ceremony, but always expected to be treated *en grande princesse*; she never forgot the fact herself, nor ever allowed others to forget it. Mr. Greville says that though her own conversation was not indelicate, she delighted to listen to indecorous stories and jests of indecent tendency. As for the Duke himself, for whom Mr. Greville professes to have had a high regard, we are told that he delighted in jokes full of coarseness and indecency, that the men with whom he was most intimate 'were *très-polissons*,' and '*la polissonnerie* was the tone of his society.'

One year later there comes the following entry:

August 30, 1819.—I am just returned from Oatlands; we had an immense party, the most

numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, *but there were no funds*. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand; and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clean them out. The Duchess ordered the pipes to be cleaned and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the tradespeople, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

As we are among royalty we may as well keep in such gracious company a little longer, and turn to politics and public events later on.

January 20, 1820. Poor old George III. died, and the new King lay desperately ill at Brighton. He had been bled so fearfully that Halford left orders with Sir Wm. Knighton, the private physician, not to bleed him any more, but the inflammation increased so much that Tierney was sent for, and by dint of what would now be considered 'heroic practice' he recovered and lived to be for ten years longer our most gracious sovereign lord, George IV. The scandal about Queen Caroline began at once. The Ministers wished to insert her name in the Liturgy, and a Cabinet Council sat till two in the morning, but the King peremptorily refused, and no persuasion could move him. Ministers resigned because they could not make him hear reason on the subject. Mr. Greville tells us that the King treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room, and asked him if he knew to whom he was speaking; to which Lord Liverpool replied, 'Sir, I know that I am speaking to my Sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as becomes a loyal subject to do.' To the Chancellor the King said, 'My Lord, I know your conscience always interferes except where your interest is concerned.' His most gracious Majesty afterwards sent for Lord Liverpool, who at first refused to go, but on the message being reiterated he went, and the King said, 'We have both been too hasty.' Mr. Greville, who has reported this anecdote, adds, 'This is probably all false, but it is very true that they offered to resign.' Mr. Greville's diaries consist mainly of the gossip current in the

'best-informed circles,' but it would not serve as a work of authentic history.

In June the King went down to his cottage at Windsor, and appeared at the races every day. He rode on the course, and the ladies came in carriages, and the King was greatly cheered. Only one man called out, 'Where's the Queen?' If Queen Caroline was not there, Vice-Queen Conyngham was. The Duke of Dorset, who was one of the guests at the Cottage, told Mr. Greville it was exceedingly agreeable there. They kept early hours. The King always breakfasted with them, and 'Lady Conyngham looked remarkably well in the morning, her complexion being so fine.' One of the days she declared herself bored with the races, and she would not go; on which the King said he would not go either, and sent word to say he should not be there. It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family set their faces against her connection with the King, but her son was at the Cottage and her brother at the levee, and well received. Kings have had mistresses before George IV., so that Lady Conyngham is not exactly the first phenomenon of the kind, but the special infamy of her case is that she endeavored to keep up a figment and fiction of respectability at the expense of her daughter, whom she introduced into the circle of the King's *intimes*. When the King went down to Brighton Lady Conyngham lived in one of the houses in Marlbro' Row. All the members of her family were continually there, and were supplied with horses and carriages from the King's stables. 'She always,' says Mr. Greville, 'rides with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same. The mother particularly has received strings of pearls of enormous value.' Madame de Lieven, who had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, declared they were not to be compared with those of Lady Conyngham. One night we are

told that, on the pretext that Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion after dinner, Lady Conyngham desired the saloon to be lighted, which was a work of some trouble, as it was lighted by several hundred wax candles. She told the King what she had done, and he tenderly replied, 'Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing every thing which pleases you, every thing to show that you are mistress here!'

The detestable, cowardly hypocrisy of exposing a young girl to such companionship, by way of giving herself a semblance of countenance, was infinitely worse than any personal breach of morality on the part of the mother. But Mr. Greville has no word of reprobation, only a cynical shrug of the shoulders, at this infamy. We have another sight of Lady Conyngham at a grand dinner and ball at Devonshire House, where the King was present, and the lady wore on her head a magnificent sapphire which had belonged to the Stuarts, and which, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, had been claimed from Prince Leopold as 'a Crown jewel.' Here is a picture of a royal interior. Mr. Greville, as Clerk of the Council, had gone down to Brighton for a Cabinet council; he was advanced to the glory of being lodged in the Pavilion and of dining with the King.

The gaudy splendor of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold, and the evening dull beyond dullness. The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic.

I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost all the evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion, and the life they lead there, and now I only hope I may never go there again.

This seems to be the cheerful testimony borne by all who have been privileged to live in the inner and intimate circle of life at court, no matter in what country that court may be.

Kings and princes have such an enormous leverage over their circumstances and surroundings by the mere fact of their position, that it would need a double portion of the energy and faculty divine merely to fill out and live adequately up



to their material advantages; so they mostly resign themselves 'de représenter noblement et avec grâce,' instead of being the *realities* which should underlie the appearances.

I pity kings whom worship waits upon,  
Obsequious from the cradle to the throne.

Whom education stiffens into state,  
And death awakens from that dream too late.

Meanwhile Queen Caroline had returned to England. Mr. Greville rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. She travelled in an open landau, with

Lord Hood for a man, for a maid Lady Ann,  
And Alderman Wood for a beau!

Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach.

Mr. Greville says that 'the Queen looked exactly as when she left England, neither dispirited nor dismayed;' but he is dreadfully shocked, and expresses himself strongly on the want of etiquette which allowed Alderman Wood to sit beside the Queen, whilst the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton was sitting backwards in the carriage. He gives a vivid account of the sensation caused by her return.

Nobody either blames or approves her sudden return, but all ask, What will be done next? How will it end?

On the whole he seems to consider the return of the Queen mostly as a legitimate subject for *wagers*.

Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs.

Immediately after this entry there is another:

There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3d Guards yesterday. They were dissatisfied with the severity of the duty, and at some allowance that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball-cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four, yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Plymouth was afterwards changed for Portsmouth, in consequence of their good behavior. Worcester met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, 'God save Queen Caroline!' There was some disturbance last night in consequence of the mob assembling round the King's Mews, where the rest of the battalion that had marched to Portsmouth still remained.

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The mob was very active in those days, and seems to have had a good deal its own way.

Mr. Greville expresses himself like the fine gentleman he was about the Queen, and complains that—

The discussion of the Queen's business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of. All persons express themselves tired of the subject, yet none talk or think of any other. It is a great evil when a single subject of interest takes possession of society; conversation loses all its interest and variety.

A few days later there is another entry:

The military in London have shown alarming symptoms of dissatisfaction, so much so that it seems doubtful how far the Guards can be counted upon in case of any disturbance arising out of the subject. Luttrell says that 'the extinguisher is taking fire.'

Of the effect produced by Brougham's speech on the Queen's trial, in October 1821, Mr. Greville says it was—

The most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years; even his most violent opponents (including Lord Lonsdale) were struck with admiration and astonishment.

Turning back a few pages, there is an entry in the diary to the effect that 'the attack on Brougham in the *Quarterly* was at the time deemed so successful by the Ministerial party that they thought he would not be able to lift up his head again.' That article was on 'The Report of Mr. Brougham's Committee on the Education of the People,' written by Dr. Monk, and 'picked out,' as coachmakers say, with jokes by Canning.

Mr. Greville had great advantages in hearing remarkable anecdotes told by the remarkable people concerned in them. One story told to him by the Duke of Wellington himself, whilst they were detained in the house of Sir Philip Brookes by rain, is too curious and characteristic not to be told; it is like the foreshadowing of events still recent.

The Duke said that, during the time of the occupation of Paris, Blücher was determined to destroy the Bridge of Jena. The Duke spoke to Müffling, Governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon his design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said that the French had destroyed the pillar at Rossbach and other things, and

that they merited retaliation. He also said that the English had destroyed Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy the bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, they should fire. This was to gain time by obliging Blücher to apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail; the Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels, and all. They were, however, frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At length Müffling came to the Duke to propose a compromise, which was that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed in its stead. 'I saw,' said the Duke, 'I had got out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Fortunately, at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either.

On another occasion Blücher announced his intention of levying a contribution on the city of Paris of a hundred millions (whether francs or livres we are not told). To this the Duke objected that the raising such enormous contributions could only be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, 'Oh, I don't mean to be the only party who is to levy any thing. You may levy as much for yourselves, and depend upon it, if you do, it will all be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever.'

The Duke also told Mr. Greville that the two invasions cost the French two hundred millions sterling. The Allies had 1,200,000 men clothed entirely at their expense, at sixty francs a man; the army was entirely maintained. Then there were contributions, besides the towns and villages destroyed and the country laid waste.

Speaking of the death of Lord Castlereagh (Lord Londonderry), Mr. Greville declares himself 'inexpressibly provoked' 'because he met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy.' 'I,' says he, 'had hardly any acquaintance with Lord Londonderry, and therefore am not in the slightest degree affected by his death.' The occurrence, as he describes it, was very pitiful, and might make any one sorry, even for Castlereagh. Of him it might be said that 'he had been set in

slippery places.' He had been put in a grand position—sent to represent England at the Congress after the war. He was dazzled by the kings and the emperors, and intoxicated with their flattery, which blinded what insight he had into his own duties. He could not discern what was for the good of England; he was vain, and wished to make her like the great nations of the Continent. But after the glare and blaze of a great successful war men were too dazed and dazzled to understand the interest of peace, and when Castlereagh returned to England after the final overthrow of Bonaparte, he had a passing splendor of personal success which befitted a popular idol. The King gave him a Blue Riband, and when he made his first appearance the whole House of Commons rose and cheered him as he entered. In a little while the splendor disappeared, and the consequences of what he had done were bitterly summed up by Mr. Greville.

We have associated ourselves with the members of the Holy Alliance, and countenanced the acts of ambition and despotism in such a manner as to have drawn on ourselves the detestation of the nations of the Continent.

Castlereagh did much to make his name hated; but those who had most cause to hate him, and who had suffered from him the most, would not have exchanged their lot for his could they have known the horror and fear and black darkness that spread over his life.

Canning was proposed as Castlereagh's successor as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Greville gives the following story as explaining the great dislike shown to him by George IV., told on the authority of Lord George Bentinck:

There was a dispute between the King and his Ministers concerning the payment of the expenses of the Milan commission. The Ministers wished the King to pay the expenses himself, and he wished them to be defrayed by Government. Lord Castlereagh promised the King, without the concurrence of the other Ministers, that the money should be paid by Government, but with money ostensibly appropriated to other purposes. This Canning could not endure, and resigned.

George IV. yielded at last as an act of special grace and favor to the Duke of Wellington, and Lady Conyngham said 'that she did hope, now that the King had yielded his own inclination to the wishes and advice of his Ministers, they

would behave to him better than they had done.'

In almost every page of these volumes there is something worth gleaning for the interest it has as seen by the light of later days, or as illustrating the condition of things before they broke out into events.

Before we go on to English matters we must give what the Duke of Wellington says of Spain in 1823, which, word for word, with change of names, is true in 1874.

There is no statesman in Spain. There are some eloquent men in the Cortes, particularly Torreno and Arquelles. Torreno is the ablest man, but he has injured his character by speculation. The state of Spain is such that the most violent and turbulent possess the greatest share of influence. Portugal is in a state of greater intellectual improvement. But Spain is not only deficient in men of education and talent to direct her councils, but she has no army, and not one officer of capacity.

In 1826 the Duke of York was dangerously ill, and the King, we are told, 'has been very much *annoyed* about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him.' The Duke died in January 1827. Mr. Greville speaks of him with much feeling; he was the manager of the Duke's stables and racing stud, and he says:

I have been the minister and associate of his pleasures and amusements for some years. I have lived in his intimacy and experienced his kindness, and I am glad that I was present at this last sad occasion to pay my poor tribute of respect and attachment to his remains.

George IV. showed himself to some advantage on this occasion, and may be allowed the benefit of it.

The King ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonial were arranged by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother, and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke himself was unable to provide for. He gave six thousand pounds to pay immediate expenses, and took many of the old servants into his own service.

The funeral which was to have been so magnificent was very ill managed. The weather was piercingly cold; the Bishop of Lincoln died of it. Canning fell dangerously ill, and, in fact, got his death there. The Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both seriously ill, and the King was very angry.

The death of Lord Liverpool in 1827

necessitated a change of Ministry, and, in spite of much repugnance on the part of the King, Canning was nominated Prime Minister. Sir William Knighton, the King's private physician, had the credit of persuading him.

Greville says:

No man ever took office under more humiliating circumstances. Canning, disliked by the King, opposed by the aristocracy and the nation, and unsupported by Parliament, is appointed Prime Minister.

Canning's desire to carry Catholic emancipation was one chief reason of the King's dislike to him. If George IV. were ever sincere in any one thing, it certainly was in his opposition to the Catholic claims. It was not on religious grounds, but he seems to have had a personal dread of what the consequences to himself might be.

Sir W. Knighton, his physician, who had made him accept Canning after the united entreaties and remonstrances of all his Ministers had failed, seems to have been one of those powers behind the throne who have had a good deal to do in making history. One feels some curiosity as to what the 'word of power' was by which he compelled the obedience of his master, who hated and feared but could not get rid of him. Lord Francis Conyngham told Mr. Greville that the doctor governed every thing about the house.

When he is there, he has constant access to the King at all times, and whenever he pleases. He is on bad terms with Mount Charles [Lady Conyngham's son, who had been made the King's private secretary]. He bullies Lord Conyngham, and he is barely civil to Lady C—. I was more struck with one word which dropped from him than with all he told me of Sir W. Knighton. Whilst the Tyrolese were dancing and singing, and there was a sort of gay uproar going on, with which the King was greatly delighted, he said, 'I would give ten guineas to see Knighton walk into the room now.' It was as if it were some master who was absent, and who should suddenly return and find all his family merry-making.

On the 9th of August Canning died. There is a good deal of curious gossip about the difficulties of getting Lord Goderich's Ministry under weigh. But in all complications and difficulties the character of the Duke of Wellington comes out in these diaries as a thoroughly honest man, if his actions were not always the wisest or

most judicious. Common honesty tells weightily in all times of national crisis; and England, in the stormy times of the great religious and political changes which were now beginning, escaped the crash of a revolution, because the leaders of the movement, both those who advanced and those who opposed, were honest and conscientious in their convictions. This is made evident even under the kaleidoscope of the passing events of these diaries. The account of the struggle upon the question of Catholic emancipation gives a vivid idea of the difficulties of the undertaking. Religious toleration or indifference has so much increased, and thought is so much more free to ask questions which would then have been considered the height of irreverence, that it is difficult now, for those who do not remember, to realise the wild conflict of opinions, prejudices, speculations, and fears of that period. The whole story of the progress of the measures for the relief of Catholic disabilities, as told day by day in these diaries, has an interest to which the present aspect of the Roman Catholic Church in England gives a special emphasis. The Duke of Wellington spoke of himself as on a field of battle which he must fight out in his own way. Much obloquy and hatred fell to his lot; but that lavished on Sir Robert Peel was expected to bury him alive, and with no hope of ever rising from the ruins of his political character. George IV. behaved as ill as was possible, even for him—which is saying something—and his treachery to his Ministers, his foolishness and stupidity, would have broken the heart of any body but 'the Iron Duke.'

The King died the following year. Mr. Greville was out of the country, travelling in Italy. On his return, one of the first entries in his diary is:

*July 18.*—King George had not been dead three days before every body discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain. The new King began very well.

But William IV. was not a king after Mr. Greville's idea of what a king ought to be; he almost preferred George IV., who could at least put on fine manners upon occasion. His whole estimate of William IV. seems founded on the King's lack of conventional dignity. William IV. was not a very wise man, and he was not a refined man, but he had, even on Mr. Greville's own showing, a great amount

of simple kind-heartedness, and he was straightforward and said what he meant, though with more emphasis than was needful, and in terms far from euphemistic; and he did not *gêner* himself, but made himself quite at home on the throne. But the bitterness and insolence with which Mr. Greville speaks of him throughout is neither in good taste as from a gentleman nor loyal as from a Clerk of the Privy Council. He tells many things the public could not have known unless he had held that position. George IV. feared ridicule above all things in heaven or earth; William IV. had not an idea what ridicule meant. Here is a specimen:

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state-coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered his speech very well, they say. He did not wear his crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Würtemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open *calèche*, with the Queen, the Princess Augusta, and the King of Würtemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern!

Shocking indeed! Mr. Greville can stand any thing save a breach of conventionality, but that the change of kings was for the better he himself is obliged to confess. Here is Windsor Castle under the new régime:

On Friday we dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighborhood. About forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room was insufferably hot. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable, but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. What a *changement de décoration*; no longer George IV., capricious, luxurious, and misanthropic, liking nothing but the society of listeners and flatterers, but a plain, vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world . . . and no toad-eaters at all.

William IV. paid 300<sup>l</sup>., all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket.

One of the most interesting points in these diaries is to mark the first appearance of men who have since governed the country and made themselves names in his-



tory, and to see the small, modest beginnings of Peel, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, &c., &c., and the scanty words of commendation bestowed on them as promising young men.

The struggle of the Reform Bill soon began, and brought many rising young men to the front. The terrible commercial distress and the disturbed state of the country is not yet forgotten, and the whole atmosphere was charged with anxiety, distress, and expectation, 'men's hearts failing them for fear.' The Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform had driven men, friends and foes alike, almost wild.

I hear that nothing can exceed the general excitement and terror that prevails, every body feeling they hardly know what. In Downing Street we met George Dawson, who told us the funds had fallen three per cent., and that the panic was tremendous, so that they were not without alarm lest there should be a run on the Bank for gold.

In almost every page of these diaries there are incidents and anecdotes on which one might write an article. The Greville judgment is very finite both on men and things, and his estimates may be taken for what they are—the records written by a man who saw much, heard much, was behind the scenes of the drama, and who wrote all he heard and saw down in his diary, which to us is like a magic glass turned backwards, reflecting the Past instead of the Future.

After the Reform Bill other politics, at home and abroad, with bits of Court scandal and fashionable gossip, succeed, and into these we cannot now enter. But we must record our protest against the way in which Mr. Greville permits himself to speak of Queen Adelaide. It reflects on his own character. He seems to have detested her because he did not like her manners, and thought she was 'as ugly in her person as his own dislike to her made her seem. Of her excellence and sterling goodness he had no appreciation. She has, however, left a memory behind her which Mr. Greville's coarse fine-gentleman sneers have not been able to touch.

The diaries come down to the death of William IV. in 1837, and conclude with a charming account of the Queen's first appearance, which seems to have warmed

even the heart of the cynical Clerk of the Council.

*June 21.*—The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the impression she produced. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. . . . The two Royal Dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Lord Melbourne accompanied the President of the Council to the presence of the young girl, now become the Queen. She received them in the adjoining room alone. When they returned the proclamation was read, and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, audible voice, without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed in mourning. . . . When the two old men, her uncles the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations; and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. . . . She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne when she had any doubt, which hardly ever occurred, with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Peel declared himself amazed at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. 'She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted.' The Duke of Wellington declared 'that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.'

And here we must conclude. The impression left by these volumes is that of a deep sense of thankfulness to the Providence which has guided this country through so many and great dangers; and of pride as well as thankfulness for the honorable and honest men of all parties and politics who have in their turn taken the lead, and acquitted themselves devotedly and unselfishly of the high task of guiding the councils of England. All the ignorances, and negligences, and mistakes, and strife of tongues, have passed by; but

the one quality which stands out strong and permanent in the midst of all struggles and changes is the earnest desire each

one showed *to do his duty* to the best of his knowledge and ability.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

### THE PAST AND FUTURE OF OUR EARTH.\*

BY R. A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.S.

THE subject with which I am about to deal is associated by many with questions of religion. Let me premise, however, that I do not thus view it myself. It seems to me impossible to obtain from science any clear ideas respecting the ways or nature of the Deity, or even respecting the reality of an Almighty personal God. Science deals with the finite though it may carry our thoughts to the infinite. Infinity of space and of matter occupying space, of time and of the processes with which time is occupied, and infinity of energy as necessarily implied by the infinities of matter and of the operations affecting matter,—these infinities science brings clearly before us. For science directs our thoughts to the finites to which these infinities correspond. It shows us that there can be no conceivable limits to space or time, and though finiteness of matter or of operation may be conceivable, there is manifest incongruity in assuming an infinite disproportion between unoccupied and occupied space, or between void time and time occupied with the occurrence of events of what sort soever. So that the teachings of science bring us into the presence of the unquestionable infinities of time and of space, and the presumable infinities of matter and of operation,—hence, therefore, into the presence of infinity of energy. But science teaches us nothing about these infinities, as such. They remain none the less inconceivable, however clearly we may be taught to recognise their reality. Moreover, these infinities, including the infinity of energy, are material infinities. Science tells us

nothing of the infinite attributes of an Almighty Being, it presents to us no personal infinities, whether of Power, Beneficence, or Wisdom. Science may suggest some ideas on these points; though we perceive daily more and more clearly that it is unsafe to accept as her teaching ideas which commonly derive their coloring from our own prepossessions. And assuredly, as respects actual facts, Science in so far as she presents personal infinity to us at all, presents it as an inconceivable, like those other inconceivable infinities, with the finites corresponding to which her operations are alone directly concerned. To speak in plain terms—so far as Science is concerned, the idea of a personal God is inconceivable,\* as are all the attributes which religion recognizes in such a Being. On the other hand, it should be admitted as distinctly, that Science no more disproves the existence of infinite personal power or wisdom than she disproves the existence of infinite material energy (which on the contrary must be regarded as probable) or the existence of infinite space or time (which must be regarded as certain).

So much premised, we may proceed to inquire into the probable past and future of our earth, as calmly as we should in-

\* This essay presents the substance of a lecture delivered in New York on April 3, of the present year, being the first of a subsidiary series in which, of set purpose (and in accordance with the request of several esteemed friends), I dealt less with the direct teachings of astronomy which had occupied me in a former series than with ideas suggested by astronomical facts and more particularly by the discoveries made during the last quarter of a century.—R. A. P.

\* I mean these words to be understood literally. To the man of science, observing the operation of second causes in every process with which his researches deal, and finding no limit to the operation of such causes, however far back he may trace the chain of causation, the idea of a first cause is as inconceivable in its relation to observed scientific facts as is the idea of infinite space in its relation to the finite space to which the observations of science extend. Yet infinite space must be admitted; nor do I see how even that man of science who would limit his thoughts most rigidly to facts, can admit that all things *are* of which he thinks, without having impressed upon him the feeling that in some way he cannot understand these things represent the operation of Infinite Purpose. Assuredly we do not avoid the inconceivable by assuming as at least possible that matter exists only as it affects our perceptions.

quire into the probable past and future of a pebble, a weed, or an insect, of a rock, a tree, or an animal, of a continent, or of a type—whether of vegetable or of animal life. The beginning of all things is not to be reached, not appreciably to be even approached, by a few steps backward in imagination, nor the end of all things by a few steps forward. Such a thought is as unfounded as was the fear of men in old times that by travelling too far in any direction they might pass over the earth's edge and be plunged into the abyss beyond, as unreasonable as was the hope that by increase of telescopic range astronomers could approach the imagined "heavens above the crystalline."

In considering the probable past history of the earth, we are necessarily led to inquire into the origin of the solar system. I have already sketched two theories of the system, and described the general facts on which both theories are based. The various planets circle in one direction around the sun, the sun rotating in the same direction, the satellite families (with one noteworthy but by no means inexplicable exception) travelling round their primaries in the same direction, and all the planets whose rotation has been determined still preserving the same direction of circulation (so to speak). These relations seem to point, in a manner there is no mistaking, to a process of evolution by which those various parts of the solar system which now form discrete masses were developed from a former condition characterized by a certain unity as respects the manner of its circulation. One theory of this process of evolution, Laplace's, implies the contraction of the solar system from a great rotating nebulous mass; according to the other theory, the solar system instead of contracting to its present condition, was formed by a process of accretion, due to the indrawing of great flights of meteoric and cometic matter.

I need not here enter at length, for I have already done so elsewhere, into the astronomical evidence in favor of either theory; but it will be well to present briefly some of the more striking facts.

Among the various forms of nebulae (or star-cloudlets) revealed by the telescope, we find many which seem to accord with our ideas as to some of the stages through which our solar system must have passed

in changing from the nebulous condition to its present form. The irregular nebulae,—such, for instance, as that wonderful nebula in the Sword of Orion,—show by their enormous extension the existence of sufficient quantities of gaseous matter to form systems as large and as massive as our own, or even far vaster. We know from the teachings of the spectroscope that these irregular nebulae do really consist of glowing gas (as Sir W. Herschel long since surmised), hydrogen and nitrogen being presumably present, though the spectrum of neither gas appears in its complete form (one line only of each spectrum being shown, instead of the sets of lines usually given by these gases). An American physicist has suggested that hydrogen and nitrogen exist in the gaseous nebulae in an elementary condition, these gases really being compound, and he suggests further that all our so-called elements may have been derived from those elementary forms of hydrogen and nitrogen. In the absence of any evidence from observation or experiment, these ideas must be regarded as merely speculative; and I think that we arrive here at a point where speculation helps us as little as it does in attempting to trace the evolution of living creatures across the gap which separates the earliest forms of life from the beginning itself of life upon the earth. Since we cannot hope to determine the real beginning of this earth's history, we need not at present attempt to pass back beyond the earliest stage of which we have any clear information.

Passing from the irregular nebulae, in which we see chaotic masses of gaseous matter occupying millions of millions of cubic miles and scattered as wildly through space as clouds are scattered in a storm-swept air, we come to various orders of nebulae in which we seem to find clear evidence of a process of evolution. We see first the traces of a central aggregation. This aggregation becomes more and more clearly defined, until there is no possibility of mistaking its nature as a centre having power (by virtue of the quantity of matter contained in it) to influence the motions of the matter belonging to the rest of the nebula. Then, still passing be it remembered from nebula to nebula, and only inferring, not actually witnessing, the changes described,—we see a subordinate aggregation, wherein, after a while, the

greater portion of the mass of the nebula outside the central aggregation becomes gathered, even as Jupiter contains the greater portion of the mass of the solar system outside the central sun.\* Next we see a second subordinate aggregation, inferior to the first, but comprising, if we judge from its appearance, by far the greater portion of what remained after the first aggregation had been formed, even as Saturn's mass far exceeds the combined mass of all the planets less than himself, and so comprises far the greater portion of the solar system after account has been taken of Jupiter and the sun.† And we may infer that the other parts of the nebulae contain smaller aggregations not perceptible to us, out of which the smaller planets of the developing system are hereafter to be formed.

Side views of some of these nebulae indicate a flatness of figure agreeing well with the general tendency of the members of the solar system towards the medial plane of that system. For the solar system may be described as flat, and if the nebulae I have been dealing with (the spiral nebulae with aggregations) were globular we could not recognise in them the true analogues of our solar system in the earlier stages of its history. But the telescope reveals nebulae manifestly corresponding in appearance to the great whirlpool nebula of Lord Rosse, as it would appear if it is a somewhat flattened spiral and could be viewed nearly edgewise.

And here I may pause to note that although, in thus inferring progressive changes where in reality we have but various forms of nebulae, I have been adopting an assumption and one which no one can hope either to verify or to disprove, yet it must be remembered that these nebulae by their very figure indicate that they are not at rest. If they consist of matter possessing the attribute of gravitation,—and it would be infinitely more daring to assert that they do not than that they do,—then they must be undergoing processes of change. Nor can we conceive that discrete gaseous

masses in whorls spirally arranged around a great central aggregation (taking one of the earlier stages) could otherwise change than by aggregating towards their centre, unless we admit motions of revolution (in orbits more or less eccentric) the continuance of which would necessarily lead, through collisions, to the rapid growth of the central aggregation, and to the formation and slower growth of subordinate gatherings.

I have shown elsewhere how the formation of our solar system, in the manner supposed, would explain what Laplace admitted that he could not explain by his theory,—the peculiar arrangement of the masses forming the solar system. The laws of dynamics tell us, that no matter what the original configuration or motion of the masses, probably gaseous, forming the nebula, the motions of these masses would have greater and greater velocity the nearer the masses were to the central aggregation, each distance indicating certain limits between which the velocities must inevitably lie. For example, in our solar system, supposing the central sun had already attained very nearly his full growth as respects quantity of matter, then the velocity of any mass whatever belonging to the system, would at Jupiter's distance be less than twelve miles per second, whereas at the distance of the earth, the largest planet travelling inside the orbit of Jupiter, the limit of the velocity would be more than twice as great. Hence we can see with what comparative difficulty an aggregation would form close to the central one, and how the first subordinate aggregation would lie at a distance where the quantity of matter was still great but the average velocity of motion not too great. Such an aggregation once formed, the next important aggregation would necessarily lie far outside, for within the first there would now be two disturbing influences preventing the rapid growth of these aggregations. The third and fourth would be outside the second. Between the first aggregation and the sun only small planets, like the Earth and Venus, Mars, Mercury, and the asteroids, could form; and we should expect to find that the largest of the four small planets would be in the middle of the space belonging to the family, as Venus and the Earth are actually placed, while the much smaller

\* The mass of Jupiter exceeds, in the proportion of five to two, the combined mass of all the remaining planets.

† The mass of Saturn exceeds, in the proportion of nearly three to one, the combined mass of all the planets smaller than himself.



planets Mercury and Mars travel next on either side, one close to the Sun and the other next to Jupiter, the asteroids indicating the region where the combined disturbing influences of Jupiter and the Sun prevented any single planet from being developed.

But I should require much more time than is now at my command to present adequately the reasoning on which the theory of accretion is based. And we are not concerned here to inquire whether this theory, or Laplace's theory of contraction, or (which I hold to be altogether more probable than either) a theory involving combined processes of accretion and contraction, be the true hypothesis of the evolution of the solar system. Let it suffice that we recognise as one of the earliest stages of our earth's history, her condition as a rotating mass of glowing vapor, capturing then as now, but far more actively then than now, masses of matter which approached near enough, and *growing* by these continual indraughts from without. From the very beginning, as it would seem, the earth grew in this way. This firm earth on which we live represents an aggregation of matter not from one portion of space, but from all space. All that is upon and within the earth, all vegetable forms and all animal forms, our bodies, our brains, are formed of materials which have been drawn in from those depths of space surrounding us on all sides. This hand that I am now raising contains particles which have traveled hither from regions far away amid the northern and southern constellations, particles drawn in towards the earth by processes continuing millions of millions of ages, until after multitudinous changes the chapter of accidents has combined them, and so distributed them in plants and animals that after coming to form portions of my food they are here present before you. Passing from the mere illustration of the thought, is not the thought itself striking and suggestive, that not only the earth on which we move, but everything we see or touch, and every particle in body and brain, has sped during countless ages through the immensity of space?

The great mass of glowing gas which formed our earth in the earliest stage of its history was undergoing two noteworthy processes,—first, the process of cooling by which the mass was eventually to become

at least partially solid, and secondly a process of growth due to the gathering in of meteoric and cometic matter. As respects the latter process, which will not hereafter occupy our attention, I must remark that many astronomers appear to me to give far less consideration to the inferences certainly deducible from recent discoveries than the importance of these discoveries would fairly warrant. It is now absolutely certain that hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, the earth is gathering in matter from without. On the most moderate assumption as to the average weight of meteors and shooting stars, the earth must increase each year in mass by many thousands of tons. And when we consider the enormous, one may almost say the awful time-intervals which have elapsed since the earth was in a gaseous condition, we cannot but perceive that the process of accretion now going on indicates the existence of only the merest residue of matter (ungathered) compared with that which at the beginning of those time-intervals was freely moving around the central aggregation. The process of accretion which now does not sensibly increase the earth's mass was then a process of actual growth. Jupiter and Saturn might then no longer be gathering in matter appreciably increasing their mass, although the quantity of matter gathered in by them must have been far larger than all that the then forming earth could gather in equal times. For those planets were then as now so massive that any possible increment from without was as nothing compared with the mass they had already attained. We have to throw back into yet more awful time-depths the birth and growth of those giant orbs. And even those depths of time are as nothing compared with the intervals which have elapsed since the sun himself began to be. Yet it is with time-intervals measurable by hundreds of millions of years that we have to deal in considering only our earth's history,—nay, two or three hundred millions of years only carry us back to a period when the earth was in a stage of development long sequent to the gaseous condition we are now considering. That the supply of meteoric and cometic matter not gathered in was then enormously greater than that which still exists within the solar domain, appears to me not a mere fanciful speculation, nor even a theoretical consideration, but as nearly a cer-

tainty as anything not admitting of mathematical demonstration can possibly be. That the rate of in-gathering at that time enormously exceeded the present rate, may be regarded as certain. That the increase resulting from such in-gathering during the hundreds of millions of years that it has been in operation since the period when the earth first existed as a gaseous mass, must have resulted in adding a quantity of matter forming no inconsiderable aliquot part of the earth's present mass, seems to me a reasonable inference, although it is certain that the present rate of growth continued even for hundreds of millions of years would not appreciably affect the earth's mass.\* And it is a thought worthy of consideration, in selecting between Laplace's theory of contraction and the theory of accretion, that accretion being a process necessarily exhaustive, we are able to trace it back through stages of gradually increasing activity without limit until we reach that stage when the whole of the matter now forming our solar system was as yet unformed. Contraction may alternate with expansion, according to the changing condition of a forming system; but accretion is a process which can only act in one direction; and as accretion is certainly going on now, however slowly, we have but to trace back the process to be led inevitably, in my judgment, to regard our system as having its origin in processes of accretion,—though it seems equally clear that each individual orb of the system, if not each subordinate scheme within it, has also undergone a process of contraction from a former nebulous condition.

In this early gaseous stage our earth was preparing as it were to become a *sun*. As yet her gaseous globe probably extended beyond the smaller aggregation out of which the moon was one day to be formed. This may be inferred, I think, from the law of the moon's rotation. It is true that a moon independently created, and started on the moon's present course, with a rotation-period nearly equalling its period of revolution, would gradually have acquired a rotation-period exactly equal-

ling the mean period of revolution. But there is no reason in nature why there should have been any such near approach; whereas, if we suppose the moon's gaseous globe to have been originally entangled within the outskirts of the earth's; we see that the peculiar relation in question would have prevailed from the beginning of the moon's existence as a separate body. The laws of dynamics show us, moreover, that although the conditions under which the moon moved and rotated must have undergone considerable changes since her first formation, yet that since those changes took place very slowly, the rotation of the moon would be gradually modified, *pari passu*, so that the peculiar relation between the moon's rotation and revolution would continue unimpaired.\*

In her next stage, our earth is presented to us as a sun. It may be that at that time the moon was the abode of life, our earth affording the supplies of light and heat necessary for the wants of creatures living on the moon. But whether this were so or not, it may be safely assumed that when the earth's contracting gaseous globe first began to have liquid or solid matter in its constitution, the earth must have been a sun so far as the emission of heat and light were concerned. I must warn you, however, against an undue regard for analogy which has led some astronomers to say that all the members of the solar system have passed or will pass through exactly similar stages. That our earth once gave out light and heat, as the sun does now, may be admitted as probable; and we may believe that later the earth presented the characteristics which we now recognize in Jupiter; while hereafter it may pass through a stage comparable with that through which our moon is now passing. But we must remember that the original quantity of matter in any orb passing through such stages must very importantly modify the actual condition of the orb in each of those stages, as well, of course, as the duration of each stage; and it may even be that no two orbs in the

\* It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that I refer here not to absolute but to relative increase. The absolute increase of mass would amount to many millions of tons, but the earth would not be increased by the billionth part of her present mass.

\* On the theory of evolution some such view of the origin of the moon's rotation *must* be adopted, unless the matter be regarded as the result of a strange chance. If we believe, on the contrary, that the arrangement was specially ordained by the Creator, we are left to wonder what useful purpose a relation so peculiar and so artificial can have been intended to subserve.

universe were ever in the same, or very nearly the same condition, and that no change undergone by one has corresponded closely with any change undergone by another.

We know so little respecting the sun's actual condition, that even if we could be assured that in any past stages of her history the earth was nearly in the same state, we should nevertheless remain in almost complete ignorance as to the processes to which the earth's orb was at that time subject. In particular we have no means of forming an opinion as to the manner in which the elementary constituents of the earth's globe were situated when she was in the sun-like stage. We may adopt some general theory of the sun's present condition; for example, we may accept the ingenious reasoning by which Professor Young, of Dartmouth, N. H., has supported his theory that the sun is a gigantic bubble;\* but we should be far from having any exact idea of the processes actually taking place within the

solar globe, even if we were absolutely certain that that or some other general theory were the true one.

Assuming that our earth, when in the sun-like stage, was a gaseous mass within a liquid non-permanent shell, we can see that as the process of cooling went on the showers forming the shell would attain a greater and greater depth, the shell thus becoming thicker, the space within the shell becoming less, the whole earth contracting until it became entirely liquid; or rather these changes would progress until no considerable portion of the earth would be gaseous, for doubtless long before this stage was reached large portions of the earth would have become solid. As to the position which the solid parts of the earth's globe would assume when the first processes of solidification took place, we must not fall into the mistake of judging from the formation of a crust of ice on freezing water that these solid parts would form a crust upon the earth. Water presents an exception to other substances, in being denser in the liquid form than as a solid. Some metals and alloys are like water in this respect; but with most earthy substances, "and notably," says Dr. Sterry Hunt, "the various minerals and earthy compounds like those which may be supposed to have made up the mass of the molten globe, the case is entirely different. The numerous and detailed experiments of St. Clair Deville, and those of Delesse, besides the earlier ones of Bischof, unite in showing that the density of fused rocks is much less than that of the crystalline products resulting from their slow cooling, these being, according to Deville, from one seventh to one sixteenth heavier than the fused mass, so that if formed at the surface they would, in obedience to the laws of gravity, tend to sink as soon as formed."\*

Nevertheless, inasmuch as solidification would occur at the surface, where the radiation of heat would take place most rapidly, and as the descending solid matter would be gradually liquified, it seems certain that for a long time the solid portions of the earth, though not forming a solid crust, would occupy the exterior parts of the earth's globe. After a time, the whole globe would have so far cooled that a pro-

\* "The eruptions which are all the time" (*Anglict*, "always") "occurring on the sun's surface," says Professor Young, "almost compel the supposition that there is a crust of some kind which restrains the imprisoned gases, and through which they force their way with great violence. This crust may consist of a more or less continuous sheet of rain,—not of water, of course, but of materials whose vapors are shown by means of the spectroscope to exist in the solar atmosphere, and whose condensations and combinations are supposed to furnish the solar heat. The continuous outflow of the solar heat is equivalent to the supply that would be developed by the condensation from steam to vapor of a layer about five feet thick over the whole surface of the sun per minute. As this tremendous rain descends, the velocity of the falling drops would be increased by the resistance of the dense gases underneath, the drops would increase until continuous sheets would be formed, and the sheets would unite and form a sort of bottomless ocean, resting upon the compressed vapors beneath and pierced by innumerable ascending jets and bubbles. It would have nearly a constant depth in thickness, because it, would re-evaporate at the bottom nearly as fast as it would grow by the descending rains above, though probably the thickness of this sheet would continually increase at some slow rate, and its whole diameter diminish. In other words, the sun, according to this view, is a gigantic bubble, whose walls are gradually thickening and its diameter diminishing at a rate determined by its loss of heat. It differs, however, from ordinary bubbles in the fact that its skin is constantly penetrated by blasts and jets from within."

\* It is as yet doubtful, how far the recent experiments of Mallet affect this reasoning.

cess of aggregation of solid matter around the centre of the earth would take place. The matter so aggregated consisted probably of metallic and metalloidal compounds denser than the material forming the crust of the earth. Between the solid centre and the solidifying crust, there would be a shell of uncongealed matter, gradually diminishing in amount, but a portion probably retaining its liquid condition even to the present time, whether existing in isolated reservoirs or whether, as Scrope opines, it forms still a continuous sheet surrounding the solid nucleus. One strange fact of terrestrial magnetism may be mentioned in partial confirmation of the theory that the interior of the earth is of this nature,—a great solid mass, separated from the solid crust by a viscous plastic ocean: the magnetic poles of the earth are changing in position in a manner which seems only explicable on the supposition that there is an interior solid globe rotating under the outer shell, but at a slightly different rate, gaining or losing one complete rotation in the course of about 650 years.

Be this as it may, we find in this theory an explanation of the irregularities of the earth's surface. The solid crust, contracting at first more rapidly than the partially liquid mass within, portions of this liquid matter would force their way through and form glowing oceans outside the crust. Geology tells us of regions which, unless so formed, must have been produced in the much more startling manner conceived by Meyer, who attributed them to great meteoric downfalls.\* At a later stage, when

the crust, having hitherto cooled more rapidly than the interior, began to have a slower rate of cooling, the retreating nucleus left the crust to contract upon it, corrugating in the process, and so forming the first mountain ranges upon the spheroidal earth, which preceding processes had left partially deformed and therefore ready to become in due time divided into oceans and continents.

At this stage the earth must have been surrounded by an atmosphere much denser than that now existing, and more complex in constitution. We may probably form the most trustworthy opinion of the nature of the earth's atmosphere and the probable condition of the earth's surface at this early epoch by following the method of reasoning employed by Dr. Sterry Hunt. It will be remembered that he conceives an intense heat applied to the earth as at present existing, and infers the chemical results. It is evident that such a process would result in the oxidation of every form of carbonaceous matter; all carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates would be converted into silicates,—carbon, chlorine, and sulphur being separated in the form of acid gases. These gases, with nitrogen, an excess of oxygen, and enormous quantities of aqueous vapor, would form an atmosphere of great density. In such an atmosphere condensation would only take place at a temperature far above the present boiling point; and the lower level of the slowly cooling crust would be drenched with a heated solution of hydrochloric acid, whose decomposing action, aided by its high temperature, would be exceedingly rapid. The primitive igneous rock on

\* There is very little new under the sun. In dealing with the multitudinous lunar craters, which were certainly formed in ages when unattached meteors were enormously greater in number and size than at present, I mentioned as a consideration not to be overlooked the probability that some of the meteoric matter falling on the moon when she was plastic with intensity of heat might be expected to leave traces which we could discern; and although none of the larger lunar craters could be so formed, yet some of the smaller craters in these lunar regions where craters overlap like the rings left by raindrops which have fallen on a plastic surface, might be due to meteoric downfall. I find that Meyer had far earlier advanced a similar idea in explanation of those extensive regions of our earth which present signs of having been in a state of igneous fluidity. Again, two or three years ago, Sir W. Thomson startled us all by suggesting the possibility that vegetable life might

have been introduced upon our earth by the downfall of fragments of old worlds. Now, several years before, Dr. Sterry Hunt had pointed to evidence which tends to show that large meteoric globes had fallen on the earth, and he showed further that some meteors contain hydrocarbons and certain metallic compounds indicating processes of vegetation. Dr. Hunt tells me that, in his opinion, some of the meteors whose fragments have fallen on the earth in historic times were once covered with vegetation, since otherwise, according to our present chemical experience, the actual condition of these meteoric fragments would be inexplicable. He does not regard them as fragments of a considerable orb comparable even with the least of the planets, but still, whatever their dimensions may have been, he considers that vegetable life must have formerly existed upon them.



which these heavy showers fell, probably resembled in composition certain furnace-slugs or basic volcanic glasses. Chlorides of the various bases would be formed, and silica would be separated under the decomposing action of the heated showers until the affinities of the hydrochloric acid were satisfied. Later, sulphuric acid would be formed in large quantities by the combinations of oxygen with the sulphurous acid of the primeval atmosphere. After the compounds of sulphur and chlorine had been separated from the air, carbonic acid would still continue to be an important constituent of the atmosphere. This constituent would gradually be diminished in quantity, during the conversion of the complex aluminous silicates into hydrated silicate of alumina, or clay, while the separated lime, magnesia, and alkalies would be changed into bicarbonates, and carried down to the sea in a state of solution.

Thus far the earth was without life, at least no forms of life, vegetable or animal, with which we are familiar, could have existed while the processes hitherto described were taking place. The earth during the long series of ages required for these changes, was in a condition comparable with the condition through which Jupiter and Saturn are apparently at present passing. A dense atmosphere concealed the surface of the earth, even as the true surface of Jupiter is now concealed. Enormous cloud masses were continually forming and continually pouring heavy showers on the intensely heated surface of the planet, throughout the whole of the enormous period which elapsed between the time when first the earth had a surface and the time when the atmosphere began to resemble in constitution the air we breathe. Even when vegetable life, such as we are familiar with, was first possible, the earth was still intensely heated, and the quantity of aqueous vapor and cloud always present in the air must have been far greater than at present.

It has been in vain, thus far, that men have attempted to lift the veil which conceals the beginning of life upon the earth. It would not befit me to express an opinion on the controversy whether the possibility of spontaneous generation has, or has not, been experimentally verified. That is a question on which experts alone can give an opinion worth listening to; and all that can here be noted is that experts are not

agreed upon the subject. As a mere speculation it may be suggested that, somewhat as the elements when freshly released from chemical combination show for a short time an unusual readiness to enter into new combinations, so it may be possible that, when the earth was fresh from the baptism of liquid fire to which her primeval surface had for ages been exposed, certain of the substances existing on her surface were for the time in a condition fitting them to pass to a higher order of existence, and that then the lower forms of life sprang spontaneously into existence on the earth's still throbbing bosom. In any case, we need not feel hampered by religious scruples in considering the possibility of the spontaneous generation of life upon the earth. It would be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, if we found a difficulty of that sort *here*, after admitting, as we are compelled by clearest evidence to admit, the evolution of the earth itself and of the system to which the earth belongs, by purely natural processes. The student of science should view these matters apart from their supposed association with religious questions, apart in particular from interpretations which have been placed upon the Bible records. We may be perfectly satisfied that the works of God will teach us aright if rightly studied. Repeatedly it has been shown that ideas respecting creation which had come to be regarded as sacred because they were ancient, were altogether erroneous, and it may well be so in this matter of the creation of life.\*

Whatever opinion we form on these points, it seems probable that vegetable life existed on the earth before animal life, and also that primeval vegetation was far more luxuriant than the vegetation of our own

\* It is not for me to undertake to reconcile the Bible account of creation with the results which science is bringing gradually more clearly before us. It seems to me unfortunate, in fact, that such reconciliation should be thought necessary. But it must be conceded, I suppose, by all, that it is not more difficult to reconcile modern biological theories of evolution with the Bible record, than it is to reconcile with that record the theory of the evolution of the solar system. Yet strangely enough many oppose the biological theories (not without anger), who readily admit that some form or other of the nebular hypothesis of the solar system must be adopted in order to explain the peculiarities of structure presented by that system.

time. Vast forests were formed, of which our coal-fields, enormous as is their extent, represent merely a small portion preserved in their present form through a fortuitous combination of exceptional conditions. By far the greater portion of those forest masses underwent processes of vegetable decay effectually removing all traces of their existence. What escaped, however, suffices to show the amazing luxuriance with which vegetation formerly thrived over the whole earth.

In assuming the probability that vegetable life preceded animal life, I may appear to be opposing myself to an accepted palæontological doctrine, according to which animal and vegetable life began together upon the earth. But I would remind you that the actual teaching of the ablest, and therefore the most cautious, palæontologists on this point, amounts merely to this, that if the geological record as at present known be assumed to be coeval with the commencement of life upon the globe, then animals and plants began their existence together. In a similar way the teachings of geology and palæontology as to the nature of the earliest known forms of life and as to the succession of faunæ and floræ, depend on an admittedly imperfect record. Apart, however, from this consideration, I do not think it would serve any useful purpose if I were to attempt, I will not say to discuss, for that is out of the question, but to speak of the geological evidence respecting that portion of the past history of our earth which belongs to the interval between the introduction of life upon the surface and the present time. In particular, my opinion on the interesting question whether *all* the forms of life upon the earth, including the various races of man, came into being by processes of evolution, could have no weight whatever. I may remark that, even apart from the evidence which the most eminent biologists have brought to bear on this question, it seems to me illogical to accept evolution as sufficient to explain the history of our earth during millions of years prior to the existence of life, and to deny its sufficiency to explain the development of life (if one may so speak), upon the earth. It seems even more illogical to admit its operation up to any given stage in the development of life, and there to draw a hard and fast line beyond which its action cannot be

supposed to have extended.\* Nor can I understand why it should be considered a comforting thought, that at this or that epoch in the history of the complex machine of life, some imperfection in the machinery compelled the intervention of God,—thus presented to our contemplation as Almighty, but very far from being All-wise.

There is, however, one aspect in which the existence of life has to be considered as intimately associated with the future history of our earth. We perceive that the abundance of primeval vegetation during long ages, aided by other processes tending gradually to reduce the amount of carbonic acid gas in the air, must have led to a gradual change in the constitution of the atmosphere. At a later epoch, when animal life and vegetable life were more equally proportioned, a state of things existed which, so far as can be judged, might have lasted many times as long as it has already lasted had not man appeared upon the scene. But it seems to me impossible to consider what is actually taking place on the earth at present, without perceiving that within periods short indeed by comparison with geological eras, and still shorter compared with the intervals to which the astronomical history of our earth has introduced us, the condition of the earth as an abode of life will be seriously modified by the ways and works of man. It is only in the savage state that man is content to live upon the produce of the earth, taking his share, as it were, of what the earth (under the fruitful heat of the sun, which is her life) brings forth,—day by day, month by month, year by year, and century by century. But civilized man is not content to take his share of the earth's *income*, he uses the garnered wealth which is the earth's *capital*—and this at a rate which is not only ever increasing, but is increasing at an increasing rate. The rapid consumption of

\* Since I thus spoke, a new and as it seems to me an even more illogical limit has been suggested for the operation of the process of evolution as affecting the development of life, and this by an advocate of the general doctrine of evolution. I refer to the opinion advanced by Mr. J. Fiske, of Harvard College (U. S.), "that no race of organisms can in future be produced through the agency of natural selection and direct adaptation, which shall be zoologically distinct from, and superior to, the human race."

coal is but a single instance of his wasteful expenditure of the stores which during countless ages have been gathered together, seemingly for the use of man. In this country (America), I need not dwell upon the fact that, in many other ways, man is consuming, if not wasting, supplies of earth-wealth which cannot be replaced. It is not merely what is found within the earth, but the store of wealth which clothes the earth's surface, which is thus being exhausted. Your mighty forests seem capable of supplying all the timber that the whole race of man could need for ages; yet a very moderate computation of the rate at which they are being cut down, and will presumably continue to be, by a population increasing rapidly in numbers and in the destructive capabilities which characterize modern civilization, would show that this country will be denuded of its forest-wealth in about the same period which we in England have calculated as probably limiting the effective duration of our stores of coal. That period—a thousand or twelve hundred years—may seem long compared with the life of individual men, long even compared with the duration of any nation in the height of power; but though men and nations pass away the human race continues, and a thousand years are as less than a day in the history of that race. Looking forward to that future day, seemingly so remote, but (on the scale upon which we are at present tracing our earth's history) in reality the *to-morrow* of our earth, we see that either a change in their mode of civilization will be forced on the human race, or else it will then have become possible, as your Ericsson has already suggested, to make the sun's daily heat the main-spring of the machinery of civilization.

But turning from those portions of the past and future of our earth which, by comparison with the astronomical eras of her history, may be regarded as present, let us consider, so far as known facts permit, the probable future of the earth after astronomical eras comparable with those which were presented to us when we considered her past history.

One of the chief points in the progression of the earth towards her present condition was the gradual passing away of the heat with which formerly her whole globe was instinct. We have now to consider whether this process of cooling is still

going on, and how far it is likely to extend. In this inquiry we must not be misled by the probable fact, for such it seems, that during hundreds of thousands of years the general warmth of the surface of the earth has not appreciably diminished. In the first place, hundreds of thousands of years are the seconds of the time-measures we have now to deal with; and next, it is known that the loss of temperature which our earth is at present undergoing chiefly affects the interior parts of her globe. The inquiries of Mallet and others show that the present vulcanian energies of the earth are due in the main to the gradual withdrawal of the earth's nuclear parts from the surface crust, because of the relatively more rapid loss of heat by the former. The surface crust is thus left to contract under the action of gravity, and vulcanian phenomena—that is, volcanoes and earthquakes—represent the mechanical equivalent of this contraction. Here is a process which cannot continue for ever, simply because it is in its very nature exhaustive of the energy to which it is due. It shows us that the earth's nuclear regions are parting with their heat, and as they cannot part with their heat without warming the surface-crust, which nevertheless grows no warmer, we perceive that the surface-heat is maintained from a source which is being gradually exhausted. The fitness of the earth to be the abode of life will not only be affected directly in this way, but will be indirectly affected by the loss of that vulcanian energy which appears to be one of its necessary conditions. At present, the surface of the earth is like the flesh clothing the living body; it does not wear out because (through the life which is within it) it undergoes continual change. But even as the body itself is consumed by natural processes so soon as life has passed from it, so, when the internal heat of the earth, which is its life, shall have passed away, her surface will "grow old as doth a garment;" and with this inherent terrestrial vitality will pass away by slow degrees the life which is upon the earth.

In dealing with the past history of our earth, we recognized a time when she was a sun, rejoicing as a giant in the strength of youth; and later we considered a time when her condition resembled that of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, whose dense atmospheres seem to be still loaded with

the waters which are to form the future oceans of those noble orbs. In considering our earth's future, we may recognize in the moon's actual condition a stage through which the earth will hereafter have to pass. When the earth's inherent heat has passed away and long ages have elapsed since she had been the abode of life, we may believe that her desert continents and frost-bound oceans will in some degree resemble the arid wastes which the astronomer recognizes in the lunar surface. And yet it is not to be supposed that the appearance of the earth will ever be closely similar to that presented by the moon. The earth may part, as completely as the moon has, with her internal heat; the rotation of the earth may in hundreds of millions of years be slowed down by tidal action into agreement with the period in which the moon completes her monthly orbit; and every form of animal and vegetable life may perish from off the face of the earth: yet ineffaceable traces of the long ages during which her surface was clothed with life, and instinct with inherent vitality, will distinguish her from the moon, where the era of life was incomparably shorter. Even if the speculations of Stanislas Meunier be just, according to which the oceans will gradually be withdrawn beneath the surface crust and even the atmosphere almost wholly disappear, there would for ever remain the signs of changes brought about by rainfall and snowfall, by wind and storm, by river and glacier, by ocean waves and ocean currents, by the presence of vegetable life and of animal life during hundreds of millions of years, and even more potently by the fiery deluge poured continually on the primeval surface of our globe. By all these causes the surface of the earth has been so wrought upon as no longer to resemble the primary igneous rock which we seem to recognize in the scarred surface of our satellite.

Dare we look onwards to yet later stages in the history of our earth? Truly it is like looking beyond death; for now imagination presents our earth to us as an inert mass, not only lifeless as at the beginning, but no longer possessing that potentiality of life which existed in her substance before life appeared upon her surface. We trace her circling year after year around the sun, serving no useful purpose according to our conceptions. The ener-

gy represented by her motions of rotation and revolution seems to be as completely wasted as are those parts (the whole save only one 230,000,000th portion) of the sun's light and heat, which, falling on no planet, seem to be poured uselessly into desert space. Long as has been, and doubtless will be, the duration of life upon the earth, it seems less than a second of time compared with those two awful time-intervals—one past, when as yet life had not begun, the other still to come, when all life shall have passed away.

But we are thus led to contemplate time-intervals of a yet higher order—to consider the eras belonging to the life-time of the solar system itself. Long after the earth shall have ceased to be the abode of life, other and nobler orbs will become in their time fit to support millions of forms as well of animal as of vegetable existence; and the later each planet is in thus "putting on life," the longer will be the duration of the life-supporting era of its own existence. Even those time-intervals will pass, however, until every orb in turn has been the scene of busy life, and has then, each after its due life-season, become inert and dead. One orb alone will then remain, on which life will be possible,—the sun, the source whence life had been sustained in all those worlds. And then, after the lapse, perchance, of a lifeless interval compared with which all the past eras of the solar system were utterly insignificant, the time will arrive when the sun will be a fit abode for living creatures. Thereafter, during ages infinite to our conceptions, the great central orb will be (as now, though in another sense) the life of the solar system. We may even look onwards to still more distant changes, seeing that the solar system is itself moving on an orbit, though the centre round which it travels is so distant that as yet it remains unknown. We see in imagination change after change, cycle after cycle, till

Drawn on paths of never-ending duty,  
The worlds—eternity begun—  
Rest, absorbed in ever glorious beauty,  
On the Heart of the All-Central Sun.

But in reality it is only because our conceptions are finite that we thus look forward to an end even as we seek to trace events back to a beginning. The notion is inconceivable to us that absolutely endless series of changes may take place in the future and have taken place in the



past; equally inconceivable is the notion that series on series of material combinations, passing onwards to ever higher orders,—from planets to suns, from suns to sun-systems, from sun-systems to galaxies, from galaxies to systems of galaxies, from these to higher and higher orders, absolutely without end,—may surround us on every hand. And yet, as I set out by saying, these things are not more inconceivable than infinity of time and infinity of space, while the idea that time and space are finite is not merely inconceivable but opposed directly to what the mind conceives of space and time. It has been said that progression necessarily implies a beginning and an end; but this is not so where the progression relates to absolute space or time. No one can indeed doubt that progression in space is of its very nature limitless. But this is equally true, though not less inconceivable, of time. Progression implies only relative beginning and relative ending; but that there should be an absolute beginning or an absolute end is not merely inconceivable, like absolute eternity, but is inconsistent with the necessary conditions of the progression of time as presented to us by our conceptions. Those who can may find relief in believing in absolutely void space and absolutely unoccupied time before some very remote but not infinitely remote epoch, which may in such belief be called the beginning of all things; but the void time before *that* beginning can have had no beginning, unless it were preceded by time not unoccupied by events, which is inconsistent with the supposition. We find no absolute beginning if we look backwards; and looking forwards we not only find an absolute end inconceivable by reason, but revealed religion—as ordinarily interpreted—teaches that on *that* side lies an eternity not of void but of occupied time. The time-intervals, then, which have presented themselves to our contemplation in dealing with the past and future of our earth, being in their nature finite, however vast, are less than the shortest instant in comparison with absolute time, which—endless itself—is measured by endless cycles of

change. And in like manner, the space seemingly infinite from which our solar system has drawn its materials—in other words, the universe as partially revealed to us in the study of the star-depths—is but the merest point by comparison with absolute space. The end, seemingly so remote, to which our earth is tending, the end infinitely more remote to which the solar system is tending, the end of our galaxy, the end of systems of such galaxies as ours—all these endings (each one of which presents itself in turn to our conceptions as the end of the universe itself) are but the beginnings of eras comparable with themselves, even as the beginnings to which we severally trace back the history of our planet, of the planetary system, and of galaxies of such systems, are but the endings of prior conditions which have followed each other in infinite succession. The wave of life which is now passing over our earth is but a ripple in the sea of life within the solar system; this sea of life is itself but as a wavelet on the ocean of eternal life throughout the universe. Inconceivable, doubtless, are these infinities of time and space, of matter, of motion, and of life. Inconceivable that the whole universe can be for all time the scene of the operation of infinite personal power, omnipresent, all-knowing. Utterly incomprehensible how Infinite Purpose can be associated with endless material evolution. But it is no new thought, no modern discovery, that we are thus utterly powerless to conceive or comprehend the idea of an Infinite Being, Almighty, All-knowing, Omnipresent, and Eternal, of whose inscrutable purpose the material universe is the unexplained manifestation. Science is in presence of the old, old mystery; the old, old questions are asked of her,—“Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?” And science answers these questions, as they were answered of old,—“As touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out.”—*Contemporary Review*.

## A NIGHT TERROR IN AFRICA

I HAVE some doubts about the psychological bearings of fear. In old English, "perplexity" was often used as its equivalent, and it seems a pity that this usage has been dropped. We want a word for fear that would express a kind of mental syllabub. Dr. Johnson, following Locke, defines fear as "a painful apprehension of future danger." Now I confess that I do not like the word "apprehension," which means a *laying hold*, because I can not help concluding that fear is altogether a *letting go*. If logicians would let me, I would define fear *per metaphoram*, and call it "resentment at being kicked out of one's rut." The most philosophical remark of Falstaff's was that he was a "coward upon instinct." When all our instincts, which are but sublimated habits, are turned topsy-turvy, then we know what fear is. Though your particular rut *must* lead to the cannon's mouth, you are cheerful and impavid in it as a man just and firm of purpose should be; but when you are kicked into a neighboring rut which *may* lead to the Hesperides, the blood freezes in your veins. Luckily a perfect terror, an utter annihilation of all ruts whatsoever, an overhead plunge into the unknown, comes but once or twice in any man's life. The occasion may be trivial. A belated jackass, the love-plaint of a feline Sappho, a brawl of rodents behind the wainscot, a pendent night-shirt whose fluttering tails are visited by playful moonbeams—any of these things is sufficient. Or the occasion may be great; a convulsion of nature, or the approach of death in a strange garb. It matters not. The supreme moment of terror, when the scalp lifts like the lining of a hat, when a man is clothed from head to foot in a raiment of "goose-skin," when the knees refuse to bend, and are yet too weak to keep straight, and when the heart feels like the kernel of a rotten nut—that moment is never to be forgotten. Then the man feels the natural and the supernatural, the real and the ideal, the subject and the object, the *ego* and the *non ego*, the present and the remote, all jumbled together in a mad dance through his bewildered consciousness. Then Pope's line is reversed and sense leans for aid on metaphysic. Then the man discerns how

infinitely little he is when reduced within his own circumference; how dependent he has been on a tiny world, outside which he is "quenched in a boggy Syrtis." Then he discovers how necessary to his happiness are the ordinary conditions of thought, and that, if he only knew it, the most awful, the most intensely horrible thing the imagination can conceive of, is a syllogism with an alien conclusion. Then, for an instant, he learns what it is to be dead.

The qualifications of a perfect terror are three. It must be unexpected; it must be absolutely incomprehensible; and it must culminate like a nightmare. Once I had a terror which so perfectly fulfilled these requirements that no man may hope to have a better.

This thing happened to me in the city of Pieter-Maritzburg, in the colony of Natal; and in order that I may tell my tale intelligibly, I may be allowed to give some short description of the place. The city is named from one Pieter Maritz, whose sacred bard I have never met with, and the memory of whose deeds, therefore—of the pounds of Boer tobacco he smoked in a green-stone pipe, of the hollands he drank, of the wide trousers he wore, and of the Dutch oaths he swore—must for ever, as far as I am concerned, be 'whelmed in long night. Maritzburg (as the name is commonly abbreviated) is the seat of government and the headquarters of the garrison. All the other towns in Natal—Durban especially—which consider themselves not to be sneezed at, *are* sneezed at by Maritzburg. We are slightly aristocratic in Maritzburg; we have been known to wear gloves; we have caught a little of the hoity-toitiness that lingers round the purlieus of bureaucracy. In this respect Maritzburg is not remarkable; but in another respect, namely, brilliancy of coloring, Maritzburg is one of the most remarkable towns I ever saw. It lies on a shoulder of table-land, surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, which to a European eye are singularly brown and barren of aspect. In the midst of this great ugly basin Maritzburg absolutely blossoms. All its roofs are of red tile, all its hedges are rose hedges, and nearly all its trees are peach trees; and thus, when peaches and roses are in bloom

there is red and pink enough to make the town look like a gigantic nosegay. Another peculiarity of the town is very pleasant; one, two, or even three streams of bright, clear, swiftly-flowing water run down each street. A large head of water comes downwards on the town from the top of the shoulder on which it is built, and this water supply is subdivided as it enters the town into a multitude of small rivulets—or *shuys*, as the Dutch call them. Thus, a street in Maritzburg is formed in the following way: each house stands well back from the road in its *erf* or plot of ground, then comes a thick and lofty hedge of roses, then a *shuyt*, then a raised footpath or causeway, then another *shuyt*, then the roadway. Now these *shuys*, however much they may add to the cleanliness of the place, are exceedingly awkward to the pedestrian. Every *shuyt* is about a yard below the footpath, and being bridged over by innumerable slabs of stone and logs of wood, forms in fact a series of traps and pitfalls. If I have drawn my picture rightly, the reader will see that to walk along a footpath in Maritzburg on a dark night, without the assistance of a single street-lamp, requires some care, even if the mind is unoccupied and the senses under control; but to walk there on a dark night, hearing behind one the — But I must proceed in due order.

On the night when the terror came to me I was returning from the fort at the top of the town to the hotel where I was staying, which was at the lower end. I had a distance of about one mile to walk. It was midnight. The night was dark, but not with a thick, murky darkness. There was no moon, and the sky was clouded over; but the edges of the horizon could be just distinguished, and the roadway and hedges made out with little trouble. In short, the night was not one in which a man has to grope his way, though he could hardly walk quickly and boldly. Every one had gone to bed, and not a light was visible in the street, except an oil lamp hanging before the hotel, the glimmer of which, the street being quite straight, I could see in the distance almost as soon as I started on my walk. There was no wind. All was so still that the liquid warbling of the frogs in the *vley* below the town sounded near and loud. Besides this, and the multitudinous murmur of nature, which she never wholly intermits in

her most silent watches, and which one hears and hears not, there was perfect quiet.

I had got but a little way on my journey, walking cautiously along the raised footpath, when I became aware that I was followed. Close behind me the sound—very soft and gentle, but unmistakable—of a footfall made itself heard. I stopped, and the footfall stopped also. I could see nothing whatever, and the sound—though so faint as to be almost like an echo of my own steps—had appeared to be close at hand; not more, in fact, than three or four yards distant. I thought I had been mistaken, and walked on again. Yes! again came the footfall, and—no—not an echo. Whenever an echo is heard, there is a certain interval of time between the sound and its reverberation. This interval may be momentary—a mere fraction of a second—but is always appreciable; or rather, to put it another way, if the echo is appreciable, there must be an interval. Now, the rhythm—the “time” as rowing men would say—of this footfall was exact. As my foot touched the ground so did that other foot, in precise and unvarying coincidence. The character of the sound was very remarkable. The path was hard and firm, with many small stones scattered here and there, and with gravel sprinkled on it. My boots made a crunching noise as I walked. But this footfall was most evidently caused by feet that were neither shod, nor (being unshod) of a horny or hoofy kind. And yet, on the other hand, there was nothing of the dull thud that would be made by the naked foot of a man, or by any animal with a soft paw going pit-a-pat over the ground, as Bunyan describes it, “with a great paddling pace.” There was an undoubted impact on the gravel—of *that* I was sure—and beyond that I could liken the sound to nothing earthly. Again, the supposition that my follower was a beast was negated by the too evident mockery of the sound. No beast, surely, would go to the trouble of “keeping time” with a belated wayfarer, and the cessation and renewal of these footsteps concurrently with mine proved that mockery was deliberately intended. I say *no* beast; but, perhaps, I ought to have excepted the ape tribe. A monstrous ape, whose mind was just developing to a human enjoyment of mischief, might have pleased his genius with this hideous

mimicry. But an ape always walks with a shuffling, shambling gait, and for him the tripping levity of these steps would have been impossible. An ape is not accustomed to walk on two legs, and the creature that pursued me was so accustomed; there was a regularity and firmness in what I may call the accentuation of the tread, however gentle, light, and aerial that tread might be, which left no room for doubt.

When I first became conscious that I was being pursued of set purpose by a foot-fall, I was startled, but scarcely terrified. A savage beast was out of the question, and Maritzburg was entirely free from crimes of violence: the white inhabitants were too well off to become highway robbers; while to attack one of the superior race was quite alien from the habits and ideas of the Coolie or Kafir population. I began, then, by being more curious than alarmed. But as the strangeness of the circumstance forced itself more and more on my attention, my curiosity soon passed through fear to horror. I tried in vain to convince myself that I was mistaken. I stopped short at least half-a-dozen times, and then walked on with a quick impulse. I walked as fast as I could; I took short strides—long strides; I sauntered slowly (this was very difficult); but all to no purpose. Exactly as I did so did the foot-fall; stopping when I stopped, and keeping perfect time with my varied paces. Only one thing I noticed, and that was a slight hesitation when I suddenly changed my steps from fast to slow, from long to short, or *vice versa*: as if the thing that followed me could not instantaneously accommodate itself to the change. But this hesitation was only momentary. Indeed, the versatile quickness with which its gait was made to correspond with mine through every mode of puzzling alternation, was something marvellous. No drum-major ever had such command over the rhythm of motion.

In the surprise and terror now gradually stealing over me it will easily be imagined how difficult it was to keep a footing on the raised causeway. More than once I all but slipped into the *shuyt*, and whenever I did stumble a feeling of unsurmountable alarm came over me that, if I fell, something would be *on* me and *at* me. It was better to be upright on two shaky legs, which might be called on for instant

flight, than prone in a ditch, helpless, and with I knew not what stalking jauntily around. No; I was sure I could walk no longer on the causeway. With sudden resolution, I jumped a floundering, stumbling, headlong jump from the path, over the *shuyt* that ran on the roadway side, and got on the broad road itself. Having gained the middle of the road, I stood still and listened. At first there was silence. Then I heard my own jump exactly repeated in faint, ethereal mimicry. I heard the same stumbling jump, the same long strides, the same little run of recovery on the road. I could bear it no longer. "Who's there?" I shouted.

The only certain theory respecting 'The Night-side of Nature' at which, after diligent study of Mrs. Crowe and other approved writers, I have been able to arrive, is, that it is bad, fatally bad, policy to speak to any thing uncanny—a ghost, for instance. If ever you meet with a companion who seems likely to turn round the corner of bogeydom, remember that "Silence is golden," and that speech is exceedingly base metal. The probability of this theory is easily demonstrated. When you speak to an uncanniness you thereby—*ipso facto*—recognise it; you promote it to a *raison d'être*. The popular superstition that a ghost cannot speak unless spoken to is founded on strictly logical reasoning. By addressing an uncanniness in words, however bold and masterful, you at once limit your range of available hypotheses to two: you confess, by implication, that the thing you address must be either a *human* being or a *supernatural* being. There is no escape from the alternative. You do not hold converse with a hallucination, an extraordinary shadow, an unexpected light, a mysterious sound, an inexplicable phenomenon. If you are strong-minded enough to infer that your visitant is the result of a heedless supper, you do not (in default of a medicine chest) exorcise by any form of words the bit of cucumber that is troubling you. By speaking you personify, where it is for the interest of your sanity that personality should be out of the question. Treat, then, a ghost with the insular pride of an Englishman. Consider him a foreigner, and therefore a suspicious character, of whose social status you cannot be sure. Domineer over him by not saying "How d'ye do?" If you so much as "pass the time of day" with him,



your acquaintance ripens with awful rapidity into intimacy of the closest. It is far better, if the temptation to speak becomes too strong, to retire at once under the bed-clothes, when that friendly shelter is present, and abstract your thoughts altogether from what may be outside. It is not, I believe, within the memory of the chroniclers that any uncanny thing has ever attempted to lift the shrouding drapery. You may, indeed, feel somewhat ticklish about those lumpy and angular parts which mark out the human outline, however deeply smothered under blankets; but you are—if there is truth in history—absolutely safe. And if there is no haven of blankets and counterpanes, and the thing *must* be faced, recollect—cleave, cling to the recollection—that supernatural etiquette does not permit a grisliness to introduce itself. The golden sceptre of speech must first be held out.

I had, I say, made a shocking blunder in speaking. And yet I almost think I should have been relieved by an answer. But not so much as a *Hem!* was vouchsafed in reply; there was not the faintest whisper of a voice; it was *nil, et præterea nil*—absolute nothingness, made sensible by a footfall. There was nothing for it but to walk on. But now I had not the smallest remnant of reason left: that *divine particula aurea* had quite deserted me. I now pursued my way, as Coleridge says,

“Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.”

Just I so walked, and the footfall pattered softly behind me.

The question, “What is it?” had by this time tenfold horrors. It may, perhaps, be suggested that I was no longer able to follow out any inquiry; but I *was*; only, by my insensate rashness of speech, I had shut myself out from any natural explanation. I was *ex hypothesi* confined to the supernatural. I could not even, as the satirist says, “hold the eel of science by the tail.” The thing that dogged me was, I was compelled to think, either, first, a visitor from superior regions, or, secondly, a visitor from inferior (*very* inferior) regions; or, thirdly, no visitor at all, but a lingerer who ought to be elsewhere when the cock crew. Oh, for the welcome sum-

mons of an ear-splitting cock-a-doodle-do! Oh, for a steam fire-engine fed by a river of holy water! The sheer mischievousness of the trick narrowed my speculations by forbidding the notion of celestial ministry. I was driven, irresistibly propelled, to the alternative of “auld Hornie” (by self or agent) *or* some wandering ghost who had business with me. As to the first supposition I was unable to adopt the reasoning of Robinson Crusoe under very similar circumstances. When that solitary was frightened out of his wits by the apparition of a footprint on the sands of his desert island, he comforted himself by the conclusion that it could not have been the arch enemy, because, says Robinson, “as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely.” And he continues: “All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.” With the deepest respect for Robinson Crusoe’s metaphysical and theological powers, evidenced in his conversations with Friday—powers in which I confess myself far his inferior—I cannot in this one instance admit the cogency of his reasoning. If the alarming footprint had been made by the gentleman in question, *non constat* that it was not formed on the sands by a viewless foot a second or two before Robinson came up to the spot. Thus the reflection so comforting to the sagacious mariner vanishes at once. Robinson, thou reasonest *not* well. But there was a very different reflection equally applicable to his case and to mine. I do not say that it is deducible from the principles of scientific theology—I leave that to the General Assembly—but I distinctly remember that it struck me very forcibly, even in my extremest fright. It was this: What end could be served by the terrifying to imbecility of a harmless night-walker? If divines have not instructed us to little purpose, we all believe that the “muckle-horned Clootie” has serious business in hand. He has no leisure for idle school-boy tricks. Even if practical jokes were consonant with his imperial dignity, his sterner duties leave him no time for pranks which would better befit the idleness of

a cavalry subaltern. This consideration would be weighty in Europe, much more in South America, which, from the mere fact of its being sparsely populated, must be looked on as comparatively out of his way. The whole mediæval theory of witchcraft appears to me to have gone astray simply by missing this train of reasoning. Was I not, therefore, justified in rejecting the intervention of him whom, in the north of England, with a quaint recognition of his perennial youth conjoined with senile cunning, they call "th' ould lad"? Stay; he has underlings. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. Cob, Mob, and Chittabob were doubtless at liberty. If their annals are writ true, it would just suit their tastes to "tickle the catastrophe" of a shuddering mortal. Yes, here *was* a flaw in my calculations; but, as a matter of fact, I did not think of Cob, Mob, and Chittabob. I was thus reduced to the last hypothesis, namely, that a ghost was dogging me. I do not mean, of course, to assert that in the rush of excited surmises which passed through my mind, I actually reasoned as consecutively as I am now setting down my thoughts. I only wish it to be understood that, after taking leave of my scientific senses by the unpardonable folly of speaking, I came finally to some such conclusion by some such method.

I was now walking with all my speed, but my utmost speed (though I have always been reputed a pretty good stepper) seemed that awful no speed of dreams, when one is agonised with an imaginary need for haste or flight, and is yet ridden by the inexorable nightmare at a snail's pace. I was very warm in front, but cold chills shivered down my spine. The distance still to be traversed seemed interminable and hopeless. What with the darkness, and what with the dire necessity of turning my head every moment to look backwards, I walked a dreadfully zig-zag course. The footsteps I never ceased to hear; regular when mine were regular, irregular when mine were irregular. Again and again I called, but no response ever came. Once, in a fit of desperation, I stopped, flung my arms about, stamped violently, and *shoo'd* with all my might, like one attempting to frighten away intruding cats or birds. When I had made this silly demonstration, there was first a pause, and then the footsteps disdainfully and slowly danced *round* me in a half-

circle, from right to left and back again. When I proceeded, they followed, as they had done, directly behind.

Walking in this way I came to a part of the road where it became a little wider, and also, there being fewer trees to overshadow it, a little lighter. Now for the first time I *saw* something. In one of my terrified backward glances I saw that the footsteps were accompanied by a globular apparition. It seemed about a foot in diameter, and of a dusky grey color. This dim, undefined ball of misty hue moved with the footsteps, but not, as far I could distinguish, having any other connection with them. On the contrary, it moved through the air at the distance of about a yard from the ground, as if self-supported. I say "moved," because I could just discern a sort of undulatory rise and fall, and because I could not but notice that the interval between me and it was never diminished by my greatest efforts. The airy phantom neither approached nor receded. Soon after I saw this apparition, I also heard something I had not heard before. It was a rustling noise, repeated once or twice, and most like a quick shudder passing through stiff drapery. If any doubt remained, if any accession of terror was possible, that doubt now fled, that accession of terror now came.

It occurs to me that some reader may ask why in the name of fortune or misfortune, there being houses on both sides of the street, I did not seek shelter and protection. Pride, my dear reader, pride stronger than all terror, strongest of all human feelings. What would you, my reader, say if you were knocked up at midnight by a gentleman with a scared look and an incoherent story of a spectre? Would you not take the strongest horse-whip, unchain Pincher, and (while your spouse's eloquence flowed "sweeter than honey" from her chamber window, and all your children screamed in their cots,) go forth to drive the intruder from your curtilage? Of course you would. Would you not tell the distressed suppliant to go to him from whom and from whose emissaries and shadowy liegemen he was seeking deliverance? Of course you would. If you happened to know the disturber of your peace, would you not reproach him the next morning, hint at soda-water, and generally wonder

at him? Of course you would. And if you believed his story—what then? Hospitality has its limits. Could you be expected to open your door to a friend who might be arm in arm with “the Black Man,” as Matthew Hopkins would have called him? Human sympathy does not extend to helping one’s fellow-creatures against the supernatural. I question if the most tender-hearted, stanch, and chivalrous man that ever lived would not have left St. Dunstan and his opponent to “have it out.” And the house, at the portal of which you implored aid, might be tenanted by none but lonely women. When the female body is wrapt in night attire and the female head is coroneted with curl-papers, the female mind is apt to dwell on water-jugs and kitchen pokers. A Niobe in a night-cap, at any moment between midnight and sunrise, has a concentrated power of squealing which one durst not even think of. Nor could the most frightful apparition excuse an Englishman for seeking the protection of a woman. Forbid it, memories of Cressy and Poitiers! And yet I would confine my valor to proper limits. I would not for the world imply that memories of Cressy and Poitiers should rob any Englishman of his prerogative of being frightened at a ghost; especially in these modern days, when it has become most necessary to insist on that prerogative. Our “fathers of war-proof” were frightened, and *they* believed in ghosts; much more ought we, on every principle of common sense, to be frightened—we, who do not believe in them. I cherish (as a pleasant inward protest against the Positivism of the age) the conviction that, if a ghost of the commonest turnip-headed, saucer-eyed description could be turned loose in the meeting-room of the Royal Society, we should see the extremest extremity of terror which human countenances are capable of expressing. I ought, however, in honesty to add that memories of Cressy and Poitiers did not occur to me much on this occasion; but I did not seek shelter.

I had walked perhaps two-thirds of the distance when I became aware of the apparition, and how I got over the remaining ground I can hardly tell. I did not dare to run. I felt that, if I ran, all self-control, all resisting power of will, would be gone. I had a sort of suspicion that, if I

even appeared to hurry, I should be overpowered by some force which could only be kept in check by the exercise of a defiant volition.

I was now within a very short distance of my hotel—not more than three or four hundred yards away. But I had a foreboding that I should never reach it before another phase of the horror was disclosed. The thing was growing on me. Some *dénouement* must come. It *did* come.

I had by this time arrived at a large building, used as a Kafir chapel by those natives who had been brought by various civilizing agencies to wear trousers and sing hymns. What other goal of learning was before them I cannot say; but I am in a position to state that, at this particular period, a respectable number of Zulus had renounced the error of bare legs, and had taken to sing hymns with much fervor and perseverance. I do not think they were particular about words—any words which were not downright swearing did for *them*—and I am sure they were not particular about tune. In his unenlightened state, the Kafir will sit for hours chanting a kind of plain-song, and accompanying himself with a barbarous *tum-tiddy-tum* produced from a stringed instrument like a bow. When his mind is enlarged by instruction, he puts on trousers, and sings his plain-song to a form of words in which references to the *assegai*, the *knob-kerry* (or Kafir club), and the blood of his foes, are only introduced when the singer is carried away by the violence of his emotions. His “doxy” may be described as that of the Indians of South America, mentioned by Humboldt, who are said to be *baxa la campana*—as Paganism vibrating with the tinkle of a church-bell. Turning the corner of the chapel, I came upon a party of devotees seated round a fire, and even at that late hour in full tide of song. How it was that I had not heard them before, nor seen the reflection of their fire, I cannot say; but when I did hear and see, I felt with a thrill of conviction that the Zulu is indeed “a man and a brother.” They were a party of six or seven. One or two were Hottentot waggon-drivers, and the rest Kafirs. Every man was busy unburling his soul without “remorse or mitigation of voice;” and the joint effect was something like what might be produced by the butcher, the sweep, the milkman,

and the watercress seller, all shouting the cries of their respective trades down one area in one breath. But I was in no humor for musical criticism. As soon as I saw the absorbed group I jumped across the *shyt* and rushed towards those dusky brethren. As I got within the light of their fire I turned round.

Out of the darkness there stalked solemnly, with a grave and self-possessed air, a large crane; not one of the ordinary species, such as is seen in Europe, but the great gaunt "Kafir crane," as he is called in Africa—I know not his scientific name—which is at least twice as large. He did not seem in the smallest degree abashed, nor was he disconcerted. If anything was discernible in his bearing, it was, perhaps, a little conceit, as though he felt that he had done a clever thing in keeping pace with me so long; but I cannot say that he displayed much emotion of any kind. As I came to the fire he walked up to my side, holding his head absurdly far back, though he gave one or two drives or ducks forward with his long neck, as if saluting the company. He then

stood still, rubbed his beak a few times against his legs, and regarded the Kafirs with great contempt, evidently not thinking much of their hymnology. Meanwhile the Kafirs looked at me and also at the crane, which they knew quite well. I tried to mutter that I wanted a light for my pipe, but something in the nervous haste of my manner gave them an inkling of the truth, for they all with one accord rolled over on their backs in agonies of laughter, and I was derided by sets of black toes in ecstasies; and therefore I withdrew with that dignity one of the higher Aryan race can always assume, and sought my hotel, still accompanied by the mimetic crane. When I reached the door of the hotel, I grieve to say that in sudden wrath I shied a stone at the crane, who went off again into the darkness with a hop and a skip of offended pertness and a flourish of his feathers, much as an ancient dame of quality might trot over a muddy street holding up and shaking out her flounces.—*Temple Bar.*

## FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

### CHAPTER LII.

#### CONVERGING COURSES.

##### I.

CHRISTMAS-EVE came, and a party that Boldwood was to give in the evening was the great subject of talk in Weatherbury. It was not that the rarity of Christmas parties in the parish made this one a wonder, but that Boldwood should be the giver. The announcement had had an abnormal and incongruous sound, as if one should hear of croquet-playing in a cathedral aisle, or that some much-respected judge was going upon the stage. That the party was intended to be a truly jovial one, there was no room for doubt. A large bough of mistletoe had been brought from the woods that day, and suspended in the hall of the bachelor's home. Holly and ivy had followed in armfuls. From six that morning till past noon the huge wood fire in the kitchen roared and sparkled at its highest, the kettle, the saucepan, and the three-legged pot appearing in the midst of the flames like Shadrach, Me-

shach, and Abednego; moreover, roasting and basting operations were continually carried on in front of the genial blaze.

As it grew later, the fire was made up in the large long hall into which the staircase descended, and all encumbrances were cleared out for dancing. The log which was to form the back-brand of the evening fire was the uncleft trunk of a tree, so unwieldy that it could be neither brought nor rolled to its place; and accordingly four men were to be observed dragging and heaving it in by chains and levers as the hour of assembly drew near.

In spite of all this, the spirit of revelry was wanting in the atmosphere of the house. Such a thing had never been attempted before by its owner, and it was now done as by a wrench. Intended gaieties would insist upon appearing like solemn grandeurs, the organisation of the whole effort was carried out coldly by hirelings, and a shadow seemed to move about the rooms, saying that the proceedings were unnatural to the place and the lone man who lived therein, and hence not good.



## II.

Bathsheba was at this time in her room, dressing for the event. She had called for candles, and Liddy entered and placed one on each side of her mistress's glass.

"Don't go away, Liddy," said Bathsheba, almost timidly. "I am foolishly agitated—I cannot tell why. I wish I had not been obliged to go to this dance; but there's no escaping now. I have not spoken to Mr. Boldwood since the autumn, when I promised to see him at Christmas on business, but I had no idea there was to be anything of this kind."

"But I would go now," said Liddy, who was going with her; for Boldwood had been indiscriminate in his invitations.

"Yes, I shall make my appearance, of course," said Bathsheba. "But I am the cause of the party, and that upsets me. Don't tell, Liddy."

"O no, ma'am. You the cause of it, ma'am?"

"Yes. I am the reason of the party—I. If it had not been for me, there would never have been one. I can't explain any more—there's no more to be explained. I wish I had never seen Weatherbury."

"That's wicked of you—to wish to be worse off than you are."

"No, Liddy. I have never been free from trouble since I have lived here, and this party is likely to bring me more. Now, fetch my black silk dress, and see how it sits upon me."

"But you will leave off that, surely, ma'am? You have been a widow-lady fourteen months, and ought to brighten up a little on such a night as this."

"Is it necessary? No, I will appear as usual, for if I were to wear any light dress, people would say things about me, and I should seem to be rejoicing when I am solemn all the time. The party doesn't suit me a bit; but never mind, stay and help to finish me off."

## III.

Boldwood was dressing also at this hour. A tailor from Casterbridge was with him, assisting him in the operation of trying on a new coat that had just been brought home.

Never had Boldwood been so fastidious, unreasonable about the fit, and generally difficult to please. The tailor walked round and round him, tugged at the waist,

pulled the sleeve, pressed out the collar, and for the first time in his experience Boldwood was not bored. Times had been when the farmer had exclaimed against all such niceties as childish, but now no philosophic or hasty rebuke whatever was provoked by this man for attaching as much importance to a crease in the coat as to an earthquake in South America. Boldwood at last expressed himself nearly satisfied, and paid the bill, the tailor passing out of the door just as Oak came in to report progress for the day.

"Oh, Oak," said Boldwood; "I shall of course see you here to night. Make yourself merry. I am determined that neither expense nor trouble shall be spared."

"I'll try to be here, sir, though perhaps it may not be very early," said Gabriel, quietly. "I am glad indeed to see such a change in ye from what it used to be."

"Yes—I must own it—I am bright to-night: cheerful and more than cheerful—so much so that I am almost sad again with the sense that all of it is passing away. And sometimes, when I am excessively hopeful and blithe, a trouble is looming in the distance: so that I often get to look upon gloom in me with content, and to fear a happy mood. Still this may be absurd—I feel that it is absurd. Perhaps my day is dawning at last."

"I hope it will be a long and a fair one."

"Thank you—thank you. Yet perhaps my cheerfulness rests on a slender hope. And yet I trust my hope. It is faith, not hope. I think this time I reckon with my host. Oak, my hands are a little shaky, or something; I can't tie this neckerchief properly. Perhaps you will tie it for me. The fact is, I have not been well lately, you know."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

"Oh, it's nothing. I want it done as well as you can, please. Is there any late knot in fashion, Oak?"

"I don't know, sir," said Oak. His tone had sunk to sadness.

Boldwood approached Gabriel, and as Oak tied the neckerchief the farmer went on feverishly—

"Does a woman keep her promise, Gabriel?"

"If it is not inconvenient to her, she may."

"—Or rather an implied promise?"

"I won't answer for her implying," said Oak, with faint bitterness. "That's a word as full o' holes as a sieve with them."

"Oak, don't talk like that. You have got quite cynical lately—how is it? We seem to have shifted our positions: I have become the young and hopeful man, and you the old and unbelieving one. However, does a woman keep a promise, not to marry, but to enter on an engagement to marry at some time? Now you know women better than I—tell me."

"I am afeard you honor my understanding too much. However, she may keep such a promise, if it is made with an honest maning to repair a wrong."

"It has not gone far yet, but I think it will soon—yes, I know it will," he said, in an impulsive whisper. "I have pressed her upon the subject, and she inclines to be kind to me, and to think of me as a husband at a long future time, and that's enough for me. How can I expect more? She has a notion that a widow should not marry within seven years of her husband's death—that her own self shouldn't, I mean—because his body was not found. It may be merely this legal reason which influences her, or it may be a religious one, but she is reluctant to talk on the point. Yet she has promised—implied—that she will ratify an engagement to-night."

"Seven years," murmured Oak.

"No, no—it's no such thing!" he said, with impatience. "Five years, nine months and a few days. Fifteen months nearly have passed since his death, and is there anything so wonderful in an engagement of little more than five years?"

"It seems long in a forward view. Don't build too much upon such promises, sir. Remember, you have once been deceived. Her maning may be good; but there—she's young yet."

"Deceived? Never!" said Boldwood, vehemently. "She never promised me at that first time, and hence she did not break her promise. If she promises me, she'll marry me. Bathsheba is a woman to her word."

#### IV.

Troy was sitting in a small apartment in a small tavern at Casterbridge, smoking and drinking a steaming mixture from a glass. A knock was given at the door, and Pennyways entered.

"Well, have you seen him?" Troy enquired, pointing to a chair.

"Boldwood?"

"No—Lawyer Long."

"He wadn' at home. I went there first, too."

"That's a nuisance."

"'Tis rather, I suppose."

"Yet I don't see that, because a man appears to be drowned and was not, he should be liable for anything. I shan't ask any lawyer—not I."

"But that's not it, exactly. If a man changes his name and so forth, and takes steps to deceive the world and his own wife, he's a cheat, and that in the eye of the law is ayless a rogue, and that is ayless a vagabond; and that's a punishable situation."

"Ha-ha! Well done, Pennyways." Troy had laughed, but it was with some anxiety that he said, "Now what I want to know is this, do you think there's really anything going on between her and Boldwood? Upon my soul, I should never have believed it! How she must detest me. Have you found out whether she has encouraged him?"

"I haen't been able to learn. There's a deal of feeling on his side seemingly, but I don't answer for her. I didn't know a word about any such thing till yesterday, and all I heard then was that she was gwine to the party at his house to-night. This is the first time she has ever gone there, they say. And they say that she've not so much as spoke to him since they were at Greenhill Fair: but what can folk believe o't? However, she's not fond of him—quite offish and quite careless, I know."

"I'm not so sure of that. . . . She's a handsome woman, Pennyways, is she not? Own that you never saw a finer or more splendid creature in your life. Upon my honor when I set eyes upon her that day I wondered what I could have been made of to be able to leave her by herself so long. And then I was hampered with that bothering show, which I'm free of at last, thank the stars." He smoked on awhile, and then added, "How did she look when you passed by yesterday?"

"Oh, she took no great heed of me, ye may well fancy; but she looked well enough, far's as I know. Just flashed her haughty eyes upon my poor scram body, and then let them go past me to what was

yond, much as if I'd been no more than a leafless tree. She had just got off her mare to look at the last wring-down of cider for the year; she had been riding, and so her colors were up and her breath rather quick, so that her bosom plimmed and fell—plimmed and fell—every time plain to my eye. Ay, and there were the fellers round her wringing down the cheese and bustling about and saying, 'Ware o' the pommy, ma'am: 'twill spoil yer gown.' 'Never mind me,' says she. Then Gabe brought her some of the new cider, and she must needs go drinking it through a strawmote, and not in a nateral way at all. 'Liddy,' says she, 'bring in-doors a few gallons, and I'll make some cider-wine.' Sergeant, I was no more to her than a morsel of scroff in the fuel-house."

"I must go and find her out at once—oh, yes, I see that—I must go. Oak is head man still, isn't he?"

"Yes, 'a b'lieve. And at Lower Farm too. He manages everything."

"'Twill puzzle him to manage her, or any other man of his compass."

"I don't know about that. She can't do without him, and knowing it well he's pretty independent. And she've a few soft corners to her mind—though I've never been able to get into one, the devil's in't."

"Ah, Baily, she's a notch above you, and you must own it: a higher class of animal—a finer tissue. However, stick to me, and neither this haughty goddess, dashing piece of womanhood, Juno—wife of mine (Juno was a goddess, you know), nor anybody else shall hurt you. But all this wants looking into, I perceive. What with one thing and another, I see that my work is well cut out for me."

#### V.

"How do I look to-night, Liddy?" said Bathsheba, giving a final adjustment to her dress before leaving the glass.

"I never saw you look so well before. Yes—I'll tell you when you looked like it—that night a year and half ago when you came in so wild-like and scolded us for making remarks about you and Mr. Troy."

"Everybody will think that I am setting myself to captivate Mr. Boldwood, I suppose," she murmured. "At least they'll say so. Can't my hair be brushed down

a little flatter? I dread going—yet I dread the risk of wounding him by staying away."

"Anyhow, ma'am, you can't well be dressed plainer than you are, unless you go in sackcloth at once. 'Tis your excitement is what makes you look so noticeable to-night."

"I don't know what's the matter, I feel wretched at one time and buoyant at another. I wish I could have continued quite alone as I have been for the last year or so, with no hopes and no fears, and no pleasure and no grief."

"Now just suppose Mr. Boldwood should ask you—only just suppose it—to run away with him, what would you do, ma'am?"

"Liddy—none of that," said Bathsheba, gravely. "Mind, I won't hear joking on any such matter. Do you hear?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am. But knowing what rum things we women are, I just said—however I won't speak of it again."

"No marrying for me yet for many a year; if ever, 'twill be for reasons very different from those you think or others will believe. Now get my cloak, for it is time to go."

#### VI.

"Oak," said Boldwood, "before you go I want to mention what has been passing in my mind lately—that little arrangement we made about your share in the farm I mean. That share is small, too small, considering how little I attend to business now, and how much time and thought you give to it. Well, since the world is brightening for me, I want to show my sense of it by increasing your proportion in the partnership. I'll make a memorandum of the arrangement which struck me as likely to be convenient, for I haven't time to talk about it now; and then we'll discuss it at our leisure. My intention is ultimately to retire from the management altogether, and until you can take all the expenditure upon your shoulders, I'll be a sleeping partner in the stock. Then, if I marry her—and I hope—I feel I shall, why—"

"Pray don't speak of it, sir," said Oak, hastily. "We don't know what may happen. So many upsets may befall ye. There's many a slip, as they say—and I would advise you—I know you'll pardon me this once—not to be too sure."

"I know, I know. But the feeling I have about increasing your share is on account of what I know of you. Oak, I have learnt a little about your secret: your interest in her is more than that of a bailiff for an employer. But you have behaved like a man, and I, as a sort of successful rival—successful partly through your goodness of heart—should like definitely to show my sense of your friendship under what must have been a great pain to you."

"Oh, that's not necessary, thank ye," said Oak, hurriedly. "I must get used to such as that; other men have, and so shall I."

Oak then left him. He was uneasy on Boldwood's account, for he saw anew that this constant passion of the farmer made him not the man he once had been.

As Boldwood continued awhile in his room alone—ready and dressed to receive his company—the mood of anxiety about his appearance seemed to pass away, and to be succeeded by a deep solemnity. He looked out of the window, and regarded the dim outline of the trees upon the sky, and the twilight deepening to darkness.

Then he went to a locked closet, and took from a locked drawer therein a small circular case the size of a pill-box, and was about to put it into his pocket. But he lingered to open the cover and take a momentary glance inside. It contained a woman's finger-ring, set all the way round with small diamonds, and from its appearance had evidently been recently purchased. Boldwood's eyes dwelt upon its many sparkles a long time, though that its material aspect concerned him little was plain from his manner and mien, which were those of a mind following out the presumed thread of that jewel's future history.

The noise of wheels at the front of the house became audible. Boldwood closed the box, stowed it away carefully in his pocket, and went out upon the landing. The old man who was his indoor factotum came at the same moment to the foot of the stairs.

"They be coming, sir—lots of 'em—a-foot and a-driving!"

"I was coming down this moment. Those wheels I heard—is it Mrs. Troy?"

"No, sir—'tis not she yet."

A reserved and sombre expression had returned to Boldwood's face again, but it

poorly cloaked his feelings when he pronounced Bathsheba's name; and his feverish anxiety continued to show its existence by a galloping motion of his fingers upon the side of his thigh as he went down the stairs.

## VII.

"How does this cover me?" said Troy to Pennyways. "Nobody would recognise me now, I'm sure."

He was buttoning on a heavy grey overcoat of Noachian cut, with cape and high collar, the latter being erect and rigid, like a girdling wall, and nearly reaching to the verge of a travelling cap which was pulled down over his ears.

Pennyways snuffed the candle, and then looked up and deliberately inspected Troy.

"You've made up your mind to go then?" he said.

"Made up my mind? Yes, of course I have."

"Why not write to her. 'Tis a very queer corner that you have got into, sergeant. You see all these things will come to light if you go back, and they won't sound well at all. Faith, if I was you I'd even bide as you be—a single man of the name of Francis. A good wife is good, but the best wife is not so good as no wife at all. Now that's my outspoke mind, and I've been called a long-headed feller here and there."

"All nonsense!" said Troy, angrily. "There she is with plenty of money, and a house and farm, and horses, and comfort, and here am I living from hand to mouth—a needy adventurer. Besides, it is no use talking now; it is too late, and I am glad of it; I've been seen and recognised here this very afternoon. I should have gone back to her the day after the fair, if it hadn't been for you talking about the law, and rubbish about getting a separation; and I don't put it off any longer. What the deuce put it into my head to run away at all, I can't think. Humbugging sentiment—that's what it was. But what man on earth was to know that his wife would be in such a hurry to get rid of his name!"

"I should have known it. She's bad enough for anything."

"Pennyways, mind who you are talking to."

"Well, sergeant, all I say is this, that if I were you I'd go abroad again where I



came from—'t isn't too late to do it now. I wouldn't stir up the business and get a bad name for the sake of living with her—for all that about your play-acting is sure to come out, you know, although you think otherwise. My eyes and limbs, there'll be a racket if you go back just now—in the middle of Boldwood's Christmas!"

"H'm, yes. I expect I shall not be a very welcome guest if he has her there," said the sergeant, with a slight laugh. "A sort of Alonzo the Brave; and when I go in the guests will sit in silence and fear, and all laughter and pleasure will be hushed, and the lights in the chamber burn blue, and the worms—Ugh, horrible!—Ring for some more brandy, Pennyways, I felt an awful shudder just then. Well, what is there besides? A stick—I must have a walking-stick."

Pennyways now felt himself to be in something of a difficulty, for should Bathsheba and Troy become reconciled it would be necessary to regain her good opinion if he would secure the patronage of her husband. "I sometimes think she likes ye yet, and is a good woman at bottom," he said, as a saving sentence. "But there's no telling to a certainty from a body's outside. Well, you'll do as you like about going, of course, sergeant, and as for me, I'll do as you tell me."

"Now, let me see what the time is," said Troy, after emptying his glass in one draught as he stood. "Half-past six o'clock. I shall not hurry along the road, and shall be there then before nine."

#### CHAPTER LIII.

##### CONCURRITUR: HORE MOMENTO.

OUTSIDE the front of Boldwood's house a group of men stood in the dark, with their faces towards the door, which occasionally opened and closed for the passage of some guest or servant, when a golden rod of light would stripe the ground for the moment and vanish again, leaving nothing outside but the glowworm shine of the pale lamp amid the evergreens over the door.

"He was seen in Casterbridge this afternoon—so the boy said," one of them remarked in a whisper. "And I for one believe it. His body was never found, you know."

"'Tis a strange story," said the next.

"You may depend upon't that she knows nothing about it."

"Not a word."

"Perhaps he don't mean that she shall," said another man.

"If he's alive and here in the neighborhood, he means mischief," said the first. "Poor young thing: I do pity her, if 'tis true. He'll drag her to the dogs."

"Oh, no; he'll settle down quiet enough," said one disposed to take a more hopeful view of the case.

"What a fool she must have been ever to have had anything to do with the man! She is so self-willed and independent too, that one is more minded to say it serves her right than pity her."

"No, no! I don't hold with ye there. She was no otherwise than a girl mind, and how could she tell what the man was made of. If 'tis really true, 'tis too hard a punishment, and more than she ought to hae.—Hullo, who's that?" This was to some footsteps that were heard approaching.

"William Smallbury," said a dim figure in the shades, coming up and joining them. "Dark as a hedge to-night, isn't it. I all but missed the plank over the river ath'art there in the bottom—never did such a thing before in my life. Be ye any of Boldwood's workfolk?" He peered into their faces.

"Yes—all o' us. We met here a few minutes ago."

"Oh, I hear now—that's Sam Samway: thought I knowed the voice, too. Going in?"

"Presently. But I say, William," Samway whispered, "have ye heard this strange tale?"

"What—that about Sergeant Troy being seen, d'ye mean, souls?" said Smallbury, also lowering his voice.

"Ay: in Casterbridge."

"Yes, I have. Laban Tall named a hint of it to me, but now—but I don't think it. Hark, here Laban comes himself, 'a b'lieve." A footstep drew near.

"Laban?"

"Yes, 'tis I," said Tall.

"Have ye heard any more about that?"

"No," said Tall, joining the group. "And I'm inclined to think we'd better keep quiet. If so be 'tis not true, 'twill flurry her, and do her much harm to repeat it; and if so be 'tis true, 'twill do no good to forestall her time o' trouble."

God send that it may be a lie, for though Henery Fray and some of 'em do speak against her, she's never been anything but fair to me. She's hot and hasty, but she's a brave girl who'll never tell a lie however much the truth may harm her, and I've no cause to wish her evil."

"She never do tell women's little lies, that's true; and 'tis a thing that can be said of very few. Ay, all the harm she thinks she says to yer face: there's nothing underhand wi' her."

They stood silent then, every man busied with his own thoughts, during which interval sounds of merriment could be heard within. Then the front door again opened, the rays streamed out, the well-known form of Boldwood was seen in the rectangular area of light, the door closed, and Boldwood walked slowly down the path.

"'Tis master," one of the men whispered, as he neared them. "We'd better stand quiet—he'll go in again directly. He would think it unseemly o' us to be loitering here."

Boldwood came on, and passed by the men without seeing them, they being under the bushes on the grass. He paused, leant over the gate, and breathed a long breath. They heard low words come from him.

"I hope to God she'll come, or this night will be nothing but misery to me. O my darling, my darling, why do you keep me in suspense like this!"

He said this to himself, and they all distinctly heard it. Boldwood remained silent after that, and the noise from indoors was again just audible, until, a few minutes later, light wheels could be distinguished coming down the hill. They drew nearer, and ceased at the gate. Boldwood hastened back to the door, and opened it; and the light shone upon Bathsheba coming up the path.

Boldwood compressed his emotion to mere welcome: the men marked her light laugh and apology as she met him: he took her into the house; and the door closed again.

"Gracious heaven, I didn't know it was like that with him!" said one of the men. "I thought that fancy of his was over long ago."

"You don't know much of master, if you thought that," said Samway.

"I wouldn't he should know we heard

what 'a said for the world," remarked a third.

"I wish we had told of the report at once," the first uneasily continued. "More harm may come of this than we know of. Poor Mr. Boldwood, it will be hard upon en. I wish Troy was in ——. Well, God forgive me for such a wish! A scoundrel to play a poor wife such tricks. Nothing has prospered in Weatherbury since he came here. And now I've no heart to go in. Let's look into Warren's, shall us, neighbors?"

Samway, Tall, and Smallbury agreed to go, and went out at the gate, the remaining ones entering the house. The three soon drew near the malt-house, approaching it from the adjoining orchard, and not by way of the street. The pane of glass was illuminated as usual. Smallbury was a little in advance of the rest, when, pausing, he turned suddenly to his companions and said, "Hist! See there."

The light from the pane was now perceived to be shining not upon the ivied wall as usual, but upon some object close to the glass. It was a human face.

"Let's come closer," whispered Samway; and they approached on tiptoe. There was no disbelieving the report any longer. Troy's face was almost close to the pane, and he was looking in. Not only was he looking in, but he appeared to have been arrested by a conversation which was in progress in the malt-house, the voices of the interlocutors being those of Oak and the maltster.

"The spree is all in her honor, isn't it —hey?" said the old man. "Although he made believe 'tis only keeping up o' Christmas."

"I cannot say," replied Oak.

"Oh, 'tis true enough, faith. I can't understand Farmer Boldwood being such a fool at his time of life as to ho and hanker after thik woman in the way 'a do, and she not care a bit about en."

The men, after recognising Troy's features, withdrew across the orchard as quietly as they had come. The air was big with Bathsheba's fortunes to-night: every word everywhere concerned her. When they were quite out of earshot, all by one instinct paused.

"It gave me quite a turn—his face," said Tall, breathing.

"And so it did me," said Samway. "What's to be done?"

"I don't see that 'tis any business of ours," Smallbury murmured dubiously.

"Oh! yes. 'Tis a thing which is every body's business," said Samway. "We know very well that master's on a wrong tack, and that she's quite in the dark, and we should let 'em know at once. Laban, you know her best—you'd better go and ask to speak to her."

"I baint fit for any such thing," said Laban nervously. "I should think William ought to do it if anybody. He's oldest."

"I shall have nothing to do with it," said Smallbury. "'Tis a ticklish business altogether. Why, he'll go on to her himself in a few minutes, ye'll see."

"We don't know that he will. Come, Laban."

"Very well, if I must I must, I suppose," Tall reluctantly answered. "What must I say?"

"Just ask to see master."

"Oh! no; I shan't speak to Mr. Boldwood. If I tell anybody, 'twill be mistress."

"Very well," said Samway.

Laban then went to the door. When he opened it the hum of bustle rolled out as a wave upon a still strand—the assemblage being immediately inside in the hall—and was deadened to a murmur as he closed it again. Each man waited intently, and looked around at the dark tree-tops gently rocking against the sky and occasionally shivering in a slight wind, as if he took interest in the scene, which neither did. One of them began walking up and down, and then came to where he started from and stopped again, with a sense that walking was a thing not worth doing now.

"I should think Laban must have seen mistress by this time," said Smallbury, breaking the silence. "Perhaps she won't come and speak to him."

The door opened. Tall appeared, and joined them.

"Well?" said both.

"I didn't like to ask for her after all," Laban faltered out. "They were all in such a stir, trying to put a little spirit into the party. Somehow the fun seems to hang fire, though everything's there that a heart can desire, and I couldn't for my soul interfere and throw damp upon it—if 'twas to save my life, I couldn't!"

"I suppose we had better all go in to-

gether," said Samway gloomily. "Perhaps I may have a chance of saying a word to master."

So the men entered the hall, which was the room selected and arranged for the gathering because of its size. The younger men and maids were at last just beginning a dance. Bathsheba had been perplexed how to act, for she was not much more than a slim young maid herself, and the weight of stateliness sat heavy upon her. Sometimes she thought she ought not to have come under any circumstances; then she considered what cold unkindness that would have been, and finally resolved upon the middle course of staying for about an hour only, and gliding off unobserved, having from the first made up her mind that she could on no account dance, sing, or take any active part in the proceedings.

Her allotted hour having been passed in chatting and looking on, Bathsheba told Liddy not to hurry herself, and went to the small parlor to prepare for departure, which, like the hall, was decorated with holly and ivy, and well lighted up.

Nobody was in the room, but she had hardly been there a moment when the master of the house entered.

"Mrs. Troy—you are not going?" he said. "We've hardly begun."

"If you'll excuse me, I should like to go now." Her manner was restive, for she remembered her promise, and imagined what he was about to say. "But as it is not late," she added, "I can walk home, and leave my man and Liddy to come when they choose."

"I've been trying to get an opportunity of speaking to you," said Boldwood. "You know perhaps what I long to say?"

Bathsheba silently looked on the floor.

"You do give it?" he said, eagerly.

"What?" she whispered.

"Now, that's evasion! Why, the promise. I don't want to intrude upon you at all, or to let it become known to anybody. But do give your word! A mere business compact, you know, between two people who are beyond the influence of passion." Boldwood knew how false this picture was as regarded himself; but he had proved that it was the only tone in which she would allow him to approach her. "A promise to marry me at the end of five years and three-quarters. You owe it to me!"

"I feel that I do," said Bathsheba; "that is, if you demand it. But I am a changed woman—an unhappy woman—and not—not—"

"You are still a very beautiful woman," said Boldwood. Honesty and pure conviction suggested the remark, unaccompanied by any perception that it might have been adopted by blunt flattery to soothe and win her.

However, it had not much effect now, for she said, in a passionless murmur which was in itself a proof of her words: "I have no feeling in the matter at all. And I don't at all know what is right to do in my difficult position, and I have nobody to advise me. But I give my promise, if I must. I give it as the rendering of a debt."

"You'll marry me between five and six years hence."

"Don't press me too hard. I'll marry nobody else."

"But surely you will name the time, or there's nothing in the promise at all."

"Oh, I don't know, pray let me go!" she said, her bosom beginning to rise. "I am afraid what to do! I want to be just to you, and to be that seems to be wronging myself, and perhaps it is breaking the commandments. There is a shadow of a doubt of his death, and then it is dreadful; let me ask a solicitor, Mr. Boldwood, if I ought or no!"

"Say the words, dear one, and the subject shall be dismissed; a blissful loving intimacy of six years, and then marriage—O Bathsheba, say them!" he begged in a husky voice, unable to sustain the forms of a mere friendship any longer. "Promise yourself to me; I deserve it, indeed, I do, for I have loved you more than anybody in the world. And if I said hasty words and showed uncalled-for heat of manner towards you, believe me, dear, I did not mean to distress you; I was in agony, Bathsheba, and I did not know what I said. You wouldn't let a dog suffer what I have suffered, could you but know it! Sometimes I shrink from your knowing what I have felt for you, and sometimes I am distressed that all of it you never will know. Be gracious, and give up a little to me, when I would give up my life for you!"

The trimmings of her dress, as they quivered against the light, showed how agitated she was, and at last she burst out

crying. "And you'll not—press me—about anything more—if I say in five or six years?" she sobbed, when she had power to frame the words.

"Yes, then—I'll leave it to time."

She waited a moment. "Very well. I'll marry you in six years from this day, if we both live," she said solemnly.

"And you'll take this as a token from me?"

Boldwood had come close to her side, and now he clasped one of her hands in both his own, and lifted it to his breast.

"What is it? Oh, I cannot wear a ring!" she exclaimed, on seeing what he held; "besides, I wouldn't have a soul know that it's an engagement. Perhaps it is improper. Besides, we are not engaged in the usual sense, are we? Don't insist, Mr. Boldwood—don't!" In her trouble at not being able to get her hand away from him at once, she stamped passionately on the floor with one foot, and tears crowded to her eyes again.

"It means simply a pledge—no sentiment—the seal of a practical compact," he said more quietly, but still retaining her hand in his firm grasp. "Come, now!" And Boldwood slipped the ring on her finger.

"I cannot wear it," she said, weeping as if her heart would break. "You frighten me, almost. So wild a scheme! Please let me go home!"

"Only to-night: wear it just to-night, to please me."

Bathsheba sat down in a chair, and buried her face in her handkerchief, though Boldwood kept her hand yet. At length she said, in a sort of hopeless whisper,—

"Very well, then, I will to-night, if you wish it so earnestly. Now loosen my hand; I will, indeed I will wear it to-night."

"And it shall be the beginning of a pleasant secret courtship of six years, with a wedding at the end?"

"It must be, I suppose, since you will have it so!" she said, fairly beaten into non-resistance.

Boldwood pressed her hand, and allowed it to drop in her lap. "I am happy now," he said. "God bless you!"

He left the room, and when he thought she might be sufficiently composed sent one of the maids to her. Bathsheba cloaked the effects of the late scene as she best could, followed the girl, and in a few



moments came downstairs with her hat and cloak on, ready to go. To get to the door it was necessary to pass through the hall, and before doing so she paused on the bottom of the staircase which descended into one corner, to take a last look at the gathering.

There was no music or dancing in progress just now. At the lower end, which had been arranged for the workfolk specially, a group conversed in whispers, and with clouded looks. Boldwood was standing by the fireplace, and he, too, though so absorbed in visions arising from her promise that he scarcely saw anything, seemed at that moment to have observed their peculiar manner and their looks askance.

"What is it you are in doubt about, men?" he said.

One of them turned and replied un- easily: "It was something Laban heard of, that's all, sir."

"News? Anybody married or engaged, born or dead?" enquired the farmer, gaily. "Tell it to us, Tall. One would think from your looks and mysterious ways that it was something very dreadful indeed."

"O, no, sir, nobody is dead," said Tall.

"I wish somebody was," said Samway, in a whisper.

"What do you say, Samway?" asked Boldwood, somewhat sharply. "If you have anything to say, speak out; if not, get up another dance."

"Mrs. Troy has come downstairs," said Samway to Tall. "If you want to tell her, you had better do it now."

"Do you know what they mean?" the farmer asked Bathsheba across the room.

"I don't in the least," said Bathsheba.

There was a smart rapping at the door. One of the men opened it instantly, and went outside.

"Mrs. Troy is wanted," he said, on returning.

"Quite ready," said Bathsheba. "Though I didn't tell them to send."

"It is a stranger, ma'am," said the man by the door.

"A stranger?" she said.

"Ask him to come in," said Boldwood.

The message was given, and Troy, wrapped up to his eyes as we have seen him, stood in the doorway.

There was an unearthly silence, all looking towards the new-comer. Those who had just learnt that he was in the neighborhood recognised him instantly; those who did not, were perplexed. Nobody noted Bathsheba. She was leaning on the stairs. Her brow had heavily contracted; her whole face was pallid, her lips apart, her eyes rigidly staring at their visitor.

Boldwood was among those who did not notice that he was Troy. "Come in, come in!" he repeated, cheerfully, "and drain a Christmas beaker with us, stranger!"

Troy next advanced into the middle of the room, took off his cap, turned down his coat collar, and looked Boldwood in the face. Even then Boldwood did not recognise that the impersonator of Heaven's persistent irony towards him, who had once before broken in upon his bliss, scourged him, and snatched his delight away, had come to do these things a second time. Troy began to laugh a mechanical laugh: Boldwood recognised him now.

Troy turned to Bathsheba. The poor girl's wretchedness at this time was beyond all fancy or narration. She had sunk down on the lowest stair; and there she sat, her mouth blue and dry, and her dark eyes fixed vacantly upon him, as if she wondered whether it were not all a terrible illusion.

Then Troy spoke. "Bathsheba, I come here for you!"

She made no reply.

"Come home with me: come!"

Bathsheba moved her feet a little, but did not rise. Troy went across to her.

"Come, madam, do you hear what I say?" he said, peremptorily.

A strange voice came from the fireplace—a voice sounding far off and confined, as if from a dungeon. Hardly a soul in the assembly recognised the thin tones to be those of Boldwood. Sudden despair had transformed him.

"Bathsheba, go with your husband!"

Nevertheless, she did not move. The truth was that Bathsheba was beyond the pale of activity—and yet not in a swoon. She was in a state of mental *gutta serena*; her mind was for the minute totally deprived of light at the same time that no obscurity was apparent from without.

Troy stretched out his hand to pull her towards him, when she quickly shrank back. This visible dread of him seemed to irritate Troy, and he seized her arm and pulled it sharply. Whether his grasp pinched her, or whether his mere touch was the cause, was never known, but at the moment of his seizure she writhed, and gave a quick, low scream.

The scream had been heard but a few seconds when it was followed by a sudden deafening report that echoed through the room and stupefied them all. The oak partition shook with the concussion, and the place was filled with grey smoke.

In bewilderment they turned their eyes to Boldwood. At his back, as he stood before the fireplace, was a gun-rack, as is usual in farm-houses, constructed to hold two guns. When Bathsheba had cried out in her husband's grasp Boldwood's face of gnashing despair had changed. The veins had swollen, and a frenzied look had gleamed in his eye. He had turned quickly, taken one of the guns, cocked it, and at once discharged it at Troy.

Troy fell. The distance apart of the two men was so small that the charge of shot did not spread in the least, but passed like a bullet into his body. He uttered a long guttural sigh—there was a contraction—an extension—then his muscles relaxed, and he lay still.

Boldwood was seen through the smoke to be now again engaged with the gun. It was double-barrelled, and he had, meanwhile, in some way fastened his handkerchief to the trigger, and with his foot on the other end was in the act of turning the second barrel upon himself. Samway, his man, was the first to see this, and in the midst of the general horror darted up to him. Boldwood had already twitched the handkerchief, and the gun exploded a second time, sending its contents, by a timely blow from Samway, into the beam which crossed the ceiling.

"Well, it makes no difference," Boldwood gasped. "There is another way for me to die."

Then he broke from Samway, crossed the room to Bathsheba, and kissed her hand. He put on his hat, opened the door, and went into the darkness, nobody thinking of preventing him.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## AFTER THE SHOCK.

BOLDWOOD passed into the high road, and turned in the direction of Casterbridge. Here he walked at an even, steady pace by Buck's Head, along the dead level beyond, mounted Casterbridge Hill, and between eleven and twelve o'clock descended into the town. The streets were nearly deserted now, and the waving lamp-flames only lighted up rows of grey shop-shutters, and strips of white paving upon which his step echoed as he passed along. He turned to the left, and halted before an archway of old brown brick, which was closed by an iron-studded pair of doors. This was the entrance to the gaol, and over it a lamp was fixed, the light enabling the wretched traveller to find a bell-pull.

The small wicket at last opened, and a porter appeared. Boldwood stepped forward, and said something in a low tone, when, after a delay, another man came. Boldwood entered, and the door was closed behind him, and he walked the world no more.

Long before this time Weatherbury had been thoroughly aroused, and the wild deed which had terminated Boldwood's merry-making became known to all. Of those out of the house Oak was one of the first to hear of the catastrophe, and when he entered the room, which was about five minutes after Boldwood's exit, the scene was terrible. All the female guests were huddled aghast against the wall like sheep in a storm, and the men were bewildered as to what to do. As for Bathsheba, she had changed. She was sitting on the floor beside the body of Troy, his head pillowed in her lap, where she had herself lifted it. With one hand she held her handkerchief to his breast and covered the wound, though scarcely a single drop of blood had flowed, and with the other she tightly clasped one of his. The household convulsion had made her herself again. The temporary coma had ceased, and activity had come with the necessity for it. Deeds of endurance, which seem ordinary in philosophy, are rare in conduct, and Bathsheba was astonishing all around her now, for her philosophy was her conduct, and she seldom thought practicable what she did not practise. She was of the stuff of

which great men's mothers are made. She was indispensable to high generation, feared at tea parties, hated in shops, and loved at crises. Troy in his recumbent wife's lap formed now the sole spectacle in the middle of the spacious room.

"Gabriel," she said, automatically, when he entered, turning up a face of which only the well-known lines remained to tell him it was hers, all else in the picture having faded quite. "Ride to Casterbridge instantly for a surgeon. It is, I believe, useless, but go. Mr. Boldwood has shot my husband."

Her statement of the fact in such quiet and simple words came with more force than a tragic declamation, and had somewhat the effect of setting the distorted images in each mind present into proper focus. Oak, almost before he had comprehended anything beyond the briefest abstract of the event, hurried out of the room, saddled a horse and rode away. Not till he had ridden more than a mile did it occur to him that he would have done better by sending some other man on this errand, remaining himself in the house. What had become of Boldwood? He should have been looked after. Was he mad—had there been a quarrel? Then how had Troy got here? Where had he come from? How did this remarkable reappearance come to pass when he was supposed to be at the bottom of the sea? Oak had in some slight measure been prepared for the presence of Troy by hearing a rumor of his return just before entering Boldwood's house, but before he had weighed that information, this fatal event had been superimposed. However, it was too late now to think of sending another messenger, and he rode on, in the excitement of these self-inquiries not discerning, when about three miles from Casterbridge, a square-figured pedestrian passing along under the dark hedge in the same direction as his own.

The miles necessary to be traversed, and other hindrances incidental to the lateness of the hour and the darkness of the night, delayed the arrival of Mr. Granthead, the surgeon; and more than three hours passed between the time at which the shot was fired and that of his entering the house. Oak was additionally detained in Casterbridge through having to give notice to the authorities of what had happened; and he then found that Boldwood

had also entered the town, and delivered himself up.

In the meantime the surgeon, having hastened into the hall at Boldwood's, found it in darkness and quite deserted. He went on to the back of the house, where he discovered in the kitchen an old man, of whom he made inquiries.

"She's had him took away to her own house, sir," said the informant.

"Who has?" said the doctor.

"Mrs. Troy. 'A was quite dead, sir."

This was astonishing information. "She had no right to do that," said the doctor. "There will have to be an inquest, and she should have waited to know what to do."

"Yes, sir; it was hinted to her that she had better wait till the law was known. But she said law was nothing to her, and she wouldn't let her dear husband's corpse bide neglected for folks to stare at for all the crowners in England."

Mr. Granthead drove at once back again up the hill to Bathsheba's. The first person he met was poor Liddy, who seemed literally to have dwindled smaller in these few latter hours. "What has been done?" he said.

"I don't know, sir," said Liddy, with suspended breath. "My mistress has done it all."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs with him, sir. When he was brought home and taken upstairs, she said she wanted no further help from the men. And then she called me, and made me fill the bath, and after that told me I had better go and lie down because I looked so ill. Then she locked herself into the room alone with him, and would not let a nurse come in, or anybody at all. But I thought I'd wait in the next room in case she should want me. I heard her moving about inside for more than an hour, but she only came out once, and that was for more candles, because hers had burnt down into the socket. She said we were to let her know when you or Mr. Thirdly came, sir."

Oak entered with the parson at this moment, and they all went upstairs together, preceded by Liddy Smallbury. Everything was silent as the grave when they paused on the landing. Liddy knocked, and Bathsheba's dress was heard rustling across the room: the key turned in the lock, and she opened the door. Her looks

were calm and nearly rigid, like a slightly animated bust of Melpomene.

"Oh, Mr. Granthead, you have come at last," she murmured from her lips merely, and threw back the door. "Ah, and Mr. Thirdly. Well, all is done, and anybody in the world may see him now." She then passed by him, crossed the landing, and entered another room.

Looking into the chamber of death she had vacated they saw by the light of the candles which were on the drawers a tall straight shape lying at the further end of the bedroom, wrapped in white. Everything around was quite orderly. The doctor went in, and after a few minutes returned to the landing again, where Oak and the parson still waited.

"It is all done, indeed, as she says," remarked Mr. Granthead, in a subdued voice. "The body has been undressed and properly laid out in graveclothes. Gracious heaven—this mere girl! She must have the nerve of a stoic!"

"The heart of a wife merely," floated in a whisper about the ears of the three, and turning they saw Bathsheba in the midst of them. Then as if at that instant to prove that her fortitude had been more of will than of spontaneity, she silently sank down between them and was a shapeless heap of drapery on the floor. The simple consciousness that superhuman strain was no longer required had at once put a period to her power to continue it.

They took her away into a further room, and the medical attendance which had been useless in Troy's case was invaluable in Bathsheba's, who fell into a series of fainting-fits that had a serious aspect for a time. The sufferer was got to bed, and Oak, finding from the bulletins that nothing really dreadful was to be apprehended on her score, left the house. Liddy kept watch in Bathsheba's chamber, where she heard her mistress, moaning in whispers through the dull slow hours of that wretched night: "Oh, it is my fault—how can I live! O heaven, how can I live!"

#### CHAPTER LV.

#### THE MARCH FOLLOWING: "BATHSHEBA BOLDWOOD."

WE pass rapidly on into the month of March, to a breezy day without sunshine, frost or dew. On Yalbury Hill, about midway between Weatherbury and Caster-

bridge, where the turnpike road passes over the crest, a numerous concourse of people had gathered, the eyes of the greater number being frequently stretched afar in a northerly direction. The groups consisted of a throng of idlers, a party of javelin-men, and two trumpeters, and in the midst were carriages, one of which contained the high sheriff. With the idlers, many of whom had mounted to the top of a cutting formed for the road, were several Weatherbury men and boys—among others Poorgrass, Coggan, and Cain Ball.

At the end of half an hour a faint dust was seen in the expected quarter, and shortly after a travelling-carriage bringing one of the two judges on that circuit came up the hill and halted on the top. The judge changed carriages whilst a flourish was blown by the big-cheeked trumpeters, and a procession being formed of the vehicles and javelin-men, they all proceeded towards the town, excepting the Weatherbury men, who as soon as they had seen the judge move off returned home again to their work.

"Joseph, I seed you squeezing close to the carriage," said Coggan, as they walked. "Did ye notice my lord judge's face?"

"I did," said Poorgrass. "I looked hard at en, as if I would read his very soul; and there was mercy in his eyes—or to speak with the exact truth required of us at this solemn time, in the eye that was towards me."

"Well, I hope for the best," said Coggan, "though bad that must be. However, I shan't go to the trial, and I'd advise the rest of ye that baint wanted to bide away. 'Twill disturb his mind more than anything to see us there staring at him as if he were a show."

"The very thing I said this morning," observed Joseph. "'Justice is come to weigh him in the balance,' I said in my reflective way, 'and if he's found wanting so be it unto him,' and a bystander said 'Hear, hear! A man who can talk like that ought to be heard.' But I don't like dwelling upon it, for my few words are my few words, and not much; though the speech of some men is rumored abroad as though by nature formed for such."

"So 'tis, Joseph. And now, neighbors, as I said, every man bide at home."

The resolution was adhered to; and all



waited anxiously for the news next day. Their suspense was diverted, however, by a discovery which was made in the afternoon, throwing more light on Boldwood's conduct and condition than any details which had preceded it.

That he had been from the time of Greenhill Fair until the fatal Christmas Eve in excited and unusual moods was known to those who had been intimate with him; but nobody imagined that there had been shown unequivocal symptoms of the mental derangement which Bathsheba and Troy, alone of all others and at different times, had momentarily suspected. In a locked closet was now discovered an extraordinary collection of articles. There were several sets of ladies' dresses in the piece, of sundry expensive materials; silks and satins, poplins and velvets, all of colors which from Bathsheba's style of dress might have been judged to be her favorites. There were two muffs, sable and ermine. Above all there was a case of jewellery, containing four heavy gold bracelets and several locketts and rings, all of fine quality and manufacture. These things had been bought in Bath and other towns from time to time, and brought home by stealth. They were all carefully packed in paper, and each package was labelled "Bathsheba Boldwood," a date being subjoined six years in advance in every instance.

These somewhat pathetic evidences of a mind crazed with care and love were the subject of discourse in Warren's malthouse when Oak entered from Casterbridge with tidings of the sentence. He came in the afternoon, and his face, as the kiln glow shone upon it, told the tale sufficiently well. Boldwood, as everyone supposed he would do, had pleaded guilty, and had been sentenced to death.

The conviction that Boldwood had not been morally responsible for his later acts now became general. Facts elicited previous to the trial had pointed strongly in the same direction, but they had not been of sufficient weight to lead to an order for an examination into the state of Boldwood's mind. It was astonishing, now that a presumption of insanity was raised, how many collateral circumstances were remembered to which a condition of mental disease seemed to afford the only explanation—among others, the unprecedented

neglect of his corn-stacks in the previous summer.

A petition was addressed to the Home Secretary, advancing the circumstances which appeared to justify a request for a reconsideration of the sentence. It was not "numerously signed" by the inhabitants of Casterbridge, as is usual in such cases, for Boldwood had never made many friends over the counter. The shops thought it very natural that a man who, by importing direct from the producer, had daringly set aside the first great principle of provincial existence, namely, that God made country villages to supply customers to country towns, should have confused ideas about the second, the Decalogue. The prompters were a few merciful men who had perhaps too feelingly considered the facts latterly unearthed, and the result was that evidence was taken which it was hoped might remove the crime, in a moral point of view, out of the category of wilful murder, and lead it to be regarded as a sheer outcome of madness.

The upshot of the petition was waited for in Weatherbury with solicitous interest. The execution had been fixed for eight o'clock on a Saturday morning about a fortnight after the sentence was passed, and up to Friday afternoon no answer had been received. At that time Gabriel came from Casterbridge Gaol, whither he had been to wish Boldwood good-bye, and turned up a by-street to avoid the town. When past the last house he heard a hammering, and lifting his bowed head he looked back for a moment. Over the chimneys he could see the upper part of the gaol entrance, rich and glowing in the afternoon sun, and some moving figures were there. They were carpenters lifting a post into a vertical position within the parapet. He withdrew his eyes quickly, and hastened on.

It was dark when he reached home, and half the village was out to meet him.

"No tidings," Gabriel said, wearily. "And I'm afraid there's no hope. I've been with him more than two hours."

"Do ye think he *really* was out of his mind when he did it?" said Smallbury.

"I can't honestly say that I do," Oak replied. "However, that we can talk of another time. Has there been any change in mistress this afternoon?"

"None at all."

"Is she downstairs?"

"No. And getting on so nicely as she was too. She's but very little better now again than she was a-Christmas. She keeps on asking if you be come, and if there's news, till one's wearied out wi' answering her. Shall I go and say you've come?"

"No," said Oak. "There's a chance yet; but I couldn't stay in town any longer—after seeing him too. So Laban—Laban is here, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Tall.

"What I arranged is, that you shall ride to town the last thing to-night; leave here about nine, and wait a while there, getting home about twelve. If nothing has been received by eleven to-night, they say there's no chance at all."

"I do so hope his life will be spared," said Liddy. "If it is not, she'll go out of her mind too. Poor thing; her sufferings have been dreadful; she deserves anybody's pity."

"Is she altered much?" said Coggan.

"If you haven't seen poor mistress since Christmas, you wouldn't know her," said Liddy. "Her eyes are so miserable that she's not the same woman. Only two years ago she was a romping girl, and now she's this!"

Laban departed as directed, and at eleven o'clock that night several of the villagers strolled along the road to Casterbridge and awaited his arrival—among them Oak, and nearly all the rest of Bathsheba's men. Gabriel's anxiety was great that Boldwood might be saved even though in his conscience he felt that he ought to die; for there had been qualities in the farmer which Oak loved. At last, when they all were weary, the tramp of a horse was heard in the distance:

First dead, as if on turf it trode,  
Then, clattering, on the village road  
In other pace than forth he yode.

"We shall soon know now, one way or other," said Coggan, and they all stepped down from the bank on which they had been standing into the road, and the rider pranced into the midst of them.

"Is that you, Laban?" said Gabriel.

"Yes—'tis come. He's not to die. 'Tis confinement during her Majesty's pleasure."

"Hurrah!" said Coggan, with a swelling heart. "God's above the devil yet!"

#### CHAPTER LVI.

#### BEAUTY IN LONELINESS: AFTER ALL.

BATHSHEBA revived with the spring. The utter prostration that had followed the low fever from which she had suffered diminished perceptibly when all uncertainty upon every subject had come to an end.

But she remained alone now for the greater part of her time, and stayed in the house or at furthest went into the garden. She shunned every one, even Liddy, and could be brought to make no confidences, and to ask for no sympathy.

As the summer drew on she passed more of her time in the open air, and began to examine into farming matters from sheer necessity, though she never rode out or personally superintended as at former times. One Friday evening in August she walked a little way along the road and entered the orchard for the first time since the sombre event of the preceding Christmas. None of the old color had as yet come to her cheek, and its absolute paleness was heightened by the jet black of her dress till it appeared preternatural. When she reached the gate at the other end of the orchard, which opened nearly opposite to the churchyard, Bathsheba heard singing inside the church, and she knew that the singers were practising. She opened the gate, crossed the road and entered the graveyard, the high sills of the church effectually screening her from the eyes of those gathered within. Her stealthy walk was to the nook wherein Troy had worked at planting flowers upon Fanny Robin's grave, and she came to the marble tombstone.

A motion of satisfaction enlivened her face as she read the complete inscription. First came the words of Troy himself:

ERECTED BY FRANCIS TROY  
IN MEMORY OF  
FANNY ROBIN,  
WHO DIED OCTOBER 9TH, 18—,  
AGED 20 YEARS.

Underneath this was now inscribed in new letters:

IN THE SAME GRAVE LIE  
THE REMAINS OF THE AFORESAID  
FRANCIS TROY,  
WHO DIED DECEMBER 24TH, 18—,  
AGED 26 YEARS.

Whilst she stood and read and meditated the tones of the organ began again in the church, and she went with the same light step round to the porch and listened. The door was closed, and the choir was learning a new hymn. Bathsheba was stirred by emotions which latterly she had assumed to be altogether dead within her. The little attenuated voices of the children brought to her ear in distinct utterance the words they sang without thought or comprehension :

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom

Lead Thou me on."

Bathsheba's feeling was always to some extent dependent upon her whim, as is the case with many other women. Something big came into her throat and an uprising to her eyes—and she thought that she would allow the imminent tears to flow if they wished. They did flow and plentifully, and one fell upon the stone bench beside her. Once that she had begun to cry for she hardly knew what, she could not leave off for crowding thoughts she knew too well. She would have given anything in the world to be, as those children were, unconcerned at the meaning of their words, because too innocent to feel the necessity for any such expression. All the impassioned scenes of her brief experience seemed to revive with added emotion at that moment, and those scenes which had been without emotion during enactment had emotion then. Yet grief came to her rather as a luxury than as a scourge of former times.

Owing to Bathsheba's face being buried in her hand, she did not notice a form which came quietly into the porch, and on seeing her first moved as if to retreat, then paused and regarded her. Bathsheba did not raise her head for some time, and when she looked round her face was wet, and her eyes drowned and dim. "Mr. Oak," exclaimed she, disconcerted, "how long have you been here?"

"A few minutes, ma'am," said Oak, respectfully.

"Are you going in?" said Bathsheba; and there came from within the church as from a prompter :

"I loved the garish day ; and spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past  
years."

"I was," said Gabriel. "I am one of the bass singers, you know. I have sung bass for several months."

"Indeed : I wasn't aware of that. I'll leave you then."

"Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile,"

sang the children.

"Don't let me drive you away, mistress. I think I won't go in to-night."

"O no—you don't drive me away."

Then they stood in a state of some embarrassment, Bathsheba trying to wipe her dreadfully drenched and inflamed face without his noticing her. At length Oak said, "I've not seen you—I mean spoken to you—since ever so long, have I?" But he feared to bring distressing memories back, and interrupted himself with : "Were you going into church?"

"No," she said. "I came to see the tombstone privately—to see if they had cut the inscription as I wished. Mr. Oak, you needn't mind speaking to me, if you wish to, on the matter which is in both our minds at this moment."

"And have they done it as you wished?" said Oak.

"Yes. Come and see it if you have not already."

So together they went and read the tomb. "Eight months ago!" Gabriel murmured when he saw the date. "It seems like yesterday to me."

"And to me as if it were years ago—long years, and I had been dead between. And now I am going home, Mr. Oak."

Oak walked after her. "I wanted to name a small matter to you as soon as I could," he said with hesitation. "Merely about business, and I think I may just mention it now, if you'll allow me."

"Oh, yes, certainly."

"It is that I may soon have to give up the management of your farm, Mrs. Troy. The fact is, I am thinking of leaving England—not yet, you know—next spring."

"Leaving England!" she said in surprise and genuine disappointment. "Why, Gabriel, what are you going to do that for?"

"Well, I've thought it best," Oak stammered out. "California is the spot I've had in my mind to try."

"But it is understood everywhere that you are going to take the Lower Farm on your own account."

"I've had the refusal o' it, 'tis true; but nothing is settled yet, and I have reasons for gieing up. I shall finish out my year there as manager for the trustees, but no more."

"And what shall I do without you? O Gabriel, I don't think you ought to go away! You've been with me so long—through bright times and dark times—such old friends as we are—that it seems unkind almost. I had fancied that if you leased the other farm as master, you might still give a helping look across at mine. And now going away!"

"I would have willingly."

"Yet now that I am more helpless than ever you go away."

"Yes, that's the ill fortune o' it," said Gabriel, in a distressed tone. "And it is because of that very helplessness that I feel bound to go. Good afternoon, ma'am." He concluded in evident anxiety to get away, and at once went out of the churchyard by a path she could follow on no pretence whatever.

Bathsheba went home, her mind occupied with a new trouble, which being rather harassing than deadly was calculated to do good by diverting her from the chronic gloom of her life. She was set thinking a great deal about Oak and of his wish to shun her; and there occurred to Bathsheba several incidents of her latter intercourse with him, which, trivial when singly viewed, amounted together to a perceptible disinclination for her society. It broke upon her at length as a great pain that her last old disciple was about to forsake her and flee. He who had believed in her and argued on her side when all the rest of the world was against her, had at last like the others become weary and neglectful of the old cause, and was leaving her to fight her battles alone.

Three weeks went on, and more evidence of his want of interest in her was forthcoming. She noticed that instead of entering the small parlor or office where the farm accounts were kept, and waiting, or leaving a memorandum as he had hitherto done during her seclusion, Oak never came at all when she was likely to be there, only entering at unseasonable hours when her presence in that part of the house was least to be expected. Whenever he wanted directions he sent a message, or a note with neither heading nor signature, to which she was obliged to reply

in the same off-hand style. Poor Bathsheba began to suffer now from the most torturing sting of all—a sensation that she was despised.

The autumn wore away gloomily enough amid these melancholy conjectures, and Christmas-day came, completing a year of her legal widowhood, and two years and a quarter of her life alone. On examining her heart it appeared beyond measure strange that the subject of which the season might have been supposed suggestive—the event in the hall at Boldwood's—was not agitating her at all; but instead, an agonizing conviction that everybody abjured her—for what she could not tell—and that Oak was the ringleader of the recusants. Coming out of church that day she looked round in the hope that Oak, whose bass voice she had heard rolling out from the gallery overhead in a most unconcerned manner, might chance to linger in her path in the old way. There he was, as usual, coming up the path behind her; but on seeing Bathsheba turn, he looked aside, and as soon as he got beyond the gate, and there was the barest excuse for a divergence, he made one, and vanished.

The next morning brought the culminating stroke; she had been expecting it long. It was a formal notice by letter from him that he should not renew his engagement with her for the following Lady-day.

Bathsheba actually sat and cried over this letter most bitterly. She was aggrieved and wounded that the possession of hopeless love from Gabriel, which she had grown to regard as her inalienable right for life, should have been withdrawn just at his own pleasure in this way. She was bewildered too by the prospect of having to rely on her own resources again: it seemed to herself that she never could again acquire energy sufficient to go to market, barter, and sell. Since Troy's death Oak had attended all sales and fairs for her, transacting her business at the same time with his own. What should she do now? Her life was becoming a desolation.

So desolate was Bathsheba this evening that in an absolute hunger for pity and sympathy, and miserable in that she appeared to have outlived the only true friendship she had ever owned, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and went down to



Oak's house just after sunset, guided on her way by the pale primrose rays of a crescent moon a few days old.

A dancing fire-light shone from the window, but nobody was visible in the room. She tapped nervously, and then thought it doubtful if it were right for a single woman to call upon a bachelor who lived alone, although he was her manager and she might be supposed to call on business without any real impropriety. Gabriel opened the door, and the moon shone upon his forehead.

"Mr. Oak," said Bathsheba, faintly.

"Yes; I am Mr. Oak," said Gabriel. "Who have I the honor—Oh! how stupid of me not to know you, mistress!"

"I shall not be your mistress much longer, shall I, Gabriel?" she said, in pathetic tones.

"Well, no. I suppose—but come in, ma'am. Oh—and I'll get a light," Oak replied, with some awkwardness.

"No; not on my account."

"It is so seldom that I get a lady visitor, that I'm afraid I haven't proper accommodation. Will you sit down, please? Here's a chair, and there's one, too. I am sorry that my chairs all have wood seats, and are rather hard, but I—was thinking of getting some new ones." Oak placed two or three for her.

"They are quite easy enough for me."

So down she sat, and down sat he, the fire dancing in their faces, and upon

The few worn-out traps, all a-sheenened  
With long years of handlen,

that formed Oak's array of household possessions, which sent back a dancing reflection in reply. It was very odd to these two persons, who knew each other passing well, that the mere circumstance of their meeting in a new place and in a new way should make them so awkward and constrained. In the fields, or at her house, there had never been any embarrassment; but now that Oak had become the entertainer, their lives seemed to be moved back again to the days when they were strangers.

"You'll think it strange that I have come, but—"

"Oh, no; not at all!"

"But I thought—Gabriel, I have been uneasy in the belief that I have offended you, and that you are going away on that

account. It grieved me very much, and I couldn't help coming."

"Offended me! As if you could do that, Bathsheba!"

"Haven't I?" she asked, gladly. "But what are you going away for else?"

"I am not going to emigrate, you know; I wasn't aware that you would wish me not to when I told ye, or I shouldn't ha' thought of doing it," he said, simply. "I have arranged for the Lower Farm, and shall have it in my own hands at Lady-day. You know I've had a share in it for some time. Still, that wouldn't prevent my attending to your business as before, hadn't it been that things have been said about us."

"What?" said Bathsheba, in surprise.

"Things said about you and me! What are they?"

"I cannot tell you."

"It would be wiser if you were to, I think. You have played the part of mentor to me many times, and I don't see why you should fear to do it now."

"It is nothing that you have done, this time. The top and tail o't is this—that I am sniffing about here, and waiting for poor Boldwood's farm, with the thought of getting you some day."

"Getting me! What does that mean?"

"Marrying o' ye, in plain British. You asked me to tell, so you mustn't blame me."

Bathsheba did not look quite so alarmed as if a cannon had been discharged by her ear, which was what Oak had expected. "Marrying me! I didn't know it was that you meant," she said, quietly. "Such a thing as that is too absurd—too soon—to think of, by far!"

"Yes; of course, it is too absurd. I don't desire any such thing; I should think that was visible enough, by this time. Surely, surely you be the last person in the world I think of marrying. It is too absurd, as you say."

"'Too s-s-soon' were the words I used."

"I must beg your pardon for correcting you, but you said, 'too absurd,' and so do I."

"I beg your pardon, too!" she returned, with tears in her eyes. "'Too soon' was all I said. But it doesn't matter a bit—not at all—but I only said, 'too soon.' Indeed, I didn't, Mr. Oak; and you must believe me!"

Gabriel looked her long in the face, but the fire-light being faint there was not much to be seen. "Bathsheba," he said, tenderly and in surprise, and coming closer: "if I only knew one thing—whether you would allow me to love you and win you, and marry you after all—if I only knew that!"

"But you never will know," she murmured.

"Why?"

"Because you never ask."

"O—O!" said Gabriel, with a low laugh of joyousness. "My own dear——"

"You ought not to have sent me that harsh letter this morning," she interrupted. "It shows you didn't care a bit about me, and were ready to desert me like all the rest of them. It was very cruel of you, considering I was the first sweetheart that you ever had, and you were the first I ever had, and I shall not forget it!"

"Now, Bathsheba, was ever anybody so provoking?" he said, laughing. "You know it was purely that I, as an unmarried man, carrying on a business for you as a very taking young woman, had a proper hard part to play—more particularly that people knew I had a sort of feeling for ye; and I fancied, from the way we were mentioned together, that it might injure your good name. Nobody knows the heat and fret I have been caused by it."

"And was that all?"

"All."

"O, how glad I am I came!" she exclaimed, thankfully, as she rose from her seat. "I have thought so much more of you since I fancied you did not want even to see me again. But I must be going now, or I shall be missed. Why, Gabriel," she said, with a slight laugh, as they went to the door, "it seems exactly as if I had come courting you—how dreadful."

"And quite right, too," said Oak. "I've danced at your skittish heels, my beautiful Bathsheba, for many a long mile, and many a long day, and it is hard to begrudge me this one visit."

He accompanied her up the hill, explaining to her the details of his forthcoming tenure of the Lower Farm. They spoke very little of their mutual feelings; pretty phrases and warm expressions being probably unnecessary between such tried friends. Theirs was that substantial affection which arises (if any arises at all)

when the two who are thrown together begin first by knowing the rougher sides of each other's character, and not the best till further on, the romance growing up in the interstices of a mass of hard, prosaic reality. This good-fellowship—*camaraderie*, usually occurring through similarity of pursuits, is unfortunately seldom superadded to love between the sexes, because men and women associate, not in their labors, but in their pleasures merely. Where, however, happy circumstance permits its development, the compounded feeling proves itself to be the only love which is strong as death—that love which many waters cannot quench, nor the floods drown, beside which the passion usually called by the name is evanescent as steam.

#### CHAPTER LVII.

#### A FOGGY NIGHT AND MORNING: CONCLUSION.

"THE most private, secret, plainest wedding that it is possible to have."

Those had been Bathsheba's words to Oak one evening, some time after the event of the preceding chapter, and he meditated a full hour by the clock upon how to carry out her wishes to the letter.

"A license—O yes, it must be a license," he said to himself, at last. "Very well, then; first, a license."

On a dark night, a few days later, Oak came with mysterious steps from the surrogate's door, in Casterbridge. On the way home he heard a heavy tread in front of him, and, overtaking the man, found him to be Coggan. They walked together into the village until they came to a little lane behind the church, leading down to the cottage of Laban Tall, who had lately been installed as clerk of the parish, and was yet in mortal terror at church on Sundays when he heard his lone voice among certain hard words of the Psalms whither no man ventured to follow him.

"Well, good-night, Coggan," said Oak, "I'm going down this way."

"Oh!" said Coggan, surprised; "what's going on to-night then, make so bold, Mr. Oak?"

It seemed rather ungenerous not to tell Coggan under the circumstances, for Coggan had been true as steel all through the time of Gabriel's unhappiness about Bathsheba, and Gabriel said, "You can keep a secret, Coggan?"

"You've proved me, and you know."

"Yes, I have, and I do know. Well, then, mistress and I mean to get married to-morrow morning."

"Heaven's high tower! And yet I've thought of such a thing from time to time; true, I have. But keeping it so close! Well, there, 'tis no consarn of mine, and I wish ye joy o' her."

"Thank you, Coggan. But I assure you that this great hush is not what I wished for at all, or what either of us would have wished if it hadn't been for certain things that would make a gay wedding seem hardly the thing. Bathsheba has a great wish that all the parish shall not be in church, looking at her—she's shy-like and nervous about it, in fact—so be doing this to humor her."

"Ay, I see: quite right, too, I suppose I must say. And you be now going down to the clerk."

"Yes; you may as well come with me."

"I am afeard your labor in keeping it close will be throwed away," said Coggan, as they walked along. "Labe Tall's old woman will horn it all over parish in half an hour."

"So she will, upon my life; I never thought of that," said Oak, pausing. "Yet I must tell him to-night, I suppose, for he's working so far off, and leaves early."

"I'll tell ye how we could tackle her," said Coggan. "I'll knock and ask to speak to Laban outside the door, you standing in the background. Then he'll come out, and you can tell yer tale. She'll never guess what I want en for; and I'll make up a few words about the farm-work, as a blind."

This scheme was considered feasible; and Coggan advanced boldly, and rapped at Mrs. Tall's door. Mrs. Tall herself opened it.

"I wanted to have a word with Laban."

"He's not at home, and won't be this side of eleven o'clock. He've been forced to go to over Yalbury since shutting out work. I shall do quite as well."

"I hardly think you will. Stop a moment." And Coggan stepped round the corner of the porch to consult Oak.

"Who's t'other man, then?" said Mrs. Tall.

"Only a friend," said Coggan.

"Say he's wanted to meet mistress near church-hatch to-morrow morning at ten,"

said Oak, in a whisper. "That he must come without fail, and wear his best clothes."

"The clothes will floor us as safe as houses!" said Coggan.

"It can't be helped," said Oak. "Tell her."

So Coggan delivered the message. "Mind, wet or dry, blow or snow, he must come," added Jan. "'Tis very particular, indeed. The fact is 'tis to witness her sign some law-work about taking shares wi' another farmer for a long span o' years. There, that's what 'tis, and now I've told ye, mother Tall, in a way I shouldn't ha' done if I hadn't loved ye so hopeless well."

Coggan retired before she could ask any further; and then they called at the vicar's in a way which excited no curiosity at all. Then Gabriel went home, and prepared for the morrow.

"Liddy," said Bathsheba, on going to bed that night, "I want you to call me at seven o'clock to-morrow, in case I shouldn't wake."

"But you always do wake afore then, ma'am."

"Yes, but I have something important to do, which I'll tell you of when the time comes, and it's best to make sure."

Bathsheba, however, awoke voluntarily at four, nor could she by any contrivance get to sleep again. About six, being quite positive that her watch had stopped during the night, she could wait no longer. She went and tapped at Liddy's door, and after some labor awoke her.

"But I thought it was I who had to call you?" said the bewildered Liddy. "And it isn't six yet."

"Indeed it is; how can you tell such a story, Liddy? I know it must be ever so much past seven. Come to my room as soon as you can; I want you to give my hair a good brushing."

When Liddy came to Bathsheba's room her mistress was already waiting. Liddy could not understand this extraordinary promptness. "Whatever is going on, ma'am?" she said.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Bathsheba, with a mischievous smile in her bright eyes. "Farmer Oak is coming here to dine with me to-day!"

"Farmer Oak—and nobody else?—you two alone?"

"Yes."

"But is it safe, ma'am?" said her companion, dubiously. "A woman's good name is such a perishable article that——"

Bathsheba laughed with a flushed cheek, and whispered in Liddy's ear, although there was nobody present. Then Liddy started and exclaimed, "Souls alive, what news! It makes my heart go quite bumpity-bump!"

"It makes mine rather furious, too," said Bathsheba. "However, there's no getting out of it now."

It was a damp disagreeable morning. Nevertheless, at twenty minutes to ten o'clock, Oak came out of his house, and

Went up the hill side  
With that sort of stride

A man puts out when walking in search of a bride,

and knocked at Bathsheba's door. Ten minutes later two large umbrellas might have been seen moving from the same door, and through the mist along the road to the church. The distance was not more than a hundred yards, and these two sensible persons deemed it unnecessary to drive. An observer must have been very close indeed to discover that the forms under the umbrellas were those of Oak and Bathsheba, arm-in-arm for the first time in their lives, Oak in a great coat extending to his knees, and Bathsheba in a cloak that reached her clogs. Yet though so plainly dressed, there was a certain rejuvenated appearance about her—

As though a rose should shut and be a bud again.

Repose had again incarnadined her cheeks; and having, at Gabriel's request, arranged her hair this morning as she had worn it years ago on Norcombe Hill, she seemed in his eyes remarkably like the girl of that fascinating dream, which, considering that she was now only three or four-and-twenty, was perhaps not very wonderful. In the church were Tall, Liddy, and the parson, and in a remarkably short space of time the deed was done.

The two sat down very quietly to tea in Bathsheba's parlor in the evening of the same day, for it had been arranged that Farmer Oak should go there to live, since he had as yet neither money, house, nor furniture worthy of the name, though he was on a sure way towards them, whilst Bathsheba was, comparatively, in a ple-

thora of all three. Just as Bathsheba was pouring out a cup of tea, their ears were greeted by the firing of a cannon, followed by what seemed like a tremendous blowing of trumpets, in the front of the house.

"There!" said Oak, laughing. "I knew those fellows were up to something, by the look of their faces."

Oak took up the light and went into the porch, followed by Bathsheba with a shawl over her head. The rays fell upon a group of male figures gathered upon the gravel in front, who, when they saw the newly-married couple in the porch, set up a loud "Hurrah!" and at the same moment bang again went the cannon in the background, followed by a hideous clang of music from a drum, tamborine, clarionet, serpent, hautboy, tenor-viol, and double-bass—the only remaining relics of the true and original Weatherbury band—venerable worm-eaten instruments, which had celebrated in their own persons the victories of Marlborough, under the fingers of the forefathers of those who played them now. The performers came forward, and marched up to the front.

"Those bright boys Mark Clark and Jan are at the bottom of all this," said Oak. "Come in, souls, and have something to eat and drink wi' me and my wife."

"Not to-night," said Mr. Clark, with evident self-denial. "Thank ye all the same; but we'll call at a more seemly time. However, we couldn't think of letting the day pass without a note of admiration of some sort. If ye could send a drop of som'at down to Warren's, why so it is. Here's long life and happiness to neighbor Oak and his comely bride!"

"Thank ye; thank ye all," said Gabriel. "A bit and a drop shall be sent to Warren's for ye at once. I had a thought that we might very likely get a salute of some sort from our old friends, and I was saying so to my wife but now."

"Faith," said Coggan in a critical tone, turning to his companions: "The man hev learnt to say 'my wife' in a wonderful naterel way, considering how very youthful he is in wedlock as yet—hey, neighbors all?"

"I never heerd a skilful old married feller of twenty years' standing pipe 'my wife' in a more used note than 'a did,' said Jacob Smallbury. "It might have been a little more true to nater if 't had been a



little chillier, but that wasn't to be expected just now."

"That improvement will come with time," said Jan, twirling his eye.

Then Oak laughed, and Bathsheba smiled (for she never laughed readily now), and their friends turned to go.

"Yes; I suppose that's the size o't," said Joseph Poorglass, with a cheerful sigh

as they moved away; "and I wish him joy o' her; though I were once or twice upon saying to-day with holy Hosea, in my scripture manner which is my second nature, 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone.' But since 'tis as 'tis, why, it might have been worse, and I feel my thanks accordingly."

THE END.

SECRET AFFINITIES:

A PANTHEISTIC FANTASY, FROM THE FRENCH OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

DEEP in the vanished time, two statues white,  
On an old temple's front, against blue gleams  
Of an Athenian sky, instinct with light,  
Blended their marble dreams.

In the same shell imbedded (crystal tears  
Of the sad sea mourning her Venus flown),  
Two pearls of loneliest ocean, through long years,  
Kept whispering words unknown.

In the fresh pleasaunce, by Grenada's river,  
Close to the low-voiced fountain's silver showers,  
Two roses, from Boabdil's garden, ever  
Mingled their murmuring flowers.

Upon the domes of Venice, in a nest  
Where love from age to age has had his day,  
Two white doves, with their feet of pink, found rest  
Through the soft month of May.

Dove, rose, pearl, marble, into ruin dim  
Alike dissolve themselves, alike decay;  
Pearls melt, flowers wither, marble shapes dislimn,  
And bright birds float away.

Each element, once free, flies back to feed  
The unfathomable Life-dust, yearning dumb,  
Whence God's all-shaping hands in silence knead  
Each form that is to come.

By slow, slow change, to white and tender flesh  
The marble softens down its flawless grain;  
The rose, in lips as sweet and red and fresh,  
Refigured, blooms again.

The doves once more murmur and coo beneath  
The hearts of two young lovers, when they meet;  
The pearls renew themselves, and flash as teeth  
Through smiles divinely sweet.

Hence sympathetic emanations flow,  
And with soft tyranny the heart control;  
Touched by them, kindred spirits learn to know  
Their sisterhood of soul.

Obedient to the hint some fragrance sends,  
Some color, or some ray with mystic power,  
Atom to atom never swerving tends,  
As the bee seeks her flower.

Of moonlight visions round the temple shed,  
Of lives linked in the sea, a memory wakes,  
Of flower-talk flushing through the petals red  
Where the bright fountain breaks.

Kisses, and wings that shivered to the kiss,  
On golden domes afar, come back to rain  
Sweet influence; Faithful to remembered bliss,  
The old love stirs again.

Forgotten presences shine forth, the past  
Is for the visionary eye unsealed;  
The breathing flower, in crimson lips recast,  
Lives, to herself revealed.

Where the laugh plays a glittering mouth within  
The pearl reclaims her lustre softly bright;  
The marble throbs, fused in a maiden skin  
As fresh, and pure, and white.

Under some low and gentle voice the dove  
Has found an echo of her tender moan;  
Resistance grows impossible, and love  
Springs up from the unknown.

Oh! thou whom burning, trembling, I adore,  
What shrine, what sea, what dome, what rose-tree bower,  
Saw us, as mingling marble, joined of yore,  
As pearl, or bird, or flower?

*Cornhill Magazine.*

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TRADITION.

If I were Ranger of the "Sands of Time," or if Mr. Longfellow would kindly delegate to me some other authority consistent with republican ideas over that territory, I would immediately put up the following notice:—

"Great men who propose leaving their foot-prints on these Sands, are particularly requested to walk straight, and not to wear boots liable to make indistinct or irregular impressions. Small people detected in the use of boots which do not belong to them will be prosecuted.  
By Order."

And this is my reason why. The firm, sharp, swinging step of the truly Great—leading straight from point to point—may be followed, but not imitated. The moment there is left the mark of a stumble, or a deviation, or a limp, the Small

seize upon it, and flatter themselves that because they have acquired the *fact* they have adopted the *form*. One illustration will show better than a page of reasoning what I mean. Years ago it was demonstrated that mere mechanical flourishes and ornamentation—however elaborate it might be—upon a bank note, was no protection against forgery; but that a work of art—the simpler the better—was not to be successfully copied. Hence the late Mr. Maclise was employed to design the note now in circulation, and I am told that the vignette in the corner has been a stumbling-block in the paths of would-be "smashers"—if that be the right term to apply to the fabricators of false paper money. A copy—to the educated—never has the sharpness and decision of

the original, but if this be marred by any eccentricity or fault, and *that* be reproduced, it catches the eye of the uninitiated and carries off the fraud. So, to return to the Sands aforesaid, we find that if some masters of the art turn in their toes a little, or have a heel worn down, or a nail misplaced in the soles of their shoes, such peculiarity is adopted, and the "forlorn and shipwrecked brother" is deluded into the belief that a Dickens or a Landseer, a Bentham, a Rossini, or a Kean, have passed that way—a way leading not to the "shining table-lands," but to the dismal swamps of mediocrity.

Thus in every profession we find *traditions* formed for the most part upon the faults of eminent men. Tricks of tone, manner, expression, easily picked up, and which pass—so to speak—as trade-marks. Where is the young barrister who does not address the Bench as "mi Lud" the first time he opens a brief in court? the sucking attorney who does not talk of "sheddles?" the fledgling doctor who does not speak of the baby as "us" when called in to prescribe for its little ills? the embryo R. A. who does not begin with some trick caught from an Etty or a Turner? the aspirant for literary fame who does not take his dip out of the dregs of some well-used inkstand? the ambitious "general utility" who does not form himself upon the failings of a Macready or a Mathews? It would never do for Mr. Bluebag to say "my Lord," or for Mr. Pounce to call that list of debts a "schedule." That would be a proclamation of greenness, an audacious departure from tradition, at which the managing clerk would frown. The judge would lift his spectacles and ask the Associate, "who is that young gentleman?" to his utter demoralization. Mamma would really be sure that her darling ought to have better advice, if Mr. Redlamp called that wonder of his race he, or she, or it—and so on. We all like to put on something belonging to our successful elders, and wear it in a jaunty off-hand way as though it were our own. And our successful elders like to see us do so. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. When Mr. Buskin, entrusted with two lines in the new melodrama, talks about his "cheyild," drags his left foot as he walks, and rolls his eyes at nothing in particular, the stage mana-

ger roars approval, and observes that the young man will do.

If this sort of thing floated only on the surface, it would not matter, but it indicates what is to be found below—a worship of *tradition*; a fear of doing things that have not been done, and of thinking things that have not been plainly stamped with the hall-mark of authority—which is standing in our way as a nation. Mind, I have not a word to say against *tradition* in the abstract. Taken as the mariner takes his beacons and lights, to warn him off rocks and shoals, *traditions* are to be respected. We can mark all, or nearly all, the bad places, and in the absence of warnings to the contrary, may presume that we are sailing on in safety. It is impossible to mark all the good ones, and a navigator who required to be assured of every inch of his way, would seldom get out of sight of port. But some of our social pilots will not budge unless they see a light dead ahead, and avoid with a thrill of horror localities where they see big foreign ships passing in perfect safety, because some one, years ago, hung out a red light on the spot! Perhaps there never was any danger there. Perhaps the reef, or whatever it was, has been washed away. It was a Scylla; it ought to have been a Charybdis—it is neither; but woe to the audacious hand that would dare take down the red light! Now supposing that white means safety, and red danger, the removal of one obsolete red light is of more importance than the establishment of half a dozen white ones. Where we have passed once, we may pass again; others may follow us. The "all right" beacon then becomes (as grammarians say) "understood." But a bogus red light is that fine old nuisance, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare"—a snare, because it leads to a want of respect for red lights which mark real dangers. Half our troubles—political and social—arise from the misuse of red lights. For example, supposing that our forefathers had not persisted in hanging up lights more or less red over the door of every place of worship that did not belong to the Established Church—should we have all this hubbub about cancellation? We made dissent by illiberality to Dissenters.

Using the word in its general sense, we are (next to the Chinese, perhaps) the

most conservative people under the sun. How we distrust and dislike anything that has the mark of novelty upon it? To call an idea or an article "new fangled" is to condemn it. How many inventions have we driven abroad because we look upon inventors as our natural enemies—disturbers of the public peace? Our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic are vastly our superiors in this respect. Everything that is new has a charm for them; but they mar their advantage by running into the contrary extreme and scoffing at all that is old—not because it is worn out, but simply because they have not got it. Our conservatism—though it has kept us back on the path of progress—has warned us against the Jack o'Lanterns which gather on either side, and have lured more excitable communities into the mud. And so it is useful in its way, pretty much as a drag is useful when you are driving in a hilly part of the country. Its main prop is *tradition*. If you can raise an uncontradicted cry of "Who ever heard of such a thing?" in private life, the thing is doomed. If in public life honorable gentlemen are assured that the proposal in question has good precedent, it will pass. The precedent may belong to a time which had nothing in common with our own; but it is a precedent, and must be respected. In the world of fashion we do not ask if this or that be right or wrong, convenient or inconvenient, pleasant or the contrary; but only if it is or is not *done*. To do what is done, is to be respectable; and to be respectable, is to be happy. Sit down to dinner in a black necktie when "other fellows" wear white (or vice versa), my young friend, and see how 'unhappy you will be! Now a Frenchman would rather enjoy being so *distingué*, and an American not care a red cent one way or the other.

This is a small thing? Granted. So is a feather, but it will show which way the wind blows. Taken alone, the saying "sheddle" and "cheyild" are small things, but they indicate the set of *tradition* in two professions. It is often urged, that lawyers uphold what is bad in our law for sordid reasons. That is a libel. No class of men have been more earnest in recommending reforms in practice than those who have been the first to lose by them; but to principles hallowed by *tradition*,

they cling. As a lover treasures a withered flower, or a faded bow of ribbon which has once decked the bosom of his adored one, so does a lawyer cleave to the rules of a bygone age. What mind educated under other training—what jurist of any other nation—can defend, in these days, the principle handed down from feudal times, that land is to be considered as a special property; that one who holds it for the life of a gentleman aged eighty, has one class of estate dignified and privileged; and that another who possesses it, or has power over it, for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, has a mere chattel? This is not a small thing. It is going to give us some trouble. We have kept up the red light too long.

I write not about great things, and will not offend again. I think that if one could tear away, and consign to a congenial dustbin, the rags and tatters of *tradition*, we should find in many cases that there is no body underneath. Nothing but a scarecrow.

The great army of reformers is recruited from amongst the intelligent mechanics—men who earn about the pay of a captain in the line. No class profess a greater contempt for *tradition*, and no class are more slaves to it. No class cry out more loudly against injustice, and no class is more unjust. I pass by the rules of their Trades' Unions,—rules which, if established as law by the ukase of an emperor, would call down upon them the most scathing denunciations. Such tyranny! such oppression! would never have been heard of. I pass this by, and come to their domestic traditions. Can any one explain why working men love black raiment? Black, says *tradition*, is respectable. Why? Grant that "Sunday clothes" never wear out, and are not to be made available for workday use, is black broadcloth a cheap, a durable, or a becoming dress? It costs more at first, its glory is short-lived, it looks worse than any other when that glory has departed. *Ichabod!* is sooner said of a black suit than of any other. And yet, black trousers, a black "claw-hammer coat," and a black satin waistcoat is the delight of the "intelligent mechanic!" A black satin vest! Is there any article of costume which is more unsatisfactory in its youth and makes more haste to become seedy? Who can bear the ordeal of a



tail coat in the day-time? Not my Lord Marquis of Carabas, who has fifty costumes to choose from; but honest Brown, the carpenter, has two suits, and both black.

Honest Brown spends enough money upon his table to have good meals every day, but he does not get them. Mrs. Brown's method of cookery is so extravagant, that if carried out in the establishment of a duchess, would bring his Grace into bankruptcy. She despises anything that is cheap. She invents nothing, utilises nothing. "Messes," under which category is included a score of dishes which are palatable to you and me—are her abomination. She likes plain English food (which means expensive meat wastefully and badly cooked), and "don't want none of your foreigneering ways." If the primest six-year-old mutton could be sold at two-pence the pound, she would turn up her nose at it. Her tradition is, that all that is cheap (in the way of eating), must be nasty. No Australian beef, no cheap salads, no stock-pot for *her*. She has a baked shoulder-of-mutton for dinner, and throws the bone away.

The Browns have traditions against the use of fresh air and cold water. These are unwholesome. Their pride does not allow them to use a public washhouse, so the "things" are washed and dried at home. The children grow up with pasty faces, narrow chests, and a chronic cold in the head. Out of his own domain Brown is a very glutton for change. The House of Lords, the Game Laws, the Land Laws, the Law of Primogeniture (whatever that may be), are all wrong. A bloated aristocracy has sucked the roses out of his babies' faces. He is for an universal smash-up of everything—army, navy, civil service. Even the Crown itself is not sacred. He dreams of a Republic, with Mr. Odger as president. But the idea that he may make himself more comfortable as things are by an alteration of his *own* affairs, is the last that enters his brain. He would shake society to its core; but open his windows? make that shoulder-of-mutton bone into soup? Never!

A few years before the Crimean war, the tradition that everything that was British was bad, and everything French good, reached its highest force. It arose partly from a natural revulsion against the ideas

of a previous generation, and partly because people liked to show that they had been abroad. I am going to take Proverbs in hand some day, and will pay particular attention to that which says, "It is an ill bird which fouls its own nest." An ill bird, indeed! Why, don't we all know a score of men and women who pass for people of taste, and are kootoo'd accordingly, simply because they abuse their surroundings? Well, poor France is not the model she used to be made, but *tradition* clings to her still. We still speak of the average Frenchman as polite, and believe in the taste of French women. *Taste*, mark we—not fashion! Fashion, I give in. It has so long been dinned into our ears that our own women display want of judgment in the selection of colors, that we allow this accusation to pass unchallenged. A Frenchman asserts that Englishwomen dress badly, just as a parrot says, "pretty Poll." Even M. Taine joins in the traditional charge about color, and this at a time when a mixture of green and blue, without the relief of a complementary tint, was the latest fashion from Paris! If English ladies had originated the idea of returning to the fashions of their great-grandmothers, what a shout of derision would have been raised over the water? If any but French *modistes* had invented other fashions that could be mentioned, and we were to try them by any standard, we should have to pronounce them vulgar. It requires a bold mind to use that word in connection with anything that is French. *Tradition* insists that to be vulgar is not to be French; and that to be French excludes the possibility of being vulgar. Is wearing sham jewellery and false hair, vulgar? Is bringing the rouge-pot, the bismuth, and the belladonna of the ballet-girl into the drawing-room, vulgar? We should have thought so thirty years ago, but such practices became French, and *ipso facto* permissible in the most polite society. Thirty years ago a woman with a painted face would have run a great risk of being requested to leave the dress-circle of a respectable theatre. The brilliancy of her complexion would have been taken as *prima facie* evidence of her belonging to a class with which the men of *that* day did not like their wives and sisters to rub skirts. The class in question lead the fashion now.

\* *Tradition* allows the French language to be considered a disinfectant—a sort of moral per-sulphate of iron—in which wicked ideas and nasty subjects become innocuous. Expressed in English they make us shudder, or raise our handkerchief to our nose. Printed or spoken in another tongue we find no harm in them, and the air is filled with *bouquet d'esprit*.

*Tradition* allows us to take young ladies to see plays at the St. James's which, if produced at a Concert Hall in White-chapel, would engage the attention of the magistrates at the next Licensing Sessions. Granted that the French language lends itself to put nasty things into an apparently nice form. Is strychnine the less deadly when it is made up into a sugar-coated pill?

The ridiculous traditions which degrade the English stage, and hamper English actors, will not be recited here. The subject is worn threadbare. Kind-hearted, genial Albert Smith broke several lances against them, and every "funny writer" who has been two or three times behind the scenes, has had his say. If you want to see what comes of an organised revolt against this nonsense go to Mrs. Bancroft's theatre.

The "romantic East" and the "gorgeous West" are fields in which *tradition* flourishes. Oil, water, and word-painters have incurred heavy responsibilities in this respect. I remember a colored engraving, which used to deck Mr. Ackerman's window, of a radiant being, rather lightly clad, with a complexion of the softest strawberry ice, and beautiful blue hair; who illustrated, I think, one of Victor Hugo's poems. She reclined with infinite grace on a grass hammock, slung over a delicious pool, surrounded by tropical vegetation—fruits and flowers of the most gorgeous hues. One little, lazy, unslipped foot played with the water, and the bright drops trickled back reluctantly from the sweet invader. Her great dreamy eyes were turned heavenwards, and I thought, "Oh! what a country to live, and loll, and love in!" I had not been East or West then. The other day I cut the following extract out of a review of a new poem:

"The story opens with an exquisite description of an Indian girl asleep in a tropical forest. Her place of slumber is a

bower as fairy-like as ever poetic vision saw. Here is a glimpse of it:

Through the transparent roof of shining leaves,

Where the deep sunlight weaves  
Threads like a spider's web of silvern white,  
Faint falls the dreamy light

Down the grey bolls and boughs that intervene

On to the carpet green,  
Printed with all wondrous flowers, on emerald brakes

Where the still speckled snakes

Crawl shaded; and above the shaded ground,  
Amid the deep-sea sound

Of the high branches, bright birds scream and fly,

And chattering parrots cry;

And everywhere beneath them in the bowers

Float things like living flowers,  
Hovering and settling.

The maternal parent of that Indian girl could not have been aware of her absence from home in that locality. I shudder to think of the consequences of going to sleep in such a place. Was it not Will Fern, in "The Chimes," who says that ladies are fond of sketching his cottage; but remarks, "There ain't no weather in a pictur"? In the two pictures I have before me *there are no insects and no fever!* Gracious heavens! to think of my lovely Bayadère's soft creamy limbs and delicate bosom at the mercy of all the mosquitoes, gallinippers, green flies, Jack Spaniards, black ants, *et id genus omne*, which were *certain* to infest that pool! To realize the all but certainty of her darling little big toe being attacked by a jigger! Why, she would be the color of an Epping sausage, and have chills and fever before night! It is to be hoped that her sister imprudent—the Indian girl—had a plentiful supply of quinine and carbolic acid soap at hand.

And the gorgeous fruits and flowers? You may see the pick of the latter at Kew—minus the *plaga*. Well, put aside the fact that they are foreign and curious, and for how many of them would you give an English moss-rose?

Then the heat, the dust, the squalor; none of which go into the picture. Fancy Cleopatra chasing the lively flea! She must have had scores of such *aptera* on board that splendid barge of hers, if the land of Egypt has not undergone a won-

derful change. The great Mogul himself was once sadly bothered by a bluebottle fly, and I should not wonder if the lineal descendants of that insect had been indirectly the cause of separating many a vizier's head from his shoulders. As a

museum of antiquities the "romantic East" is not to be decried; but put forward as a land of luxury and comfort it is, in my humble judgment, the greatest impostor out—except the "gorgeous West."  
—*Temple Bar.*

## CONTRASTS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR F. W. NEWMAN.

### II.

THE power of rulers and the peculiarities of law are founded upon national opinion, and opinion assumes its most energetic form through *Religion*. In the history of Europe and Western Asia, we may recognise three periods, which for convenience may be entitled the Gentile, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. Politically regarded, Mohammedanism in order of time precedes Christianity; since it attained its full development very soon after its first promulgation, and bore its ripest fruits in the seventh and eighth centuries after the Christian era; while the great and permanent results of Christianity, as a religion influencing political events, unfolded themselves very slowly. Indeed from the time that Mohammedanism received its most decisive check from Charles Martel, we may count the steady onward action of Christian politics. This warrior, grandfather of the renowned Charlemagne, at the head of the Frankish nation, then the mainstay of external Christianity, repelled the invasion of the Mohammedan Moors of Spain in that extraordinary series of obstinate conflicts which are collectively denominated *the battle of Tours*. This was in the year A.D. 732; and it marks the point of time after which the Arabian religion could advance no farther in Europe, while it is really the mere beginning of the wonderful agency by which Europe has been knit into a Christendom. Of course, in that which here follows, we are in no respect concerned with Theology, but solely with History. We do not treat now of what the Christian religion *ought* to have been, but what it *has been*; and as such, hierarchical power and wars for religion's sake are as much a part of it as brotherly love, tenderness, and humility.

The word *Gentile* is of course borrowed

by us from Jewish use; but it expresses well enough what is here alluded to; the separate national religions of antiquity. The rudest tribes of men develop for themselves, out of a wild imagination and fitful observation of facts, many religious notions, which become inherent in a whole nation. The more advanced races, who had invented some means of depicting or describing thought, could give greater fixedness to a complex mythology, but did not much better attain truth. The age of criticism could not be born until after the age of invention. As nations became distinguished and consolidated, each for the most part had its special religion. All may have had a nucleus of important truth, but nearly all were so encrusted with fanciful fable, and gratuitous additions of error, that the truth was buried in falsehood. Most of them were polytheistic.

Of all the early religions known to us, that of the Persians was noblest, that of the Egyptians basest; yet the Egyptian system seems to have promoted practical morality better than the religions of Greece, of Lydia, or of Babylon. Learned symbolism had predominated in Egypt, and under gross exterior forms nobler and deeper truth was sometimes taught, of which the vulgar had no understanding. It would seem that the Persians, in their conquest of Egypt, treated its religion with peculiar rudeness, apparently from despising and resisting the presentation of the Most High in the form of beasts, and the reverence for sacred animals. The Persians also on two occasions appear as religious persecutors; once on the occasion afterwards celebrated as the Magophonia, or slaughter of the Magi; again, on the elevation of a Persian dynasty, the Sassanidæ, on the ruins of the Parthian empire. But probably each was a political contest: the former, that by which

Darius, son of Hystaspes, ejected the Magian usurper of the Persian throne, who pretended to be a brother of Cambyses; the latter, as contingent on the change of dynasty, is comparable to the ejection of Presbyterian clergy on the restoration of our Charles II.

One might think that the comparative purity of the Persian religion tended to the persecution of baser religions; yet it does not appear that the Persians ordinarily interfered with the religions of the subject nations. Impure ceremonies, under the name and patronage of religion, and all sorts of polytheistic sacrifices or mummary, went on unchecked at Babylon, Lydia, and Syria, during the rule of the greatest Persian monarchs.

Perhaps then no exception needs to be made in the case of Persia, but we may lay down absolutely, that in antiquity *toleration of national religions* was the general rule. In that simple-hearted and genial writer, Herodotus, we see distinctly how the sincerely religious men among the ancients felt and judged. A Greek who believed that his principal gods had occasionally metamorphosed themselves into a bull, a horse, or a bear, felt little disposed to scorn Egyptian notions, however inconvenient and expensive he might deem some of their practices. Deeply marked as were the varieties of national religions, they but little impeded national sympathies and easy mutual toleration. He who admitted in his Pantheon twelve principal deities and fifty minor or local ones, found it easy to believe that in other countries there might be other tutelary powers, who had been left out in his enumeration. As all these religions were ceremonial and eminently external, obtruding their processions, or dances, or sacrifices in the public streets, markets, or fields, each in turn needed toleration, which by a tacit compact was in general mutually granted to each religion on its own soil.

According to Aristotle, Politics is a science superior to Religion, because the politician has to decide what gods shall be worshipped, and with what ceremonies. Evidently the only *religion* of which he is thinking is an external *cultus*; he does not refer to private opinion or indoors instruction. The Roman senate did not imagine that its sanction was needed for the worship of Serapis in

Egypt; but it was only by a decree of the senate that a temple for the worship of Serapis could be built in Rome. The Greeks thought it natural and reasonable that Dionysus or Bacchus should be honored among Asiatics by night revels and unbridled excitement; but no Greek state was pleased by the introduction of Bacchic rites. In some it was violently resisted, as afterwards in Rome; and individuals who initiated Greeks into the Asiatic mysteries of the mighty Mother and Dionysus were much despised in Athens: yet Athenians were as susceptible of fanatical frenzy, if politics and religion combined, as any mob of London or Edinburgh. Each religion was thought good, and in some sense true, on its own soil, to which special gods were assigned, who best knew how they liked to be worshipped. Proselytism was practically disavowed. Different forms of worship were thought best for different peoples. Mutual repugnance there was little or none, but a great deal of mutual credulity.

Evidently this kind of toleration by no means gave scope for free inquiry or promoted progressive amendment. It was a toleration of national religions, of hereditary creeds, not of personal convictions; nor could a thoughtful man notoriously shun the national worship, or fundamentally disown its rightfulness, without incurring public odium; indeed, if any political motive concurred against him, he encountered the danger of banishment. Such certainly was the case at Athens; but Colonel Mure thinks that Athens was more fanatical than other States of Greece. Perhaps the better acquainted a populace was with the poetical legends, and the more elegant its religious festivals, the greater the animosity against one who cavilled at them. But, in fact, as the religion of those times was essentially public and united with all public affairs, the philosophic improver of his country's creed seemed to be a revolutionist. A Jew who desired to proselytize others and condemned all the worship of Gentiles, might be accounted an overturner of established order; if he was tolerated, it was oftener from contempt of his feebleness than from honoring his love of truth.

As time went on, all the more thoughtful and educated citizens saw through the



errors of mythology, but it was thought to be the part of a good citizen to conform to the established ceremonies. Many wild stories concerning the gods admitted of a mystical interpretation; so that, on the whole, the most patriotic and virtuous men outwardly followed the national religion without any self-reproof for hypocrisy. Thus in the Gentile world at large there was no idea of such a thing as choosing and loving a religion 'for truth's sake,' nor was a religious conscience sufficiently alive to make men in general understand what could be meant by 'conscientious opposition' to an established religion; any more than Catholic Christians of the 10th century could understand it. But with this temperament, ready to persecute any eccentric individual, a crusade against another nation from mere religious sentiment was probably impossible. The wars among the Greeks called Sacred were really wars for the dominion of a temple, for territory, or for power; and the quarrels of Egyptian dioceses about sacred animals can hardly have had any other purpose than protection of the established ceremony on its own area.

Thus the whole genius of Gentile religion was to disintegrate mankind. Conquest and empire to a certain extent united them, but the prevalent theories of Religion kept them apart. Men were assumed to be of many origins, each stock springing primitively out of its own soil, with peculiar local gods, and a corresponding difference of worship, even when those gods were believed to be all subject to one greater God, Ruler of Heaven and Earth. The Persian creed, which is ostensibly monotheistic, represents Ormuzd (Aoramazda, *quasi* 'aura megista,' the Greatest Spirit) as Supreme; yet the inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes habitually recognise 'the domestic divinities,' and in the next reign the mention of a divinity Mithra remarkably steps in, as a sort of adjunct to Ormuzd. The Persian, though it can hardly be called a local, was certainly a national creed; and so was that of the Hebrews eminently, by its elaborate ceremonies and its local worship. In some cases it was believed that worship offered by a stranger would be *unlawful* and wholly unacceptable to the god. To all 'mysteries' a solemn initiation was needful, and perhaps an oath of

secrecy. The Roman patricians, from state motives, fostered the belief—which the plebeians did not venture flatly to oppose—that it would be impious for a man of plebeian origin to celebrate patrician ceremonies. On this plea they long resisted inter-marriage with the plebeians, and longer still kept for themselves the greater offices of state, especially the most honorable and lucrative of the priest-hoods.

As time went on, family religion and local rites evidently became more complex. In Greece, as we positively know, hero-worship arose *after* the age of Homer, and established itself locally. Some such development must in long time have taken place in Egypt, where, in spite of a remarkably centralized system, with a homogeneous population and a thoroughly organized priesthood, each diocese had its peculiar sacrifices and different sets of sacred animals.

The care bestowed by the ancients on keeping up the distinctness of local worships had probably a political object. Like our laws of settlement, it helped to sustain the relation of each man to his own parish or hundred. On the same principle that cultivators are bound to the soil, each citizen was bound to his clan, therefore also to the special religion of his clan. Hence issued the notion, or indeed the axiom, that a man is born to his religion, and has no right to abandon the creed and worship of his fathers; not even if he were shocked by cruelties or immoralities involved in it; for these received special interpretation in most cases. Yet it must be added, that cruelties were generally exploded, as the conscience of nations ripened; and many immoralities vanished, or went into the shade, under foreign censure or ridicule.

Still, look at it, if you will, from its best side, undeniably Gentile religion no longer deserved to live, on its existing basis. By implanting the belief that the differences of nations were inherent, that their primitive gods and origin were different, it gave excuse to ambition, selfishness, and avarice; and made war against a strange people to seem as natural and venial as against wild animals. In the opinion of Xenophon, a diligent hearer of Socrates, no injuries from barbarians were needed to justify Greeks in invading and plundering them. Even Aristotle, in maintaining

that barbarians were made by nature to be slaves to the Greeks, seems to give philosophic authority to the righteousness of enslaving them, without any provocation by injury on their part. War against oath and treaty was in universal estimate a sin; but a Greek who had *not* sworn to respect the life and property of an innocent stranger, retained his natural right of attacking him when convenient. To us it seems clear, that the rights of men depend, not on the history of their origin in distant ages, but on their actual present nature—their sensitiveness to pain, their capacity of enjoyment, their ability to fulfil common duty and become blended with us in a civil community.

We may therefore easily be too severe upon Islām for its wars of proselytism. When the Arabian prophet saw polytheistic worship wedded to immoralities of various type, it was a nobler impulse in him to wage war against Polytheism, believing that with it he should exterminate impurity and cruelty, than in Alexander the Macedonian to make war upon Persia, in order that he himself might become lord of Asia. Mohammed was wholly illiterate, yet by aid of Jews at his side he must have been acquainted with Hebrew history in outline. He can hardly have been ignorant that the Jewish creed commanded the Hebrews to slay the seven nations of Canaan because of their impurities, sparing neither sex nor age, and that the book of Deuteronomy—the most spiritual part of the Pentateuch—treats war against foreigners who are *not* of the devoted seven nations as natural and legitimate. Enlightened Mussulmans claim that their prophet made no wars but in defence of those whom it was his duty to protect. Be this as it may, the actual history of Mohammedanism, from first to last, exhibits civil powers, whose main *reason for existing* was (in their consciousness) that they might propagate a religious creed—the doctrine of God's Unity. Especially in the fervor of new converts is this manifest. A negro nation in Africa, which in its paganism was just and kindly to strangers, unambitious and humble, while blinded by many foolish superstitions, no sooner embraces the Mussulman faith, than it becomes haughty and menacing to its pagan neighbors, and generally displays an energy, bravery, and talent before unsuspected, with a vast increase of ambition and ferocity. Since

the creed of Islām is too short to be mistaken or corrupted, we can hardly doubt that the energies now called out by it in an uneducated African tribe may fairly represent to us its original effect on the uneducated comrades of the prophet himself. Cultivation, after several generations, may naturally have softened and improved the theory of those who expounded the creed; but perhaps we shall err in accepting their doctrine as the primitive and genuine interpretation. Necessarily there is a milder and a sterner school in every widespread religion. Wider knowledge, deeper thought, more peaceful times, enlarge charity and lessen the harshness of zeal. Yet, on the whole, all Mussulman dynasties have a marvellous family likeness, with marked contrasts to everything that preceded them. Only one form of government seems to be admissible, that of military sovereignty; yet the sovereign is in theory the minister of religion, and derives his power from it.

Although every Mussulman State must be called ecclesiastical, it is by no means hierarchical, nor even sacerdotal. Great respect has always been yielded to men of repute for holiness or learning, especially for religious learning—knowledge of the Korān and its traditional interpretations—knowledge of the reported conversations or deeds of the Prophet and his immediate followers. Nevertheless learned men or reputed saints have never formed an *order* in the State. The highest ecclesiastic in Turkey, the Sheikh el Islām, can temporarily arrest and delay the completion of an imperial act, by refusing his assent, if he deem it to be forbidden by religion; but he is liable to be removed from office by the Sultan, as we saw during the Crimean war, when the Sultan found it politic to yield to the demands of his Western allies in favor of Christian subjects. Only by aid of the fervid zeal of the multitude could the 'Ulema, or learned men, venture to resist the sovereign. As in imperial Rome the emperor himself was at the same time Chief Pontiff, so has an Arab khalif or a Turkish sultan always been eminently the Head of their Faith, the Prince of Believers. Among the Romans, whose politics were ostentatiously religious, the religion was a mere *form*, which added ceremony and augustness to every procedure, but was absolutely void of vital power. But in every Mussulman

State the religion infuses an active force into the government, which must emphatically profess to be religious, publicly and privately. Every Mussulman, not excluding the prince, listens to the call of the crier from the mosque, and prostrates himself in prayer, wherever he may be; and this form of religion undoubtedly keeps up a universal zeal for the creed. 'Dien! dien!' (the creed, the creed) is the cry which animates a fanatical mob to many deeds of violence, and has often led wild horsemen to victory. Some nations seem constitutionally less susceptible of religious excitement than others. The Persians proper are not so earnest as the Turks, and are both less honest and less fanatical; yet, on the whole, there is very little apparent difference between any two Mohammedan governments, whether Arab, Moor, Turk, Mogul, or even Bornou and Begharmi.

The common tendency of all to trust in cavalry rather than in infantry is certainly curious. The same religion gives rise both to an intense absoluteness of sovereignty and to an almost democratic equality of persons. Possibly this may be the result of its essentially military complexion. In a camp of warriors, united by religion and the hope of conquest, the social feeling is that of comrades and equals: but this is tempered by the necessity of obedience to the military chief, in whom is vested an absolute authority over the fortunes and lives of his fellows. In spite of the arbitrary power of all Mohammedan potentates, whether their authority be supreme or delegated, there reigns through the nation at large a fraternising and in some sense a levelling spirit. The religion is intensely opposed to aristocratic sentiment. The meanest believer in God and Mohammed judges himself to be fit company for princes, and applies his doctrine impartially. No sooner does a slave embrace the Mussulman faith than his master recognises him as a brother. Nothing is commoner than to enfranchise such a slave, nor does any one wonder if he be adopted by the master as son-in-law and heir. Nor do the poor feel themselves humiliated by poverty. Every one who thinks that he has failed of justice from the local judge, regards it as the obvious duty of the supreme prince to hear his appeal. Persians are less bold of spirit than Turks; yet a Persian in Teherán has been known to stop

and accost the king, appeal to him for justice, and threaten him with God's judgment at the last day if it be refused. Such a thing astonishes Europeans, but passes without resentment from Mussulmans. As the profession of the creed of Islâm is that which alone gives glory to nations, and is supposed to draw after it worldly supremacy, the prince has no authority independent of his religion; and learned men cannot say to a poor Mussulman, as here we say to a poor Christian, 'You must do homage to the prince in his character of worldly potentate, and not only as to a religious leader and fellow-believer.'

It belongs to military organisation that each superior officer in turn is despotic over his inferiors. The necessity for prompt obedience in actual war seldom admits of appeal to a higher authority, so as to arrest immediate execution; and we know among ourselves, how a despotism which is only really necessary in the face of an enemy is maintained during years of profound peace and in the heart of our own people. This will perhaps explain the fact, that a perpetual delegation of despotism is the Mussulman form of civil government. Hence the same sad result as in the Roman empire. An emperor or sultan, an Aurelius or a Solyman, might issue edicts of admirable justice; but the subjects of the empire had no means of securing that the viceroys and lieutenants and serjeants should observe them. In our Indian administration we are, or ought to be, painfully aware of this inherent difficulty of a despotic rule.

As regards foreign nations, the Moslem wars were tempered by the principle of proselytism, unknown to the Gentile States. If Chaldæan horsemen or Roman infantry laid prostrate a people's liberties, the conquered had nothing left but to crouch and suffer: but if Saracens or Moors were the invaders, they had but to adopt the new religion, and they at once became the equals of their conquerors, and valued members of the ruling body. This has been a great source of strength to Islâm in the onward movements. Nor is it to be supposed that these conversions were merely hypocritical or made with great difficulty. Three great and victorious Tartar nations voluntarily put off their paganism to adopt the religion of the Mohammedans whom they had vanquish-

ed; much as did the Goths adopt Christianity. It is easy to conceive how an enthusiastic contagion often impelled numbers of a conquered people to do the same.

Thus the old barrier between nations, which local institutions and local religions had set up, was effectually levelled. Tribes of most diverse blood and tendencies coalesced, and often assumed so uniform a genius as surprises the distant beholder. In the first splendid centuries of the Mohammedan outburst it would seem that in Syria and Asia Minor various masses of population which were ostensibly Christian must have surrendered themselves to the Arabian religion; so perhaps did they in Roumelia, after the conquest of Constantinople. But the Christianity of these nations was of a most doubtful kind. After the Roman empire became Christian, and the old religions were forbidden, an external Christianity was superinduced under a form which to Mussulmans seemed polytheistic. One may infer, that those Christians who remained firm, fled to the mountainous regions; for it is in these places, more secure from an enemy who excelled in cavalry, that the Nestorian, the Chaldean, and the Syrian Christians retained existence and transmitted their faith. In Persia the great majority of the people became converts of Islâm; it is not clear whether they ought to be called polytheists: that they were fireworshippers is an ignorant slander. The Jews and many of the Christians, on whom Mohammed looked more mildly, as 'the people of the book' and not idolaters, have stubbornly refused conversion. The Jews, being nowhere an independent State, are less important and hardly a political fact; but Islâm and Christianity are now the two great powers that divide the world, each despairing to convert the other. Each now makes converts of barbarians only; but the Moslem converts are over the breadth of Africa, and may become a great consolidated power, if their barbarism abate; the Christian converts are scattered, chiefly over oceanic isles, and nowhere assume political importance.

To the Mohammedans the Korân, as the Pentateuch to the Hebrews, is not only the standard of moral instruction, but the fountain of political law. So submissive are the Turks to its letter, that they will neither engrave nor paint any living form. In the Hebrew decalogue also, a precept

is worded, 'Thou shalt not *make* to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any [living] thing in heaven or earth.' The Persians do not at all object to painting the human face, but the Ottomans esteem it to be a rivalry of creative power, as well as tending to idolatry. But there is no difference as to acknowledging the Korân as the rule of political institutions. Laws concerning land, concerning movable property, concerning women, marriage, dowries, divorce, concerning war and slavery, are all drawn from the Korân.

It is interesting to know that the Indian Moslems greatly discourage polygamy, and endeavor to exterminate it among themselves by stringent covenants in marriage settlements. Yet with the fact before them, that their prophet himself was a polygamist, it is impossible for their religion to forbid polygamy to their chief men. Many learned doctors have inculcated it as a *duty*, on all men rich enough to support several families, to take more wives than one, up to the standard number *four*; which, for political or other reasons, Mohammed was by special dispensation allowed to exceed. No single cause seems so fertile of mischief to Mussulman dynasties. The sultans, pashas, chieftains in every country of Asia or Africa are uniformly polygamists, and no one cares to inquire whether their ladies are wives or concubines. None of the children are neglected or despised; none of the sons are disqualified from succeeding to the father's position. The Turkish Sultan is said *never* to take a legitimate wife; such is the rule of the Court; nay, it has been remarked that every sultan is open to the reproach, 'Thou son of a slave;' his mother's status being slavery.

When we remember that the Hebrew law permitted polygamy, yet the Jewish nation in long time broke away from the unnatural practice, we might have expected the same thing from Moslems. Does the cause of its persistence lie in the example of the prophet? But Abraham also and Jacob were polygamists. Or shall we say, that the proclivity of despotic princes to this practice is the cardinal matter, and the example of the prophet their mere excuse; and that if the Hebrews had continued to live under despotism, polygamy would have perpetuated itself with them also? It may be so; but whatever is the cause of Mussulman polygamy, the fact appears to be peculiarly



deadly in this religion. Every princely family tends to decay by self-exhaustion; besides, the rivalry and animosity of half-brothers tears great houses asunder, to the ruin of aristocracy. Each of the wives is busy to get for her own children as large a share of the paternal fortune as intrigue and coaxing can secure; many a wife contrives to keep a secret hoard unknown to her husband, partly in self-protection, partly to bestow on her children. It seems but incident to human nature, that in proportion to the greatness of the stake for which rival wives contend, should be the bitterness of the contest. We know how often the first act of a king's accession is to slay his half-brothers. What can be more fatal to royalty and to aristocracy than such an institution? We see, as it were, a type of the cruelty induced in the tale of Abraham's two wives. No sooner is Isaac born than Sarah is enraged against Ishmael, and drives him away with his mother to perish in the desert. Besides, the polygamy draws after it a jealous separation of the sexes hurtful to both, and (it cannot be doubted) a great contempt of women. The learned Mr. Lane informs us that a favorite topic of discourse among Mussulman doctors is, the weakness and wickedness of the female sex.

Yet Mussulman nations are not wholly alike. Some, as the Turks, have much virtue among themselves, and great probity in the observance of all public treaties, however liable to be ferocious (as, indeed, the English have shown themselves) when they suspect that insurrection is meditated by a subject people. Among the Turks, as among many Indian Mussulmans, there is nothing to forbid poor men of undistinguished families from rising into the highest posts of state. There is no division of patricians and plebeians. The consciousness of dignity manifested by a poor Turk is often ludicrous to a European; and though we see that the empire is wasting, and probably must waste, through the ignorance of sultans reared in a seraglio, and the ruinous process by which the pashas are appointed, still it would seem that the government of Persia, which inherits the despotic principles of the old Gentile monarchies, is more destructive to the virtues and happiness of the Persians than are the purely Mussulman principles to the Ottomans. Persia differs from the other Mohammedan kingdoms, not only in

belonging to the sect of Shi-ites (which reject the traditions), but in never having surrendered her political system so entirely to the Arabian principles. From neither people is any regeneration of Islâm to be hoped. The Arabs have tried religious reform, and have produced only the fanatical sect of Wahabis. It remains an interesting problem, whether from the cultivated Mussulmans of India we can hope any diffusion of humane, civilising, and exalting principles, into this wide-spread religion, which shows no tendency to vanish away. Of Mussulmans, still more truly than of Roman Catholics, it may be said, that they have no national patriotism so strong as their religious bond. Through their meetings as pilgrims in Mecca, they have a common contact of great influence; and no one can foresee what power the companies of more enlightened pilgrims may some day put forth, from Mecca as the centre, to modify the whole world of Islâm.

Under Mohammedanism, we have seen, the Church and the State are one, and religion is the paramount influence; yet there is no hierarchy. Under Christianity one might have expected religion to be still more the paramount influence. The Apostle Paul pointedly declares, 'Our citizenship (*πολιτεία*) is in heaven: ' but no Christian nation has ever surrendered itself so unreservedly to its religion as the Mussulmans have done. Moreover, since a hierarchy, powerful in union and in the subjection of the laity, already existed in the Christian Church when Constantine, though remaining unbaptized, became its patron, the whole aspect of things was totally different from that which confronted Mohammed and the Kahlifs. After the overthrow of the Roman empire in the West by the rude German invaders, the first remarkable phenomenon which meets us is, that over many countries a single religious organisation is spread, which, possessing far more literary knowledge than any of the actual rulers, struggles everywhere to control the military and civil power. Although in various parts the bishops and abbots gradually became actual princes, at the head of no inconsiderable force of warriors, yet the Church as a whole was an *unarmed* power, confronting armed men by moral influences, by superstition, by craft and intrigue. In a barbarous stage of human nature,

craft and wisdom generally coexist, nor can we expect, even in a more advanced stage, to see them disentangled in a corporation. We shall generally be right in wishing success to the men of cunning, rather than to the men of violence. The former, in fact, wield the best moral powers which a rude age possesses; and however alloyed with evil their ascendancy may be, it has in it the elements of improvement. In Mohammedanism, as has been stated, the power of the ecclesiastic has never sufficed to curb or withstand that of the military leader, while in modern Europe the opposite phenomenon is the most characteristic feature for a thousand years together. It is not exactly as in the ancient monarchies of Egypt, and probably of Assyria, where a priestly caste stood side by side with the military on the same area, and competed in authority. In mediæval Europe we have a multiplicity of martial nations with independent chiefs, while a firmly united ecclesiastical system acts through and by them all. The centralisation of church-authority in Rome was already far advanced, when civil government was in chaos and military chieftains numerous.

Much of the actual progress of events was, no doubt, due to the position of Charlemagne and his predecessors, who, having been only Mayors of the Palace to the French king, usurped the royal power, and at length obtained the sanction for it from Rome and the Pope; two names, of which each singly had weight with vulgar ears. The great Charles himself was crowned in Rome with the iron crown of the Lombards by the hand of the Holy Father; and the secure possession of so large a part of Italy as the temporal dominion of the Papal See, down to recent days, was due to the favor and gift of Charlemagne, who, it seems, was imposed on by a forged grant from Constantine. Thus in Europe the spiritual power gained a firm, material, and independent basis in the south, while it was preaching, teaching, or intriguing in the north. If national churches, such as the Reformation set up, subject to the control of princes, had gained existence four or five centuries earlier, the Church would everywhere have become the mere tool of the Crown; and whatever difference of opinion there may be, whether it is a change for the better that the Protestant

hierarchy has been made subservient to the State, it cannot reasonably be doubted that it would have been worse at an earlier period. A king of England or of France, or an emperor of Germany, who fell into conflict with one of his bishops, soon found, to his inconvenience, that the bishop was countenanced by the Pope, and the Pope's name carried with it the support of all the ecclesiastics everywhere, and that their influence brought against him the feelings or even the weapons of many a baron and duke, sometimes of a neighboring king. Thus, although the spiritual power was in each separate State much weaker than the military, yet, since the former was fixed in a centre generally out of reach, and occupied exclusively by the spiritual potentate, neither of the two combatants could annihilate the other's agency or appropriate his resources. This is the grand peculiarity of the Middle Ages, distinguishing that period alike from Islâm and from the earlier Gentile system.

One immediate and marked result of the early fixed independence of the Church, was the giving honor to civil as opposed to military employment, and, in no small degree, honor to industry. Under ancient Rome, we know, Cicero was the first man who rose to the highest power by the arts of a civilian; in Greece, though Athens was literary, feats of arms and skill as an army-leader were the accomplishments most frequently looked for in influential statesmen; and we must reasonably believe the same to be true of every warlike State of antiquity; but the literary qualifications of churchmen, in an age which looked back to superior cultivation, marked them out as the only persons qualified as compilers of codes, interpreters of law, ambassadors in delicate disputes, chancellors of a kingdom; so that in many cases ecclesiastics of higher or lower grades occupied the most important offices of administration, whatever their original rank in life. The majority of them came from the middle ranks, a few eminent men from the lowest. The Church has been called 'the ladder for low-born men' in those times. The considerable infusion which it received of the high-born tended alike to give dignity of manner to ecclesiastics, and to increase their respect with the nobles. In so far it was a democratic influence tempering the evil tendencies of selfish hereditary power.

Against civil war, when it had no ecclesiastical ground, we may be sure that the ecclesiastical power exerted itself, but it is very hard to make out that the general influence of the clergy was conducive to peace; indeed, looking at European history broadly, war seems to have been as ordinary as among the old Gentile powers. We know that the clergy were the most active promoters of crusades against Saracens and Turks, and against heretical dukes and kings. We know also that they systematically promoted insurrection of subjects against their native prince, not only for heresy, but for minor ecclesiastical quarrels; and that when the Order of Jesuits arose, and taught the doctrine of assassinating kings for Church reasons, the Popes stood firm and were the last to abandon the Order, after it had incurred universal hatred. In our own day we have recently seen them revive the Order, which boasts of its past, and alike in Mexico, Spain, Italy, France, and Germany we behold the same influences vehemently exerted on the side of war for the Church. Against this we have to set partial and occasional efforts in distant times to promote 'sacred truces,' or to arbitrate against threatened war. When one tries to count up or discover such cases, they are indeed very few and small as a pacific influence, and utterly inadequate to counterbalance the desolating wars which Papal ambition has promoted or caused. The Thirty Years' War of Germany alone seems to outweigh all the alleged influence of Christian ecclesiastics for peace in 1500 years.

In spite of Protestantism, which has seemed to subject the Church to the State, a phenomenon continues to present itself in all Europe, which was wholly unknown to the ancient Gentile world, and also to the Mohammedans,—a *permanent contest of the Church against the State*. Among Protestants it for a long time took the form of Dissent or Nonconformity. In particular our English and Scotch Dissenters bore an aspect towards the State analogous to that of Christians before Constantine; so indeed did the Catholics in Ireland. But ever since 1832, when Nonconformists were avowedly and in considerable number admitted into Parliament, the Church by law established has become jealous and disdainful of law, and seeks to be independent of it; so that we see the two antagonistic influences, Church and

State, acting almost as freely here as in Catholic countries. If the Churches cared solely or chiefly for moral interests, their independent activity would be matter for sincere rejoicing. In the American Union, where no religious sect is favored, the State appears to know nothing whatever of their proceedings. This may suggest that our present condition is one of mere transition. Free churches, it is to be hoped, will not always limit their views as hitherto, nor always be in variance with one another, nor with the impartial thought outside of them.

While it is impossible to admire the intrigues of Rome, or not to deplore the crusades, yet it must not be overlooked that these have in large part cemented Europe into a single diplomatic commonwealth, of which in ancient times we see a type on a small scale in the contrast of Greece to Barbaria; that is, to all the world beside. To be comrades in a long series of wars, from a sincere common sentiment, however fanatical, must in itself greatly break down national barriers. The first crusade to avenge the Holy Sepulchre was primarily stirred up by wild fanaticism; but later crusades were probably fostered by policy. The see of Rome had not forgotten, if Europe had, how deadly and dangerous a war Charles Martel and the Franks had to wage against the Moors from Spain. A new and redoubtable nation, the Seljuk Turks, had appeared on the confines of Europe as a fresh champion of the Mohammedan creed, not less formidable than the Saracens. It is not attributing too much foresight or sagacious policy to the court of Rome, to believe that they wished to stop and put down the Turkish power before it should come near. However this may be, such was the result: the might of the house of Seljuk was crippled on the plains of Palestine, and did not ultimately reach Europe. Some what later the successors of Jenghiz Khan advanced into Europe, ravaging it as they advanced. After they had defeated and slain the Duke of Silesia in a terrible battle, the severity of which made them recede, the Pope stepped forward, as the representative of collective Europe. He first endeavored to stir up all the powers to oppose them, but found that no hearty alliance was possible, after the enemy had actually retired. In fact, ignorance of geography struck all with panic: no one

knew whence the enemy had come, or whither he was gone. Nothing further could be done but to send Papal embassies to the remotest part of Tartary, of which to us the chief interest is, to observe how unhesitatingly the Pope announces himself as the mouthpiece and central power of Europe. A large portion of Christendom, which disowned the religious headship of Rome, was afterwards subdued by the Ottomans or Osmanlies, but Romish Christendom was scarcely touched by them; their conquest of Hungary was partial and transient: Poland, Germany, and Hungary, even during the schism of the Reformation, saved Papal Europe from the Ottomans, as the Franks had saved it from the Moors. On the whole it seems probable that to the Roman Church we are largely indebted for that united sentiment and action of European nations, without which Mohammedan invasion could hardly have been repelled. A new conquest would in any case have been disastrous; but when we see in every Moslem country polygamy, military tyranny, stagnation and decay, and the feeble state of the coexisting Christian races, no price may seem too great to have paid for our escape. Each successive development in its earlier movement brings from its nobler elements advantages that are not to be overlooked; but in the later stages all its weaknesses and imperfections grow up to maturity; so that those who have, as it were, to drink the dregs of the vessel, find them merely bitter or poisonous.

With the Reformation of Religion in Europe a new era opens. A great cleft was made in the ecclesiastical power; in all the Protestant countries except Scotland the Church fell at once into dependence on the State, as in old Rome. It remains to ask, Is there nothing new introduced by Protestantism, through which we are put in contrast to ancient times?

Undoubtedly an eminently important principle, destined to influence the world to remote ages, has for the first time been forced forward into public law by the instrumentality of Protestantism;—and that is, *the right of individual conscience*. This, as I have said, was scarcely imagined by antiquity. It was practically disowned by Jew and Egyptian, Greek and Roman. It obtained very partial admission with Mohammedans, and was utterly denied by Romish divinity and by the practice of

the Catholic States. Nay, it was long refused and deprecated by leading reformers,—men who above all others needed toleration themselves. Catholic princes of Transylvania were the earliest to grant toleration to deniers of the Trinity: England in the eighteenth century persecuted some of them to death. Evidently in no country have the rights of conscience been established by the influence of pure reasoning or of pure Christianity: but the details are sufficiently important to enlarge upon.

Many eminent men, whose position would naturally have made them zealous for the rights of conscience, have, nevertheless, shrunk from avowing those rights, without qualifications which reduce them to a nullity. Not merely Romanists, nor merely Protestants born, but those who have actually seceded from the one side to the other have deprecated toleration, and not only when they have been in the ascendant, but some of them even when subjected to the caprices and cruelties of power, and while accounting the Bible to be the standard of truth. Would it not then seem that toleration cannot be so clear as we think in the Bible? The explanation is perhaps very simple. The doctrine of Toleration is perfectly clear in the New Testament; but the contrary principle is equally clear in the Old Testament, in which persecution of the most unflinching kind is commanded, described, and glorified. The men who looked on *the whole book* as of equal authority and equally addressed to themselves, would necessarily be embarrassed by the contrariety; and it is easy to see in the Scriptural quotations made by the Puritans when in their fiercest mood, that the Old Testament was the real stronghold of this doctrine. Those who wished to disentangle themselves from this part of Scripture feared to lose authority for National Religion or Sabbatical observances; yet as no one dreamed of accepting the Levitical law, each drew a line of his own to mark off *how much* of the Old Testament was obligatory; hence the Bible failed to be an arbiter in the important strife. In point of fact, the battle was fought out terribly with weapons of war, not with argument.

That religious wars were unknown to the ancients, was above remarked. The war of Charlemagne against the pagan Saxons, was followed by crusades against



Saracens and Turks. The atrocious crusade against the Albigenses was the first war of the kind within Christendom itself; and dreadful as it was, it was but the beginning of horrors. The heretics assailed were numerous enough to be called a nation, yet not strong enough to retaliate prolonged misery on their assailants. The first outbreak of Protestant warfare was in Bohemia; where the blind general Ziska displayed in five years of victory what the new enthusiasm could do. This was A.D. 1420-1424. It was imitated by the league of Smalkalde against the emperor Charles a century later; but through the extreme forbearance and gentleness of the Protestant leader their resistance was neither bloody nor successful. When the cruelties of the Inquisition (a tale of older date) began to be turned against Protestants in Spain, Italy, and Holland, the struggle became frightfully intensified. In France, Holland, Sweden, England, it was felt that Protestants must either be tamely burnt and butchered, or resist. In France and Holland the struggle was long and devastating: in Sweden and England it was less severe. Early in the seventeenth century Germany became convulsed by the great commotion called the Thirty Years' War, in which the great and good king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, came to aid the Protestant cause. By this prolonged conflict, the horrors of which have not been paralleled in modern history, two-thirds of the population of Germany is said to have been destroyed. But as this was the fiercest struggle, so was it the last of avowed religious wars on the continent of Europe. It ended by the peace of Westphalia, A.D. 1648. The Protestant Churches gained toleration and establishment, but only at the expense of the unity of the German empire. In Great Britain the clash of religious war began when it was ceasing in Germany; nor was it until after the expulsion of the Catholic James II. from the throne by the united Protestant feeling of all England, that churchmen and dissenters became so far reconciled as led to a public Act of Toleration; an Act, which, though in many respects incomplete, had the germ of a faithful and universal principle.

There was a difference between the toleration won by arms on the Continent, and that which little by little has been wrung out of authority in England. The

former was gained for existing communities of Christians, not for individuals; the latter shelters future possible communities and any eccentric person. Even in the republic of Geneva, where there was no prince to tune the pulpits, the Reforming leaders had no thought of allowing a conscience to individuals; so little did the first generation of Protestants understand the logic or the necessities of their own position. But the second stage of the conflict came on in England when the body known by us as the INDEPENDENTS became numerous, who denied that the State had any authority to dictate religious truth to individuals, or control their collective worship. Politically, their great representative was Oliver Cromwell; and though he did not succeed in establishing their fundamental tenet, yet from that day onward it has been secretly working itself into English policy. The first thing permanently gained was, *Toleration without State subsidies*. This was a step towards separation of Church and State. Prussia has given public endowments to every sect which she tolerates; so did Napoleon I.; but English toleration was from the first a recognition that a sensible *part* of the nation was become (ecclesiastically) separate from the State, although this was not avowed in so many words, or quite consistently acted on.

Meanwhile a great preparation of mind had been going on, from the cultivation of Moral Philosophy. It had become manifest to all thinking men, that morals had a basis of its own, independent of Church or Bible; so that a man like Socrates might be a moral and worthy citizen without being a Christian at all, much more without belonging to a special sect of Christians, or holding the creed of the ruler. In earlier times, whether Gentile, Jewish, Moslem, or Mediæval, no other ground of moral practice was imagined by the rulers of States, than the sanction of the national religion; a man who disowned the creed of his fathers was assumed to be ready for the perpetration of crime. A dim notion to this effect has immensely influenced public men who would not have dared to utter it; indeed, what else can have reconciled such a man as Sir Thomas More to cruel persecution? But the whole basis of their proceedings is undermined, when it is notorious that sound morality (so far as the ruler can test it) may exist separately

from any particular religious belief: thus all imagined difficulty is removed against recognising bad believers as good citizens. In all parts of Europe, in the convictions of statesmen, the revolution is now undoubtedly complete. No one of them now imagines that it belongs to the State to dictate a creed in religion, any more than in astronomy or chemistry, or in any way to claim obedience in things spiritual. The *State-conscience*, which has been talked of, must be confined purely to things moral. On the accurate distinction between *the moral* and *the spiritual* undoubtedly a sound judgment of the duties of the State depends. In India the absolute necessity of this discrimination shows itself again and again to our statesmen, when confronted by immoral religion at one moment, by fanciful religion at another. The State being founded on morality and existing for moral interests, cannot allow immorality, of whatever type, to shelter itself under the cloak of religion. In all the freest nations it is now avowed, that good citizens must be treated *impartially*, be their religion what it may; and apparently this principle is destined to disconnect the State from all religious establishments, until (in the future) real unity of religion may pervade a nation.

In the three eras here contemplated, I have tried to exhibit the spirit, first, of Gentile religion, various and intensely divided, unaggressive in itself, yet only the more justifying political aggression; easily tolerant of national diversities, but most intolerant of individual conscientiousness. Next, the Moslem spirit, aggressive in an eminent degree, yet more greedy of comrades than of subjects; tolerant so far as to allow life and social rights to unbelievers who renounce idolatry, yet degrading them into an inferior caste; allowing slavery, yet a slavery on the whole of a milder form; fostering polygamy and despotism, yet recognising a common faith as a closer bond than nation and blood. Lastly, we have seen how, in the long equiposed European battle between one Church and many States, freedom for individual consciences has been gradually won—everywhere in Europe, we may now say, except in Russia,—at the cost of many terrible

struggles and multitudes of noble lives. This freedom of conscience, in fact, includes freedom of teaching and preaching, freedom therefore of science and of history. Whatever the form of the government, even be it despotic as in India, this freedom puts into it a new spirit, with immense after-results.

The European literature for a hundred years past has looked realities in the face, unchecked by ecclesiastical or any formal rule; and out of this boldness has issued *more tenderness for human nature* than ever before. Few statesmen as yet dare to look deeply into the *causes* of national evil; but great notoriety is given to facts by our abounding literature, by the accumulation of statistics, and by the interchange of knowledge between the different Christian nations. Now that slavery is regarded as extinct, a great anxiety has gone abroad among statesmen concerning the depraved and dangerous class of citizens. That a deep concern about the treatment of criminals affects nearly all the Christian powers, was strikingly proved in the Congress of eminent persons, assembled in London in 1872 by the initiation of the President of the American Union. Philanthropy acts upon governments as never before. Of course there is plenty of doublemindedness. Men want to get a great result without paying the necessary price. They do not like to ask too closely, what is the source of pauperism, of crime, and of wide-spread debasement. Nevertheless, new principles are admitted, and will have to be worked out. "The '*State-conscience*' is turned from ecclesiastical meddling to moral ordering. The duties of the ruler to the ruled are unaffectedly confessed. Humane principles are proclaimed as alone worthy of wise rulers, or tending to beneficial ends. Where there is an abhorrence of torture, an almost morbid aversion to take away human life, a belief that the reformation of criminals is of more importance to society than the punishing of them, there will not be a permanent connivance at the causes of criminality. A new political era is entered upon, which will make the future better than the past.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

FOREMOST among the old English physicians whom we propose to sketch, must stand out that blunt, clever, irascible Yorkshireman, Dr. Radcliffe, whose memory the great library at Oxford (for which he bequeathed forty thousand pounds) will never allow to perish. Though there was perhaps a certain pride about his honest bluntness, we must respect the man who could tell the truth even to royal patients.

Two years after his arrival in London, Radcliffe was appointed physician to the Princess Anne of Denmark; and soon after the accession of King William, was rewarded for the cure of two of William's favorites by a present of five hundred guineas from the Privy-purse. Though refusing the post of court physician, Radcliffe is said to have received from the king in six years nearly eight thousand guineas. His gains, indeed, seem to have been enormous, for, in 1691, he received one thousand guineas from Queen Mary for successfully prescribing for the young Duke of Gloucester, the son of the Princess Anne; and we cannot disbelieve the story that Dr. Gibson made a thousand a year by receiving patients who were unable to obtain admission to Dr. Radcliffe.

In 1694 he attended the good Queen Mary for the small-pox, and on merely reading the prescriptions of the other physicians, at once pronounced her 'a dead woman;' a prediction very soon verified. Queens and princesses might shrug their pretty shoulders at his name, but they could not dispense with Radcliffe's services, and we find him telling a messenger of the Princess Anne, 'that she had nothing but the vapors, and was as well as any other woman in the world, could she but think so.' He was dismissed the court for this hit. Even royal pride, however, had to bow before the great doctor, and he was, in 1699, again sent for to see the Duke of Gloucester, whom he at once, abusing soundly the two court physicians, pronounced as beyond the reach of medicine.

In 1695, King William gave Radcliffe twelve hundred pounds, and made him the offer of a baronetcy, which he declined, for having gone abroad to attend the Earl of Albemarle, who, on his recovery, had sent him four hundred guineas and a dia-

mond ring. Even the king Radcliffe did little to conciliate, and told him frankly that all promises to cure him were futile. He might, he said, if he gave up drinking long toasts with the Earl of Bradford (who drank hard), live three or four years; but no art would carry him further. When the king was finally seized with dropsy, and asked the doctor what he 'thought of his legs,' Radcliffe replied: 'Why, truly, sir, I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.'

Can we wonder that William ever afterwards refused to see the blunt doctor, in spite of the intercessions of the Earl of Albemarle and other nobles?

For many years, Queen Anne remembered the message about the vapors, and never sent for him to the palace; but when her own husband, Prince George of Denmark, was dying, she had again to bate her pride. But Radcliffe was both blunt and rough, and told her plainly that no medicine could preserve him more than six days; and the Prince died of dropsy within that time.

Fond as Radcliffe was of money, he could bear losses philosophically, if the story is true, that, losing five thousand pounds in a foolish commercial adventure, he coolly remarked in his City tavern, that, after all, it only amounted to going up five thousand more pairs of stairs. He was equally calm when he lost fifteen thousand pounds down and a City bride. With that strange inconsistency common to human nature, Radcliffe, though he hated breaking a guinea for small payments, was charitable in a large way. He secretly sent five hundred pounds to the Nonjuring clergy of Norwich, and on another occasion three hundred pounds to the poor Episcopal clergy of Scotland.

To those whom he respected the doctor was rough; to those whom he despised, he was terrible indeed. Tyson of Hackney, a notorious usurer and miser, once came to him disguised as a poor man, in order to save the fee. Radcliffe recognised him, and at once shook Death's dart in his face.

'Go home, sir, and repent!' he roared. 'The grave is ready for the man who has raised an immense estate out of the spoils of orphans and widows. You will be a dead man, sir, in ten days.'

Tyson died within the time, having the wretched satisfaction of leaving behind him three hundred thousand pounds.

Radcliffe, who died in 1714, was succeeded by his protégé, Dr. Mead, the son of a dissenting minister at Stepney, who first practised inoculation in England. Though an ardent Whig, Mead was a friend of Pope, Garth, and Arbuthnot. Educated at Utrecht, Leyden, and Padua, Mead became famous at an early age, and soon acquired a European reputation. Though a mild, forbearing man, he once drew his sword on his scurrilous rival, Dr. Woodward, and forced him to beg his pardon. His grand house in Great Ormond Street contained a library of ten thousand volumes, and curiosities innumerable, which he could well afford to purchase out of his six thousand pounds a year. A liberal patron of arts and sciences, he helped to start the Foundling Hospital, and was generous to artists and scholars. As physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, anatomical lecturer to the Surgeons' Company, and Vice-President of the Royal Society, he knew every one who was eminent. He corresponded with his old fellow-student, Boerhaave, and was eulogised by Pope, who says: 'I highly esteem and love that worthy man.'

Like his patron Radcliffe, Mead was fond of taverns. He spent his evenings at Batson's coffee-house; and in the forenoons, apothecaries used to consult him, for half-guinea fees, at Tom's coffee-house, near Covent Garden. With all his learning, Mead believed that the sun and moon had influence over human bodies, and wrote a work on the subject.

At the age of twenty, Fothergill, the son of a planter in Tortola, released his fifty slaves, and became a voluntary beggar; then commencing practice, he amassed nearly two thousand pounds in six months, and came to England, where he soon became renowned for his benevolence and his learning.

Passing over Freind, whose Jacobitism got him into the Tower, and Cheselden, with his predilection for pugilism, we pass on to that excellent man, the Quaker physician, Lettson. When only forty years of age, Dr. Lettson is said to have made twelve thousand pounds per annum. The charity and generosity of this amiable man knew no bounds. For a highwayman who stopped him and took

his purse, he obtained a commission in the army. His rich patients he neglected for the poor. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Margate Sea-bathing Infirmary. He promoted vaccination, and helped forward the Royal Humane Society. Lettson is described as a tall man, with a dark yellow face. The well-known epigram upon him ran:

When any sick to me apply  
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;  
If after that they choose to die,  
What's that to me?—I Lettson.

A greater man, and quite as social and amiable, was Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. A chance remark of a Gloucestershire dairymaid was the origin of his great and useful discovery. He was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman; and on the expiration of his apprenticeship to a surgeon near Bristol, studied under the celebrated John Hunter. In 1790, Parliament voted Jenner twenty thousand pounds, as it appeared clearly from a report of the College of Physicians that, out of 164,311 cases of vaccination, there had been only three deaths. Jenner seems to have been a meek, gentle, and modest man, astonished at his own fame. The character of the man is well shown in a letter he wrote to Cline, who assured him, if he came to London, he would earn ten thousand pounds a year.

'Shall I,' he says, 'who, even in the morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life in the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it?—a gilded butt, forever pierced with the arrows of malignancy.'

John Hunter was a remarkable instance of natural genius discovering its true bent. The Glasgow cabinetmaker's boy was right when he left the plane and the chisel, and turned anatomical assistant, to be in time surgeon-general of the army, and, without a doubt, the first surgeon of Europe. On his great collection, now in the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Hunter is said to have spent ninety thousand pounds. It was purchased by government for fifteen thousand. Hunter's skillfulness may be gathered from the fact, that he once removed



a tumor as large as a man's head, and healed the wound, as surgeons say, by the first intention. He was so diffident a lecturer, that he is said to have always taken thirty drops of laudanum before he commenced his discourse. In character, Hunter was arrogant and contemptuous, trampling down all opposition. When told of a hostile criticism being published, he said: 'Yes, we have all of us vermin that live upon us.' Hunter died in 1793, suddenly, at a meeting in St. George's Hospital, where some opposition had irritated him. A fear of hydrophobia from a cut he had received in dissecting a hydrophobic patient, had latterly preyed much upon his mind. His chief discoveries were in relation to cancer and popliteal aneurism; but he carried the study of anatomy farther than his predecessor, and established the existence of new properties in the gastric juice. Hunter was fond of keeping wild animals, from which he sometimes ran great risks.

In Abernethy, we come again to one of those rough eccentric physicians of whose kindness innumerable good stories are told. Like Dr. Johnson, he had a warm heart under a rough exterior. Though he could be absolutely brutal to fine ladies and affected misses, he is said to have been an amiable man, beloved of his family and friends. But to tiresome patients and *malades imaginaires*, he was at times the personation of rudeness: 'Sir, that's enough; go home and read my book.' To a lady, who complained of low spirits, he would say: 'Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping-rope.' Sometimes, however, he met his match. Curran one day came to consult him, and was rather diffuse in describing his symptoms.

'Sir,' said Abernethy, 'you had better tell me your whole life.' Upon which Curran sat down, and seriously began: 'I was born in the year —, in the county of —, Ireland;' and Abernethy burst into a laugh, and entered properly into his case. A lady, determined to be brief, and to humor the tyrant, one day entered his consulting-room, and thrusting out an injured hand, merely said: 'My thumb, sir.' 'You, madam,' he exclaimed in admiration, 'are the only sensible woman I ever had for a patient.'

A gentleman, equally determined, being roughly interrupted, suddenly locked the

door, put the key in his pocket, and insisted on being heard. Abernethy smiled, and complimented the patient on his resolution. To a gentleman, who gave him twenty pounds to re-attend his wife, he said: 'Are you the fool who gave me twenty pounds the other day? Go home, and tell your wife to dine earlier, and eat less; and do you keep your money in your pocket, for no doctor's advice is worth twenty pounds.' To a lady, he said severely: 'Go home and tell your husband he will not have a wife this day six months.'

Abernethy was no respecter of persons. Poor or rich, his patients had to submissively take their turns, or they might go elsewhere. An angry nobleman once broke into his room, and stated his rank and titles in full, and asked Abernethy if he knew who he was. To this Abernethy replied: 'And I, sir, am John Abernethy, surgeon-lecturer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c.; and if you wish to consult me, I am now ready to hear what you have to say, in return, sir.' The Duke of Wellington, angry at having to wait his turn, abruptly entered his room. Abernethy asked him how he had entered. 'By the door, sir.' 'Then,' said the irascible doctor, 'I recommend you to make your exit the same way.' He is also said to have refused to attend George IV. till his lecture at the hospital was over. The point on which Abernethy most insisted was the stomach, and through that important organ he declared all diseases could be cured. The celebrated biscuits which he used to eat and recommend were not so called from him, but from the baker who first invented them. That there was kindness in Abernethy, who can deny, who remembers the story of how he returned all his fees to a poor widow who had consulted him, and added fifty pounds, to enable her to give her sick child a daily ride? He had a horror of operations, and rejoiced when the evil could be averted without such rough and terrible remedies.

We must not forget to enroll among our doctors the poet-doctor, Akenside, who, at the age of twenty-three, wrote the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, a poem which Pope admired and eulogised. Akenside is described by one of his best biographers as a bundle of contradictions. 'By turns he was placid, irritable—simple,

affected—gracious, haughty—mean, benevolent—kind and brutal.' He is described as thin, pale, and lame. He was rough to women, and sometimes paced the hospital preceded by porters with brooms, to drive back the crowd. The poet's classical tastes were ridiculed by Smollett in *Peregrine Pickle*; nor can we wonder at Smollett's ridicule when we read the stories of Akenside's sourness and arrogance. If he bullied his poorer patients, as we are told he did, we can only rejoice at the mortification he must have felt when one of the governors of St. Thomas's plainly told him: 'Know thou art a servant of this charity.'

Among eccentric physicians we cannot select a better instance than Garrick's enemy, the facetious Dr. Monsey. A poor doctor at Bury St. Edmunds, he obtained a patron by saving Lord Godolphin, who was on his way to Newmarket, from an apoplectic attack. In London, he became the friend of Sir Robert Walpole.

'How is it,' said Sir Robert, 'that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?'

'Other people,' said Monsey, 'get places: I get a dinner and praise.'

One of Monsey's oddities was his way of extracting teeth. He would sometimes fasten a bullet to a piece of catgut, which he fastened to the guilty tooth. He then loaded a pistol with the bullet, and fired. He once prevailed on a friend to try this strange operation; but when all was ready, the patient repented, and bawled out to Monsey to stop.

'Stop, stop! I've changed my mind.'

'But I haven't, and you're a fool and a coward!' said the doctor, pulling the trigger with malicious speed. Monsey in old age became a miser; and there is a story told of his returning from a journey to find his servants at a tea-party, and just preparing to light a fire in a grate where he had hidden gold and notes to a large amount. Monsey died in his ninety-fifth year, and left his body to be dissected. His fortune—more than sixteen thousand pounds—went to his only daughter.

Talking of doctors' fees, reminds us of Sir Astley Cooper and his fifteen thousand pounds a year. His largest fee was thrown him in a night-cap by an old West India patient. An operation had been performed, and the two physicians had received three hundred guineas each.

'But you, sir,' said the old man to Sir

Astley, 'shall have something better: take that;' and he flung his night-cap at Sir Astley.

'Sir,' replied Sir Astley, 'I'll pocket the affront!'—The cap contained a draft for a thousand guineas.

Nor let us, in this cluster of doctors of the olden time, forget that amiable friend of Pope—Garth, the enemy of apothecaries, whom he scarified in his poem *The Dispensary*. Arbuthnot is another of the old physicians who was a friend of Pope's. The son of a poor Scotch clergyman, Arbuthnot, failing to get a living at Dorchester, came to London, and turned doctor. Gradually his practice increased, and he was appointed physician-in-ordinary to Queen Anne. He died at last of asthma and melancholy.

Perhaps no physician of eminence was ever so cruelly set upon by the wits as Garth's abomination, Sir Richard Blackmore, a conscientious but rather dull poet, whom Dryden had condescended to maul. That Sir Richard had once kept a school was the chief charge pressed home against him. Nevertheless, he seems to have been a worthy man, whom William III. knighted, and made physician of the household.

Among the last of the clever but eccentric class of doctors, was Scott of Bromley, who flourished within the present century. Crowds flocked to him from London for his advice, although aware that they might meet with some unpleasant rebuff. Scott, like some other shrewd physicians, trusted more to dietetics and general habits than medicine for his cures. He usually at a glance saw what was wrong—overfeeding, drinking, sedentary employment, late dinners, snuff-taking, and so on. In a few words, he peremptorily ordered a change in these respects. A gentleman having gone to consult him, was told to dine early on a mutton-chop, drink no more beer, and give up taking snuff. The injunction was hard, and only to a limited extent obeyed. The patient some time afterwards returned to say that he was not getting well. Scott in an instant detected the disobedience of his orders. 'You still take snuff, sir?' 'Yes.' 'Then, go away and die; why trouble me?' This time, the order was obeyed in all its integrity. The patient got completely well, and lived to be a nonagenarian.—*Chambers' Journal*.

## THE AUTOMATON SUPERSTITION.

MR. SPALDING, in a letter, very able of its kind, which we publish in another column, lends his authority to Professor Huxley's view of the automaton-like character of human life and indeed, in some sense, seems to claim a priority to that distinguished man, if not to others, for his exposition of the creed that men are mere animal automatons, worked by various forms of vital force, of which the highest and the closest in its relations with consciousness, is called nerve-force,—this human consciousness itself being, however, a mere spectator *ab extra* of the movements of the body, though it falls into the popular error of supposing itself to be essential to them. If it be read in connection with Professor Huxley's remarkable paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for this month\* we think that nearly all that can be at present said with much effect for this wild hypothesis will have been mastered.

Now the stronghold of the theory,—using the term in a relative sense, for to thinkers who have any sympathy with our mode of understanding these matters, stronghold it has none,—is the fascination (for scientific men) of the conception of the physical and vital forces of the universe as one continuously circulating stream of energy, of given and absolutely fixed amount, in such a sense that every outflow, for instance, of nervous energy, and the direction and rapidity of that outflow, must be regarded as determined absolutely by the in-flow of an equivalent energy into the nervous structure at some other point, and by the direction and rapidity of that in-flow. This being once admitted, it will follow that unless consciousness be nothing but nervous energy itself,—a supposition which certainly does not do much towards elucidating consciousness,—it is not even a link in the chain of causation by which our bodies are moved, since unquestionably the motion of every arm or eyelid requires some nervous energy, and whatever it requires, it must have received under circumstances absolutely determining its distribution and the direction and speed of that distribution, from some reservoir of vital power independent of the mind. And even if a "state of consciousness" be

nothing but a kind of nervous energy,—which, as we have said, is a very unmeaning statement, involving a very mystical kind of transubstantiation,—then though it might take its place as a link in the chain of the animal automatism, the automaton would be none the less an automaton for having cog-wheels that are conscious of their own revolution between the cog-wheels which are entirely unconscious of that process. If everything, suppose, that my brain originates depends on its molecular construction and the arrangement of its parts, the fact, if it be conceivable, that some of those parts, or certain vibratory conditions of them, are states of consciousness, makes absolutely no difference in the automatic character of the brain processes and their bodily results. And though in that case the conscious self may be perhaps better called a spectator *ab intra* than a spectator *ab extra*, it is no less a mere spectator,—in that sense at least in which, while we are falling from a great height, we are spectators of our own fall.

But now what is the justification for calling such a doctrine as this a superstition? Simply that, in the precise sense in which Mr. Arnold uses the term,—namely, that of a belief overhanging by a great way the facts which are supposed to sustain it, in other words, an *Aberglaube* or *Over-belief* which greatly over-laps its premisses,—it seems to us to be literally a "superstition." The physicists have, no doubt, verified the doctrine of the correlation of forces and the conservation of energy, in certain very limited spheres of life. The exact equivalence between the liberation of a certain amount of heat, for instance, and a given mechanical power,—the exact equivalence between a certain expenditure of chemical agency and the magnetic power generated,—have been adequately demonstrated, and the general connection between the assimilation of nutritious food and the renovation of animal vigor has been made clear enough. But not only has no measure been devised of the store of nervous energy in the brain at any moment, but it seems at present exceedingly unlikely that any such will ever be devised, and till it is, the fundamental assumption of this theory will be incapable of either direct proof or direct disproof; and those who hold it

\* Republished in *ECLECTIC* for January.—ED.

with any confidence must do so on the strength of an exceedingly slender analogy, which has never been tried at all in the only field of trial to which there seems a very strong reason indeed for believing that it has no appropriateness or applicability. Nothing seems to us more astonishing than what we may call the unbounded credulity with which physicists who have discovered a law of phenomena in one sphere, at once push it on into new spheres in mere reliance on analogy, even though in those new spheres it comes into the most absolute collision with assumptions which the very persons who reject them habitually and inevitably embody in all their forms of speech, and even in all their thoughts in every hour of their conscious lives.

Now, for ourselves at least, we may confidently say that if we are not conscious both of the fact of moral effort and of the fact that it would be every way easier for us not to make a moral effort than to make it, there is no such thing as a conscious attestation either of pleasure or pain or of any feeling whatever. Consciousness of effort, and the consciousness of our power of leaving it unmade, are conscious experiences of the most unique and unquestionable kind, unless all the attestations of consciousness be worthless. But the translation of any such attestation of consciousness into the philosophy of the Automaton party would, we suppose, be simply impossible,—it would be asserting a contradiction in terms. The conditions of nervous energy which precede the consciousness of effort are, of course, in the belief of that philosophy, the sole causes of all the physical results which succeed what we call effort; and clearly, on the same theory, the conditions of nervous energy which give rise to those physical results cannot be those which would have given rise to indolence. Therefore, for any one to say that it would be easier not to make an effort than to make it, would, if this philosophy be true, be a flagrant blunder. Indeed, the closest approximation to such a state of consciousness of which that philosophy would admit, would be perhaps something of this kind,—‘In that condition of nervous energy where the supply is only just enough to set our bodies in motion, we are apt mentally to compare with that somewhat painful state the condition in which the supply, if just a little

less in amount, would have been too little for the origination of labor, but more than enough for mere rest,—enough at once for rest, and for such an overflow into the passive channels of nervous life as gives the sense of luxurious ease and well-being.’ That is probably the nearest thing to the state of consciousness we have dwelt upon, which such a philosophy could admit. But then it is a very different thing indeed, and not the thing actually attested. We know perfectly well, in multitudes of such cases, that it is not want of nervous energy, or anything of the kind, but want of will to use it, which makes us indolent; and when we do make the effort, we know equally well that we are not only under no constraint to make it, but that it would have been far easier to us to let it alone. In fact, the kind of generalisations which physicists rely on are generalisations made in a sphere where there was not the least antecedent reason for believing them to be untrue, and yet they are calmly pushed into a sphere in which there is every antecedent reason for believing them to be untrue.

Can any account of what happens when, for instance, a man is shocked, and his physique disordered, by bad news, be more improbable than the ‘automatic’ explanation? What that theory asserts is that his nerves are disordered not through any impression made upon his consciousness, but only by some physical impression on the nerve, which independently affects also his consciousness. Suppose a disagreeable communication made to twins of otherwise exactly similar organisation, but one deaf and one not deaf. The man who is not deaf is so shocked by the news that he faints away. The deaf one does not quite hear the critical word in the sentence, and remains unmoved. Now the rationale of the difference between these two effects, on the automatic theory, is *not* that it was the failure to reach consciousness which caused the difference, but that it was the inadequacy of the impression on the auditory nerve alone, which caused the difference, *both* in relation to the physical disturbance, and also in relation to the effect on consciousness. The latter part of the assertion, of course, is true. It *was* the inadequacy of the impression on the auditory nerve which prevented the effect on consciousness, but to suppose for a moment that a



more perfect impression on the auditory nerve would, without relation to its effect on consciousness, have produced the disturbance of the nervous system observable in the other of the twins, is one of the most irrational suppositions, one of the suppositions most clearly contradicted by our whole experience, that can be conceived. Is it not indeed matter of fact that there is a real and registerable antecedence, in such cases, of the state of consciousness that apprehends the calamity *before* the nervous shock manifests itself, and that no precisely similar shock is producible in any way through impressions made on the nerves alone, without affecting consciousness? If common-sense will assure us of anything, it will assure us of the fact that without a prior consciousness of an insult the flush will not mount to a man's cheek,—nay, you may even measure the seconds by which the apprehension of the insolent meaning precedes the flush, just as you measure the speed of the nervous agency by noting the time by which the pronouncing of the words precedes the mental apprehension of the words. Explain your continuity and correlation of forces how you may, the fact undoubtedly is, that, not only without the concomitance of the appropriate states of consciousness in such cases as these, but without the priority of states of consciousness fitted to produce physical effects on the organisation, those physical effects could not take place.

And the great argument which we urged a fortnight ago remains. If Mr. Spalding and his school are right, if it is true that consciousness represents the mere symbol or expectation of the effect about to result from a physical agency over which it has no control, then there ought to be no distinction in consciousness between such an expectation of a disturbance of the organism as we have before a sneeze,—when we usually know that consciousness is a mere spectator, not a cause,—and such an expectation as we have of an event which we are about to bring about in the fashion we call voluntary, like the writing of the cheque which Mr. Spalding supposes Mr. Brown to draw for the Mill Memorial Fund. If Mr. Brown's writing of the cheque is as independent of the deliberations which pass through his mind as Mr. Spalding supposes, why are not the phenomena of consciousness the same in this case as in the case of the anticipation of a

sneeze? Mr. Spalding cannot suggest that the difference is this,—that in the case of the sneeze we are conscious of sensations which invariably end in the same way, but in the case of the debate about the cheque we are conscious of much more complicated sensations, of the joint effect of which we have no sufficient experience to feel certain? Grant it; yet if the nervous discharges are not really affected by consciousness at all, but only by those previous nervous discharges which are the causes or conditions of consciousness, the sensations have nothing to do with the matter; the nervous discharge is equally certain and definite, whether my sensations are complex or simple, and there is, therefore, no more reason at all why I should not anticipate with as much certainty the nervous discharge which writes the cheque for the Mill Memorial Fund, as the nervous discharge which causes the sneeze.

The simple truth is that the confidence which physicists betray that the laws of correlation of force and of the conservation of energy, discovered and more or less verified in certain spheres, will apply to all the higher regions in which they can probably never even be tested, is a pure superstition. It would be a respectable anticipation derived from analogy, did we not know certain facts which, if not entirely inconsistent with such confidence in these laws when applied in the sphere of consciousness, are at least so very near a contradiction as to take the utmost finesse of which the most refined thinkers are capable to give it even the air of plausibility. It may be very astounding to physicists who have abandoned all confidence in the statements of consciousness, and who live, as it were, wholly on the plane of physical hypotheses, to imagine that the molecular condition of the brain at one moment can be anything but the sole cause of the molecular condition of the brain at the next moment. Such physicists may hold, as we heard one say the other day, that this belief, though only a probability, is a 'probability' ranking far higher in the scale of probability than the ordinary psychologist's 'certainty' that he possesses that 'freedom of will' which probably implies the power to modify the molecular condition of his brain, or to leave it unmodified. But the physicist is no more a competent judge in such matters than the psychologist, perhaps less com-

petent. It is opinion against opinion. estimate of moral probabilities. Physical  
Indeed, living in and breathing the pure science has superstitions of its own, just as  
atmosphere of physical science is by no much as wonder or fear.—*The Spectator*.  
means a good school of discipline in the

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EVA TUOHILL.

Who's not heard of Eva Tuohill,  
Munster's purest, proudest jewel,—  
Queen of Limerick's lovely maidens,  
Cork colleens, and Galway girls—  
With her slender shape that's swimmin'  
Like a swan among the women,  
With her voice of silver cadence,  
And her crown of clustering curls?

Eva Tuohill, Eva Tuohill!  
Sure you're just one glorious jewel!  
Lit with lovely, flying flushes,  
From delightful lip to brow;  
Now in dreams your eyes they darkle,  
Now with joy they dance and sparkle;  
Now your cheek is bathed in blushes,  
Drowned in dimpled laughter now.

But your beauty, Eva Tuohill,  
Is no opal false and cruel,  
Nor the meteor-star deceiving,  
Flashing ruin from above,—  
No! but some divinest splendor,  
Out of angels' tear-drops tender  
Crystalled, in one Iris weaving  
Faith and Hope and Virgin Love.

*The Spectator.*

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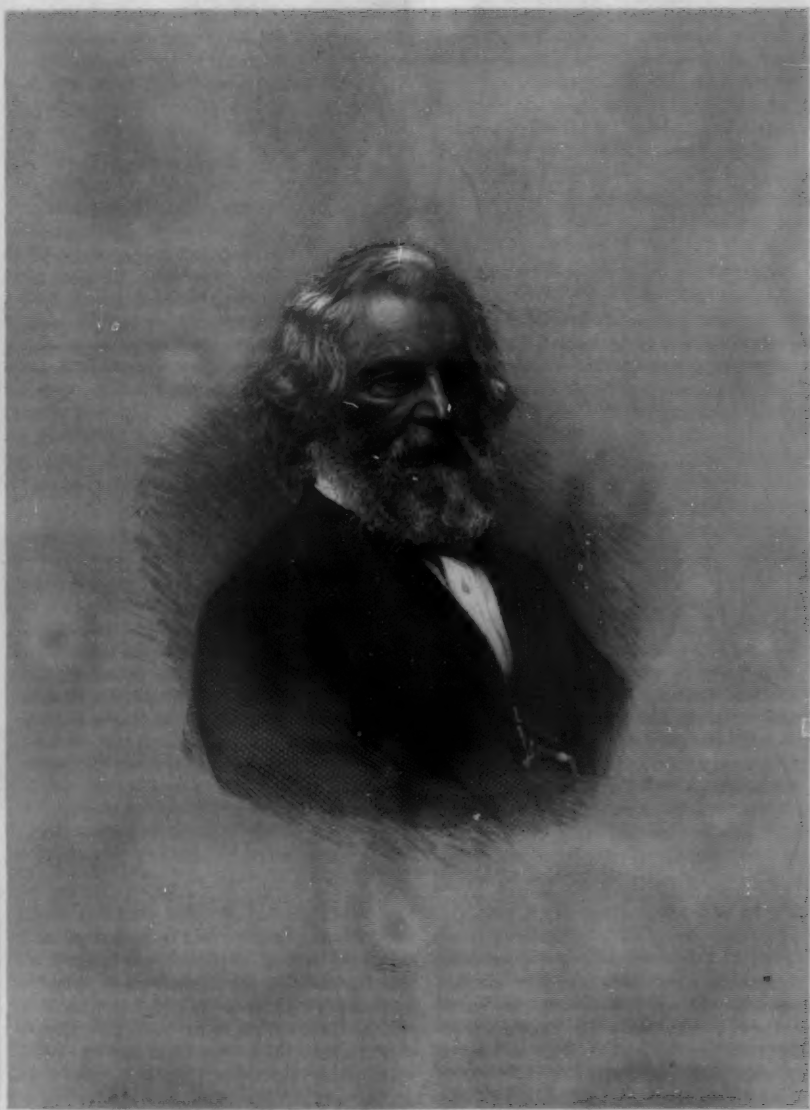
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOUGH the readers of the *ECLECTIC* will doubtless be glad to possess a new, authentic, and exceptionally good portrait of the favorite American poet, his life has already been so fully recounted in these pages that it can only be necessary to give here such a brief sketch as will serve to recall its main incidents.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in Portland Me., on the 27th of February, 1807. He entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen, and graduated in 1825. During his academic course, he wrote the "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Woods in Winter," "Sunrise on the Hills," and other pieces which gave evidence even at

that early period of the abilities which have since gained him such a high reputation as a poet and as a scholar. On leaving college, he entered the office of his father, who was an eminent member of the local bar, with the intention of reading law; but this intention was soon relinquished in order to accept the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Bowdoin College. Along with this appointment the privilege of spending some years abroad for observation and study was accorded him, and in 1826 he sailed for Europe and passed nearly four years in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. On his return to the United States in 1830, he en-



ENGRAVED FOR THE SCIENCE BY J. J. CADY, NEW YORK.  
FROM A PHOTO BY SARJENT.

Henry W. Longfellow





tered upon the duties of his professorship, and held it for five years. During this period, by his contributions to the *North American Review*, by his translation of "Coplas de Manrique," which appeared in 1833, and by his "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," published in 1835, he exhibited his desire to familiarize the cultivated mind of America with the national literature and character of European countries. In 1835, on the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard College; and after passing that year and the next in traveling through Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, he entered upon the duties of that office, and performed them to universal satisfaction for seventeen years. He resigned in 1854, and has since resided at Cambridge, in the old mansion known as "Washington's Headquarters."

Besides the works mentioned above, Longfellow has published "Hyperion," an exquisite prose romance, which appeared in 1839; "Voices of the Night," which appeared in the same year, and

which first gained him an extended reputation as a poet; "Ballads and other Poems" (1841); "Poems on Slavery" (1842); "The Spanish Student" (1843); "Poets and Poetry of Europe" (1845); "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems" (1846); "Evangeline" (1847); "Kavanaugh," a novel (1849); "Seaside and Fireside" (1850); "The Golden Legend" (1851); "The Song of Hiawatha," his most popular work (1855); "The Courtship of Miles Standish" (1858); "Tales of a Wayside Inn" (1863); "Flower de Luce" (1866); "New England Tragedies" (1868); "Translation of Dante," in 3 volumes (1867-70); "The Divine Tragedy" (1871); "Aftermath" (1873); and "The Hanging of the Crane" (1874). Many of these volumes attained a very wide popularity when they first appeared, and numerous editions of his collected poems have been called for not only in this country, but in England, where his popularity is greater, perhaps, than that of Tennyson himself. No other American poet has ever obtained so wide and appreciative an audience in his own country.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

**HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION AND SCIENCE.** By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. International Scientific Series. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is a very remarkable book; remarkable, not only for the ability with which it discusses questions of the most absorbing interest, but even more for the indication which it affords that the long-impending conflict between religion and science is about to be joined on the main issue, and an appeal taken to the people upon it. Hitherto it has been the practice of all except a few enthusiasts on the one side or the other to ignore this conflict, and keep it in the background, or to pretend that it was limited to side issues and matters of little importance. But Dr. Draper maintains that "the history of science is not a mere record of isolated discoveries, it is a narrative of the conflict of two contending powers, the expansive force of the human intellect on one side, and the compression arising from traditionary faith and human interests on the other;" and he believes that the challenge thrown down by the Pope and the Vatican Council, the notes of preparation on both sides which the least attentive ear

must catch, even amid the confused clamor of current literature, and the certainty that there is a great and rapidly-increasing departure on the part of the intelligent classes in Europe and America from the public religious faith—all these show that the time has arrived when it is "the duty of those whose lives have made them familiar with both modes of thought to present modestly, but firmly, their views, and to compare the antagonistic pretensions calmly, impartially, philosophically." Such is the *raison d'être* of the present work; and though it can hardly be said to be written with philosophic impartiality, yet it presents the views of a singularly able and well-informed man, with a force which can not fail to command the attention of intelligent readers, whatever their sympathies may be.

It would be useless to attempt to criticise this book in the space at our command in this department; even to explain its scope (so compendious is its treatment of the vast range of topics upon which it touches) would require several pages, and, after all, it would be necessary to read the book itself to get any adequate idea of it. We may observe, however, that "A History of the Conflict between Christianity and Science" would have

been a truer descriptive title. Science, as defined by Dr. Draper, has been confronted with but two religions, Christianity and Mohammedanism; and his idea of their relation to it may be gathered from the fact that he regards Mohammedanism as a *reformation* of Christianity (the "First or Southern Reformation," he calls it), and that, as he points out, it is to the Arabs that Christendom is indebted for all the progress in science made prior to the Renaissance, or revival of learning at the close of the Middle Ages. But it must be borne in mind that in speaking of Christianity Dr. Draper generally refers to the Roman Church, "partly because its adherents compose the majority of Christendom, partly because its demands are the most pretentious, and partly because it has commonly sought to enforce these demands by the civil power." He has not thought it necessary to pay much regard to more moderate or intermediate opinions (such as are held by the Protestant and Greek churches); for, though they may be intrinsically of great value, in conflicts of this kind it is not with the moderates but with the extremists that the impartial reader is mainly concerned; their movements determine the issue.

After all, it is much easier to quote from this book than to write about it, and, as a compromise between several sections which we had marked, in different parts, we present the following significant paragraphs from the closing chapter, entitled "The Impending Crisis."

"An impassable and hourly-widening gulf intervenes between Catholicism and the spirit of the age. Catholicism insists that blind faith is superior to reason; that mysteries are of more importance than facts. She claims to be the sole interpreter of Nature and revelation, the sole arbiter of knowledge; she summarily rejects all modern criticism of the Scriptures, and orders the Bible to be accepted in accordance with the views of the theologians of Trent; she openly avows her hatred of free institutions and constitutional systems, and declares that those are in damnable error who regard the reconciliation of the pope with modern civilization as either possible or desirable.

"But the spirit of the age demands—is the human intellect to be subordinated to the Tridentine Fathers, or to the fancy of illiterate and uncritical persons who wrote in the earlier ages of the Church? It sees no merit in blind faith, but rather distrusts it. It looks forward to an improvement in the popular canon of credibility for a decision between fact and fiction. It does not consider itself bound to believe fables and falsehoods that have been invented for ecclesiastical ends.

It finds no argument in behalf of their truth that traditions and legends have been long-lived; in this respect those of the Church are greatly inferior to the fables of paganism. The longevity of the Church itself is not due to divine protection or intervention, but to the skill with which it has adapted its policy to existing circumstances. If antiquity be the criterion of authenticity, the claims of Buddhism must be respected; it has the superior warrant of many centuries. There can be no defense of those deliberate falsifications of history, that concealment of historical facts, of which the Church has so often taken advantage. In these things the end does not justify the means.

"Then has it in truth come to this, that Roman Christianity and Science are recognized by their respective adherents to be absolutely incompatible; they can not exist together; one must yield to the other; mankind must take its choice—it can not have both.

"While such is, perhaps, the issue as regards Catholicism, a reconciliation of the Reformation with Science is not only possible, but would easily take place, if the Protestant churches would only live up to the maxim taught by Luther, and established by so many years of war. That maxim is, the right of private interpretation of the Scriptures. It was the foundation of intellectual liberty. But, if a personal interpretation of the Book of Revelation is permissible, how can it be denied in the case of the Book of Nature? In the misunderstandings that have taken place, we must bear ever in mind the infirmities of men. The generations that immediately followed the Reformation may perhaps be excused for not comprehending the full significance of their cardinal principle, and for not on all occasions carrying it into effect. When Calvin caused Servetus to be burnt, he was animated, not by the principles of the Reformation, but by those of Catholicism, from which he had not been able to emancipate himself completely. And when the clergy of influential Protestant confessions have stigmatized the investigators of nature as infidels and atheists, the same may be said. For Catholicism to reconcile itself with science, there are formidable, perhaps insuperable, obstacles in the way. For Protestantism to achieve that great result, there are not. In the one case, there is a bitter, a mortal animosity to be overcome; in the other, a friendship, that misunderstandings have alienated, to be restored."

ECHOES OF THE FOOT-HILLS, by Bret Harte.  
Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1874.

This volume explains the comparative silence which Mr. Harte has maintained since

the publication of his "East and West Poems." Several of the poems which it contains have already obtained a wide popularity through the newspaper press: of these, the most striking are "Luke," "Don Diego of the South," "The Ghost that Jim Saw," and "Caldwell of Springfield;" but a large proportion of them have never before appeared in print. It can not be questioned that the present collection is a marked advance on the volume just mentioned, which consisted largely of the author's early work. Every poem here shows the precision and finish of an experienced literary workman, who knows just what effects he is aiming at, and just how to attain them. "For the King," for example, is a very strong, vivid, and dramatic piece of writing, and none of the pieces are less than good. And yet, it seems to us that all of them lack that subtle, indefinable element, which alone can translate animated narrative, pointed epigrams, and rhythmical verse into poetry. In other words, Mr. Harte writes exceedingly skillful and interesting verse; but it would be difficult to find ground in his published poems for assigning him a place among poets comparable to that which stories have gained for him among writers of prose fiction; and we could wish, for our own part, that he would give us something really worthy of his powers in the latter field.

The poems in this volume are classified as "Spanish Idyls," of which there are six; "In Dialect," of which there are also six; and "Miscellaneous," of which there are eight. Those in dialect will probably be most enjoyed, and it would be difficult to find any thing better of their kind. "Luke" is inimitable, and the letter of "Truthful James to the Editor" is only inferior to the "Heathen Chinese" because it is a palpable imitation.

THE ART JOURNAL. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

LOVERS of art and cultivated people generally will be glad to hear that Messrs. Appleton have accepted the task which seems to devolve upon them naturally, of providing an art journal which shall prove a worthy guide to American taste in this important department. The Journal will be published monthly, and will contain all the steel-plates and other illustrations of the famous *London Art Journal*, the exclusive right of which for the United States and Canada has been purchased by the publishers. It will not, however, be a mere reproduction of that journal. The prospectus promises that American art and American topics shall receive due attention, and the number for January, just published, indicates that this promise will be

interpreted in a liberal way. Nearly half the space in it is devoted to pictures and articles on American subjects which are not to be found in the English edition; and it is understood that it is the intention of both editors and publishers to give the Journal a broadly international character, such as the *London Journal* has never even aimed at.

This feature alone would give the new journal an exceptional value for American readers, as compared with the English edition. But there is still another feature which ought to add greatly to its popularity and usefulness—the unusual amount of attention, namely, that will be given to art in its practical applications to domestic life and industrial processes—to domestic architecture, furniture, decoration, goldsmith's and silversmith's work, and the like. A third point, which is of considerable importance in a publication devoted to Art, is that the new journal is conspicuously better printed, and altogether more elegant in appearance than the English edition, while the amount of reading matter and the number of pictures is greater.

Further information on matters of detail can be obtained on application to the publishers; but we may add that the Journal is published only by subscription, and that the price is twenty-five per cent less than that hitherto charged here for the *London Art Journal*.

DRESS-REFORM: A Series of Lectures on Dress as it affects the Health of Women. Edited by Abba Gould Woolson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THESE Lectures, as explained by the Editor in her Introduction, "were delivered in Boston during the spring of the present year; and their purpose was to arouse women to a knowledge of physical laws, to show them how their dress defies these laws, and what different garments they should adopt. All, save the last, were written by female physicians of recognized ability and position; and the testimony thus given concerning the injuries inflicted by dress was felt to be authoritative and convincing. The lectures excited much attention at their first presentation; and, soon after, they were repeated by request in several adjoining cities. In compliance with the wishes of many hearers, and from a desire to extend the good work which they have already accomplished, they are now offered to the public in permanent form."

It did not require the testimony of female physicians to prove that the dress usually worn by women violates some of the most important physiological laws as well as the simplest canons of good taste; that has been pointed

out time and again, and several abortive attempts have been made to bring about a radical change; but it cannot be denied that, as presented in these lectures, the subject acquires a new significance, and will probably make an impression upon those with whom alone such an impression can prove fruitful,—upon women themselves. It would seem impossible that an intelligent mother can follow the plain exposition of physiological laws which this book contains, without being convinced of the necessity of taking at least some steps in the way of dress-reform; and, fortunately, the way is made unusually easy and plain. The lectures themselves offer, along with their teaching of physiology, many practical suggestions that are not difficult to apply; and an Appendix has been added in which will be found some explicit directions for making all the improved garments that are recommended as substitutes for those now in use.

The suggestion of "improved garments" will repel some, perhaps, by recalling that monstrosity called the Bloomer costume; but the ladies constituting the committee who are urging this present reform on the attention of their country-women, are too intelligent not to realize the impossibility, at this stage, of inducing the mass of women to adopt any clothing which will make them look "singular" or "odd" without having the indorsement of Fashion. They confine their reform, therefore, chiefly to a new system of under-dress which conforms in all particulars to the laws of health, and yet which involves no perceptible change in the external appearance of those wearing it. Indeed, the lady who is presented to us in one of the illustrations, as clad in the "improved garments" would fill a creditable place in any of the ordinary fashion-plates.

In order to put their plan into the most practical shape possible, the Committee have opened a room in Boston, "put into it specimens of nearly every article of under or outer wear which they have examined and approved, and are now ready to exhibit these to all who may come to see, to manufacture them for all who may wish to buy, and to furnish patterns, instructions, or any aid that may be sought."

WINTER HOMES FOR INVALIDS. By Joseph W. Howe, M.D. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THIS useful little volume contains even more than its somewhat comprehensive title would indicate. It is not only "an account of the various localities in Europe and America, suitable for consumptives and other invalids, during the winter months, with special reference to the climatic variations at each place, and their influence on disease;" but it

is, besides, an invalid's manual and a traveler's guide. A preliminary chapter discusses all the principal diseases for which a change of climate is regarded as beneficial—consumption, rheumatism, asthma, bronchitis, and nervous exhaustion; and points out the conditions under which such a change should be made, laying particular emphasis upon the fact, too often overlooked in this matter, that mere change is not enough, that no single locality is beneficial to all the diseases named or to all cases of the same disease, but that a selection must be made in accordance with the distinctive features of each special case. Though a dry, warm atmosphere is suitable for many consumptives, there are some who thrive only in a moist climate, or a steadily cold one. Minnesota will kill many whom the West-Indies would cure, and *vice versa*. The radical importance, therefore, of knowing first just what sort of a climate is wanted, and then where to find it is evident; and Dr. Howe has done a good work in making the way of invalids clear on these points.

We can best indicate the scope of the work, perhaps, by quoting the titles of the several chapters: "California;" "Facts about Florida;" "Health Resorts in Colorado;" "Pine Forests of Georgia;" "Health Resorts in the Carolinas;" "Health Resorts in Kentucky;" "Varieties of Climate in the West-India Islands;" "Bermuda Islands;" "Sandwich Islands;" "Cold Climates for Consumptives;" "Health Resorts on the Mediterranean;" "Climates of Florence and Rome;" and "The Italian Lakes." Each particular locality which has achieved a reputation is fully described; practical suggestions are given as to the selection of lodgings and matters of personal hygiene; and, appended to all are directions as to the best modes of reaching every place so mentioned.

An index, containing the names of all the places mentioned in the work, should be added to the next edition.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BARHAM, HARNESS, AND HODDER. Bric-a-Brac Series. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

THE character of the Bric-a-Brac Series is now so well defined, and has been so often explained to our readers, that we need only say with regard to the present volume, that it shows no falling off from the best of its predecessors. Barham himself (Ingoldsby), Theodore Hook, Sydney Smith, and all the contemporary wits are introduced to us in the section devoted to Barham; and Harness and Hodder carry us into equally celebrated if less brilliant society. The lovers of anecdotes, personal



gossip, bon-mots, repartees, and the like, many of which have a kind of biographical interest, will find here almost a surfeit; enough certainly to give zest for the next installment.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

"SOCIALISM," an essay left by Mr. Mill in an unfinished state, will be published this year.

MR. GLADSTONE is reported to be preparing a Homeric Dictionary, which he believes will take him two hard years to complete.

VICTOR HUGO has just completed the second part of his novel, "Quatre-vingt-treize." It will be entitled "La Guerre Etrangère."

A NICE little book is being printed at the Imperial Printing Office at Peking, a work of 220 volumes—"The History of the Suppression of the Taeping Revolution by Colonel Gordon's Army."

LOVERS of German romance will shortly be treated to a new work from the pen of Gustav Freytag, author of "Debtor and Creditor." Its title is "The Brothers of the German House."

A PARIS paper states that the memoirs of Juarez, late President of the Mexican Republic, are about to be published. It is said that this publication will contain various revelations with regard to the Emperor Maximilian and Marshal Bazaine.

THE KING of the Belgians, out of his own private purse, has founded an annual prize of 24,000 francs, to be awarded to the best historical, commercial, or artistic book published in Belgium once in four years. Foreign authors will be allowed to compete with native writers.

A VOLUME of poems, chiefly in the Lancashire dialect, by the late Mr. John Scholes, of Rochdale, will, we hear, be issued at an early date. Mr. Scholes was the author of a number of fugitive pieces which have not hitherto been published in a collected form.

MR. S. R. VAN CAMPEN, an American author of Dutch descent, who has been engaged for some years past upon the literature of Holland, at the British Museum, is now engaged on a new undertaking, in the form of an historical biography of the "The Three Netherland Kings" of the Nassau-Orange line.

AN interesting manuscript poem on Bacon, being a warm defence of him by a contemporary admirer and friend, written apparently just at the time of his condemnation by the House of Lords, will be added to Mr. Morfill's forthcoming volume of Elizabethan political ballads for the Ballad Society.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, one of the granddaughters of Dr. Arnold, is writing a short primer of English literature for children. It begins with "Beowulf," which is as good as any giant story; says something of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, as well as of later work; and is meant to interest young folk in the worthies of literature.

LIEUTENANT PAYER, who, it will be remembered by readers of the accounts of recent Arctic Exploration, took part in the three last expeditions, and was commander of the most recent, is writing a volume describing fully the work of all the three, and what has been now attained by them. It will be published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan.

THE Austrian Imperial Academy is about to publish an edition of the Latin Fathers, under competent editors. Such a work will be of use to students, especially if brought out at a price that will enable persons living out of the way of large libraries to possess it for themselves. Even the Abbé Migne's edition of the Fathers has been of use in this respect, but it is not so trustworthy a work as we may now hope to receive.

FRANCE publishes 1316 newspapers, of which 526 belong to the provinces, and 754 to Paris. Thirty-seven of the latter are daily and political. The departments of the Nord, Seine Inférieure, and Calvados are most disposed to Monarchy, as the Conservative journals number respectively 24, 13, and 10, against 8, 3, and 4 Republican; whilst in Mayenne and the Lower Alps the Royalists are unopposed by a single Red print.

THE first volume of Proudhon's correspondence is about to be published by Messrs. Lacroix. The *Temps* reminds us that Sainte-Beuve was the first to call attention to these letters, and to predict that they would be considered the most permanently valuable of the author's works. The whole correspondence will fill at least eight volumes; about 1800 letters are now in the hands of the editors, and the supply is not yet exhausted. The present volume comprises the period from 1832 to 1842.

PROF. VAMBEY will shortly bring out a book entitled "Islam in the Nineteenth Century: an Essay upon the Present State of Civilization in Mohammedan Asia." It contains a general sketch of the influence which modern ideas have exercised upon the social and political condition of the Asiatic Mohammedan countries, and tries to inquire into the future of those nations, which the West has forcibly taken under her tutelage. The book will be

published simultaneously in French, English, and German.

It is well known that Napoleon the First was never educated as a lawyer, nor a member of any legislative assembly, and that the short speeches about law which he uttered before the Conseil d'Etat, during the Consulate, were prepared for him by Cambacérès, who, by the way, had failed in the task intrusted to him by the Constituent Assembly of codifying the French civil law. The real authors of the Code Civil were Tronchet, Bigot de Préameneu, and Portalis; but the time of its publication coinciding with the assumption of the Imperial crown by the First Consul, the collection was called Code Napoléon. During the thirty-three years of the Restoration and the July Government, the code resumed its original and more natural title of Code Civil, but was again baptized Code Napoléon under the Second Empire. Now it is officially the Code Civil, although most of its recent editors and commentators persist in retaining the spurious title, in opposition to the law itself, which was passed in March, 1803. Thus, in many editions published in 1872-73, it is declared that no law is valid unless proclaimed by the Emperor; that no marriage may take place between uncle and niece, brother-in-law and sister-in-law, without the permission of the Emperor. The public prosecutor is called "Procureur Impérial," whilst no judge or barrister would dare now to call him otherwise than "Procureur de la République." The reason for such discrepancies lies much less in a settled intention to deny past events, or to foster desperate hopes, than in this material fact; all the editions of the Code Civil are generally stereotyped, and the publishers do not choose to incur the expense of setting it up again in types.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

THE CELL-STRUCTURE OF PLANTS.—Dr. Braithwaite has investigated the structure of plants, the interdependence of the several parts, the various forms of cells, and the phenomena of growth, and has discovered what any sincere worker may discover—that there is always something fresh to find out in the products of nature. As regards cells, the doctor remarks, each variety is so constructed as best to fulfil its special function. "Where freedom and quickness of circulation are required, as in the milk-vessels of such plants as the sow-thistle, lettuce, and celandine, the walls are thin, and all obstructing partitions are removed; on the other hand, where strength is needed, as in so many fibres used in our manufactures, deposit goes on in the

interior until hardly any central space is left; and if firmness and resistance are required, this deposit becomes so indurated as to give the qualities we value in such woods as oak, mahogany, box, and ebony; while even in them provision is made for interchange of air and fluids by a beautiful system of pores and canals."

GEOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.—Professor Dana has published a new edition of his *Manual of Geology*, in which he proposes to distinguish the first era in geological history as 'Archæan time,' and to substitute this term for the term Azoic, which has been long in use. Since the discovery of the Eozoon, some geologists have suggested Eozoic, as more in accordance with fact; but it has not yet been sufficiently proved that the Eozoon ever was a living creature, and therefore Archæan, signifying *beginning-time*, may be adopted as a conveniently descriptive term, until discovery and experience shall have produced a better.

TRANSMITTING WATER-POWER BY WIRE-ROPE.—There are many parts of the United Kingdom where water-power runs to waste: perhaps there is not room for buildings in the immediate neighborhood; or the expense of a canal, to lead the water to a suitable site, would be too great. Hence it happens, in the mining districts, that the transmission of power is effected by means of long shafts and other contrivances involving great outlay and great friction. But all this heavy machinery may be dispensed with, and the water-power may be transmitted to long distances, by means of a light wire-rope, at a fifteenth or twentieth of the cost of belts and shafting. How this is done may be learned from a paper published by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (Newhall Street, Birmingham), in which the author, Mr. H. M. Morrison of Manchester, states that this new process has been named "telodynamic transmission," and that it "consists in the use of a pulley of large diameter, set in very rapid motion; and this, by means of a light wire-rope of small size, drives another pulley of equal diameter placed at a distance; and thus the power is continued forwards to any distance as may be required." The loss by friction is very small, not more than two and a half per cent. Where intermediate supporting pulleys are made use of, the loss is more; but the calculation has been made, that in transmitting a hundred and twenty horse-power to a distance of twelve and a half miles, there would still remain ninety horse-power available. To do the same amount of work by metal-shafting would require three thousand tons' weight of iron. Another advantage of the wire-rope method is,

that the direction of the transmission can be changed at pleasure.

This method is largely employed in the United States; and at Schaffhausen, and in other places on the continent, is worked at a cost forty per cent below the cost of steam; and at lead-mines near Oporto, where the entrance of the mine is a mile from the river, the water-power is not only transmitted to that distance, but is carried over a hill on the way. Far-sighted mechanicians have at times pointed out the enormous resources which could be developed out of water-power, and here we have an instalment thereof. How small an instalment it is will become apparent in the days when the rise and fall of the tides shall be made to do the work now done by thousands of steam-engines.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**POISONOUS PAPERS.**—A simple method is proposed by Professor Hager for detecting arsenical colors on wall-papers, and in paper generally. A piece of the paper is soaked in a concentrated solution of sodium nitrate, or Chili saltpetre, in equal parts of alcohol and water, and allowed to dry. The dried paper is burned in a shallow porcelain dish, where, usually, it only smoulders, producing no flame. Water is poured over the ashes, and caustic potash added to a strongly alkaline reaction, then boiled and filtered. The filtrate is acidified with dilute sulphuric acid, and permanganate of potash is added slowly—as long as the red color disappears or changes to a yellow brown upon warming—and finally a slight excess of chameleon solution is present. If the liquid becomes turbid, it is to be filtered. After cooling, more dilute sulphuric acid is added, and also a piece of pure clean zinc, and the flask closed with a cork split in two places. In one of these splits a piece of paper moistened in silver nitrate is fastened, and in the other a strip of parchment-paper dipped in sugar of lead. If arsenic is present, the silver soon blackens.

**NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING MEAT.**—M. Tellier has described to the French Academy an apparatus for preserving meat, by keeping it in a cold dry chamber. The novelty of his plan consists in the employment of methylic ether, a substance that is gaseous at ordinary temperatures and atmospheric pressure, but which can be reduced to the fluid state by a pressure of eight atmospheres. The methylic ether is condensed and then allowed to expand in contact with metal compartments containing a solution of chloride of calcium, which it reduces to a low temperature. Air is blown through this apparatus, its moisture is deposited as hoar-frost on the metal, and it passes in a dry and cold state to the chamber in

which the meat is placed. It is found that the flavor of the meat is not injured by retention in this situation for forty or forty-five days, after which, although it remains sound, it has a greasy taste.

**THE MASS OF JUPITER.**—Powalky has attempted a new determination of the mass of the planet Jupiter by examining its perturbing influence on the movements of the asteroid Virginia (No. 50). The result to which he is led indicates that the mass of Jupiter should be increased by about one two hundred and seventy-second part of the present adopted value; but although this correction enables him more nearly to satisfy the observations that have been made upon this body, he is yet inclined to attribute to it only a slight value, and hopes to attain better results by a repetition of his work in future years.

**PHYSIOLOGICAL GROUPS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.**—In the "Archives des Sciences" for May, 1874, M. A. De Candolle makes an attempt to classify plants according to the climate they inhabit. He sketches five groups. First, plants requiring a great amount of heat and moisture. A name expressive of both these requirements would be cumbersome; so he chooses for this group a name referring to the temperature only, and calls them *Megathermal* plants, or in short *Megatherms*, i.e., plants to which much heat is essential. These inhabit the rainy intertropical regions in the plains and sultry valleys up to the 30th parallel. Second, plants requiring about as much heat but far less moisture. These, taking the name from the latter characteristic, he terms *Xerophilous* plants, lovers of dryness. They are pretty widely distributed, but they especially affect the regions bordering the tropics, and extending, say to the 35th parallel in both hemispheres. The third group, *Mesothermal* plants, require, as the name denotes, moderate heat, also a fair supply of moisture, at least in the growing season, say a mean annual temperature of 59°–68° Fahr., that of the rather warm temperate zones. The fourth group, *Microthermal* plants, i.e., those demanding little heat, say a mean annual temperature of 57° or less, down to that of 32°, with of course a good summer temperature. In this group would be included the vegetation of our Northern States and Canada. The fifth group, *Hekistothermal* plants, those requiring least heat, such as make up arctic, antarctic, and alpine vegetation. His sixth group, *Megistothermal* plants, those which require an exceptional amount of heat, or a mean of over 86° Fahr., are mentioned as having probably played a part among the earlier vegetations but as now represented only by a few lowly

organized plants of thermal waters. He then goes on at a great length to consider the subject more fully, but of course we have not space here to follow him.

**AFRICAN EXPLORATION.**—Lieut. Cameron has examined the western side of Lake Tanganyika, and has discovered the long-looked-for outlet which all physical geographers had agreed must exist, as in no other way could the sweetness of the water be accounted for. This outlet, it appears, is called Lukuga, and is situated five miles south of the islands explored by Speke. It had actually been passed by Livingstone, though in the night-time, which might account for his having somewhat hastily concluded that the waters flowed into, instead of out of, the lake. Lieut. Cameron proceeded for about four or five miles along the stream, the current of which runs from one to two knots per hour, but further navigation was impeded by floating grass and large rushes. Lieut. Cameron believes, however, that it eventually reached the Lualaba. The Lualaba itself, according to Arab report, flows into the Congo, and not into the Albert Nyanza, as asserted by Livingstone and Stanley. This intelligence can hardly cause much surprise to those who read Dr. Behm's exhaustive essay on the subject, published two years ago, in which he arrived at the same conclusion in the most unmistakable manner. One Arab had gone fifty-five days' journey from Nyangwa down the Lualaba, which he described as broad as Tanganyika, and studded with inhabited islands, and had arrived at the sea, where white men had ships and factories. Lieut. Grandy, exploring from the West Coast of Africa, by way of Ambriz and Bembe, has found greater difficulty of penetrating into the interior of the country by that route; and from his comparatively early recall on account of the death of Livingstone, he has been unable, apparently, to achieve any great geographical discovery. His opinion of the Congo is, that there are two main branches, the southern one draining Angola, and the northern one being, apparently, identical with the Lualaba. It is a matter of congratulation for geographers that sufficient funds have been collected to enable Lieut. Cameron to prosecute his discoveries. According to his last advices, he will write from Nyangwa, and thence make his way down the Lualaba to the sea, and thus complete a journey of the very highest interest.

#### VARIETIES.

**PINE FORESTS IN PORTUGAL.**—The pine forest is in general monotonous and unpicturesque, for the trees are always cut before they reach to the dignity of "two ton timber," and the

side branches are lopped year after year to within a yard or two of the tree top. The traveller passes league after league of straight-stemmed pine, and wearies for the sight of a green field or a vineyard. The pine forest, too, as in other countries, is silent and deserted: blackbirds, jays, and magpies are the only birds commonly seen or heard. Now and then a wood owl flits out of the shadow of an ivied tree, and the occasional tap of a woodpecker's beak, or his sudden, laugh-like cry, are sounds that a traveller feels to be a relief to the stillness. Human beings are rarely encountered, though the forest maintains its own peculiar population. Where the trees are rooted in anything but blowing sand, gorse grows; and the cutting of it once in every three years affords some profit. Gorse in Portuguese farm economy is of great value, being used for the bedding of horned cattle, while the whole of the straw of the farm is used for their food; a system that has many obvious advantages, and others that are not so obvious. Every now and then, in the depth of the forest, a party of charcoal burners is met with, or of sawyers and carpenters, who encamp in the woods, fell and saw up the pines, and make the boards upon the spot into doors, windows, and boxes, that are carried long distances for sale. If the forest is in the neighborhood of towns, the fallen needles and cones are collected by women and children and carried in nets on donkey-back for sale as fuel. These are the purely forestal industries—the only human life connected with it—but this dreary desert of pine wood has its oases. Wherever a brook crosses the forest, the scene shifts immediately, and the water-course is margined by narrow fields of maize, rye, and wheat, or orchards of fruit trees reach on either side as far as the water can be made to flow. The stream itself is bordered with pollarded oak and chestnut trees, over which vines are trained. The water-drops work like magic under these hot suns, and the barren, dusty soil is turned by it into fertile meadow land. The silence of the forest is exchanged in an instant for a concert of woodlarks and nightingales, and the refreshing coolness of the water-laden air and the green shadow of deciduous trees are positively delicious to the traveller who has passed through the shadeless forest and breathed the dry, over-sunned air, pungent with the peculiar burnt odor which the pines give out.—*New Quarterly Magazine.*

**FEAR AND LOVE OF PUBLICITY.**—There are two great evils which inevitably arise from the present state of things. There is the fear of publicity, and there is the love of publicity. As regards the former, how many timid and



shamefaced persons fear to take the right course, fear to take the course which would lead to just results, because of the aversion which they have to this demon of publicity? On the other hand, a still greater danger lurks in the love of publicity, which comes to be a besetting sin, sometimes even of the greatest minds, and which leads to falseness, restlessness, and to a most dangerous desire always to stand well with that public which is sure, very soon, to be made acquainted with all that the lover of publicity may say, or speak, or intend. Publicity is also a great absorber of that time which might be much better spent. The desire for knowing everything about everybody—what he or she thinks, or says, or does, on any trivial occasion—occupies now a large part of the time of the civilised world, and must be a great hindrance to steady thought about a man's own concerns and about those subjects which ought most deeply to interest mankind. A stupid kind of gossip becomes the most pleasant and the most absorbing topic for the generality of men. I do not agree with a certain friend of mine, who has told us that "the folly of mankind is a constant quantity;" but I do admit that this fulsome publicity I have described is one of the facts which speaks most in favor of the view he has been taking. If publicity could be perfect, there would be less to be said in its disparagement. If every one wore his heart upon his sleeve, we should at least get rid of all falseness, and the world would know with whom and with what it was dealing. But a studied publicity is very dangerous. When all people know that what they may say or do is likely to be made public, they will dress up their sayings or their doings to meet this appalling publicity. And that which they deem will not be pleasing to the public, though it may be the thing, of all others, which the public ought to hear, they will carefully suppress.—"Social Pressure," by the Author of "Friends in Council."

**THE GUITAR.**—Considering the object for which the guitar has been adopted by all classes of society in Spain, and more especially in this light-hearted Malaga, namely, that of serenading *al ciel sereno* a favorite belle or a mere friend during the still hours of a starry night, no instrument can compete with it for effect. As the serenader—generally attended by one or two friends to sing second or as chorus—enters one of the aristocratic *calles*, to plant himself in front of the *palacio* in which the divinity dwells, and sweeps his fingers over the strings *rasquerando*, the soft sound pervades the air, and breaks on the ear with a pleasing thrill which must be heard to be understood. He continues *floreando* on the

strings, or as the Italians say, *arpeggiando*, for a few minutes, certain that by this time the harmonious sound has penetrated to the intended nook within the abode and awakened the favored inmate. Then a tenor, a base, and a baritone are softly combined with the sounds of the guitar, producing the effect of an opera terzet accompanied by violini pizzicati. To make sure that this melodious prelude has awakened from her slumbers the adorata, the serenader now strikes all the strings in a particular manner—*gospicando*, tapping the sounding-board at the same time with the hand for two or three minutes in the most hilarious style. But now the raising of the lower half of a jalousie in an upper room, through which a faint beam of light appears, once more awakens the soft arpeggios of the instrument, accompanying the touching and imploring *seguidillas* according as the intentional theme is required to be affectionately tender or simply joyous, and with that the serenade terminates.—*Autobiography of Dr. Granville.*

**POE'S PERSEVERANCE.**—The labors of Edgar Poe during his possession of the *Broadway Journal* must have been enormous. Week after week he wrote a large portion of its folio pages himself, in addition to performing the thousand duties of an editorial proprietor; the "much friendly assistance," which Griswold—who said also that he was friendless—asserts he received in his management of the journal, being chiefly confined to the contribution of a few verses. He was only able to comply with this great strain upon his mental and physical strength by reprinting many of his published tales and poems in the columns of his paper, and even this system could not have afforded very material relief, as every article was submitted to the most scrutinizing supervision, and an infinity of corrections and alterations made. A journal of his own in which he could give vent to his untrammelled opinions, unchecked by the mercantile, and undoubtedly more prudent views of publishers, had long been one of Poe's most earnest desires, and he attained his wish in the possession of the *Broadway Journal*; but poverty, ill-health, want of worldly knowledge, and a sick—a dying—wife, all combined to overpower his efforts. What could the unfortunate poet do? During the few months that he had complete control of the moribund journal, he made it, considering all things as good a cheap literary paper as was ever published. All his efforts, however, were insufficient to keep it alive, so, on the 3d of January, 1846, the poor poet was obliged to resign his favorite hobby of a paper of his own. It may be pointed out that whilst in

possession of his journal he availed himself of the opportunity of displaying his almost Quixotic feelings of gratitude—those feelings denied him by the ruthless Griswold—towards all who had befriended him, and not only to the living, whose aid might continue, but towards those who had already entered into the "hollow vale." His generous tributes to departed worth are proofs of his nobility of heart, of greater weight than any disproof the malignity of Griswold would invent.—*The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, edited by John H. Ingram.

GOETHE'S PORTRAITS AND TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—Mr. Mill has "wondered how a man who could draw the sorrows of a deserted woman like Aurelia in Wilhelm Meister should yet have behaved so systematically ill to women." It is curious to compare this opinion with that of a recent Goethe worshipper (the same who is so angry with Frau von Stein), who thinks Goethe's "unfaithfulness to individual women has been condoned by the number of charming portraits of the sex with which he has adorned the sanctuary of beauty!" May we venture to suggest the following medium between the above extreme opinions about Goethe's behavior in this matter? Granting that he did ill-treat certain women, and that the exquisite female delineations which he has given to posterity would not tend very effectually to console them, we cannot allow that the ill-treatment was either heartless or "systematic." May we not find a key to his conduct in his determination that Art should, and Love should *not* be "lord of all," which his immense power of self-restraint enabled him to carry into effect? Why should we English applaud the sentiment of the beautiful old lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more."

yet pass severe censure on Goethe because he preferred his Art to his Love? Why, but because the æsthetic feeling is so much rarer in England than the feeling for honor? In sacrificing himself and all he loved to Art, Goethe was only acting strictly up to his own idea of its exalted mission; and surely, if we measure things by their intrinsic value to mankind, Art and Culture ought not to occupy a *lower* place in our estimation than military honor and loyalty. Whether Goethe always judged correctly in making these sacrifices is an entirely different matter, and, as

was said before, there is strong ground for believing that in one case, at any rate, he made a mistake, even taking into account only his own artistic development. His experience of women was wonderfully wide, but from the very nature of his intercourse with them he only knew (excepting, perhaps, in the case of Lotte von Stein) "one narrow department of their nature"—an important department no doubt. The only woman whose character he can have had any deep knowledge of was neither good nor worthy; and this fact alone enables us to comprehend the cynical and flippant remarks about female education, and the best mode of preserving female virtue, which we find in his "Second (poetical) Epistle to a Friend." Yet there hardly exists any writer whose inspiration we *know*, to have been so much indebted to women.—*Westminster Review*.

DANGER OF PROTRACTED SLEEP.—But here, as in so many other cases, the evil of deficiency has its counterpart in the evil of excess. Sleep protracted beyond the need of repair, and encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers. This observation is as old as the days of Hippocrates and Aretæus, who severally and strongly comment upon it. The sleep of infancy, however, and that of old age, do not come under this category of excess. These are natural conditions, appertaining to the respective periods of life, and to be dealt with as such. In illness, moreover, all ordinary rule and measure of sleep must be put aside. Distinguishing it from coma, there are very few cases in which it is not an unequivocal good; and even in comatose state the brain, we believe, gains more from repose than from any artificial attempts to rouse it into action.—*Edinburgh Review*.

#### APART.

My love, why dost thou leave me thus forlorn  
In weary solitude through day and night?  
I miss thy shadow in the noonday light—  
Thy fair and luminous brow at waking morn  
Gleams not beside me, and my heart is torn  
With painful longings, and my tearful sight  
Swims with strange visions of thy homeward flight  
'Mid rain and broken bows, of sorrow born.  
Return, sweet dove! I have found perennial springs  
On sunny banks, where thou mayst lave and rest.  
Come quickly ere the darkness round thee clings—  
Hie hitherward up the shadows from the west  
With shimmer of golden sunlight on thy wings,  
To sink in cooling murmurs on my breast!

MORGAN EVANS.